



The Eversley Edition

THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

VOL. VI

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THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

EDITED
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN

VOL. VI



B

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, son to the king.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.

The Earl of PEMBROKE.

The Earl of ESSEX.

The Earl of SALISBURY.

The Lord BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.

PHILIP the BASTARD, his half-brother.

JAMES GURNEY, servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of Pomfret, a prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

LYMOGES, Duke of AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, ambassador from France to King John.

QUEEN ELINOR, mother to King John.

CONSTANCE, mother to Arthur.

BLANCH of Spain, niece to King John.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Partly in England, and partly in France.*

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Seven days, with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months.

Day 1. I. 1.

Interval.

„ 2. II. 1., III. 1.-3.

Interval.

King John

Day 3. III. 4.

Interval.

„ 4. IV. 1.-3.

Interval.

„ 5. V. 1.

Interval.

„ 6. V. 2.-5.

„ 7. V. 6., 7.

(Daniel : 'Time Analysis,' *Trans. N. Sh. Society*, p. 261.)

Historic Time.—The entire reign of John (A.D. 1199-1216).

Dramatis Personæ. This list was first drawn up by Rowe.

INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN first appeared in the Folio of 1623, where it opens the series of the Histories. The text is relatively accurate, with the exception of some confusion in the indication of the Acts.

The definite limits of the date of *King John* are as follows :—

(1) The older play upon which Shakespeare founded his *History*,—*The Troublesome Reign of King John*,—cannot be earlier than c. 1587, for its sounding rhetoric and facile blank verse as well as the explicit language of the preface, quoted below, proclaim it to have been inspired by Marlowe. It was printed in 1591.

(2) Shakespeare's *King John* is mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598.

But these wide limits admit of being considerably narrowed. Of the ten Histories, six can be dated with some certainty. 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* are fixed by Greene's diatribe to 1592-3; 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* by the Essex allusion in *Henry V.* chorus v. to 1598-9. Far more clearly than *Richard II.*, *King John* belongs to the interim between the first and second group of Histories. It has palpable links with both. The absence of prose, the rarity of rhyme, the approximation to tragedy, connect it with the

King John

earlier, Marlowesque, group ; the wealth of humour, the plastic characterisation, with the later. John is modelled with a maturer touch than Richard II. ; but the tragedy of which he is the contriver has striking affinities of situation to that of Richard, and continually recalls it in spite of equally striking diversities of treatment. Constance is not Margaret, nor Arthur Edward, but they are new and poignant melodies upon the same motifs ; the frenzied mother, the assassin uncle, are still dominant and unexhausted themes. On the other hand, the character of Falconbridge links the play yet more closely to the great trilogy of *Henry V.* The madcap prince who shows himself a master of war and of peace the moment the need arrives, is of the same mould as the blunt soldier 'one way Plantagenet' whose motley covered the lion's heart of Cordelion ; the mythical Bastard foreshadows the historical conqueror of Agincourt. He opens the cycle of Histories founded upon humour and heroism, as John closes the cycle founded upon anguish and crime. These considerations tend to fix *King John* near the middle of the probable interval between the last of the earlier group and the first of the later, *i.e.* about 1595.

King John is probably, of all Shakespeare's Histories, the most distantly related to History. Theological fanaticism, that potent myth-maker, had, since the middle of the century, laid a powerful grasp upon the tradition, already not without its mythic elements, recorded in the Chronicles ; and the wonderful transformation which this legend underwent in Shakespeare's hands was certainly not undertaken in the interest of historical truth. Indeed his most striking alterations only serve to detach it more completely from the Chronicles, and to draw it more explicitly into the sphere of irresponsible poetry.

Introduction

What manner of legend it was that underwent this apotheosis may be gathered from two dramas, one of them certainly unknown to Shakespeare, the other the immediate basis of his work. The English Reformers saw in the worst of the Plantagenets an early Protestant,—an unsuccessful precursor of Henry VIII. ; and in Bale's incoherent *Kyng Johan* (c. 1545) the lineaments of the historic John wholly disappear in a single trait enforced with almost frenzied emphasis: his defiance of the Roman 'Antichrist.' Doctrinal theology played little part in shaping the Elizabethan drama; but the 'Protestantism of the Protestant religion' flourished as bravely in the playhouse as in the conventicle; and the events of 1588, which thrilled every fibre of the national self-consciousness, threw a heightened passion and inspiration, with which religion had very little to do, into the national protest against Rome. Nearly at the same moment the genius of Marlowe revealed the dramatic potency of protest, and filled the stage with imitations of the Titanism of Tamburlaine and Faustus. Both influences had told strongly upon the anonymous author of *The Troublesome Reign of King John*.¹

In the prefixed lines 'To the Gentlemen Readers' he expressly invites applause for his hero as a Protestant Tamburlaine:—

*You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,*

¹ Reprinted in Hazlitt-Collier, *Shakespeare's Library*, vol. v., and in Quaritch's facsimiles. The title of the first edition (1591) runs: *The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelions Base Sonne (vulgarly named The Bastard Fawconbridge): also the death*

of King Iohn at Swinstead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players . . . 1591. It was reprinted in 1611 and 1622; the former attributing the play on the title-page to 'W. Sh.,' the later even presenting these initials writ large.

King John

*And given applause unto an Infidel ;
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
A warlike Christian and your Countreyman.
For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
Untill base treason (by a damned wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight.*

The appeal was well calculated, and it was enforced by a bold manipulation of history. The sympathy of the spectators was enlisted at the outset by the extravagance of the French claim. The historical Philip had claimed for Arthur only continental provinces ; the dramatic Philip demanded England and Ireland also. But the scheme presented one grave difficulty : the English and Protestant Tamburlaine had to be introduced finally submitting to the 'Man of Rome.' The writer was far from ignoring this difficulty, and he called in all his dramatic resources to meet it. He invests John's act with the pathos of tragic error, makes him yield in a moment of physical and mental collapse (*'my heart is mazed, my senses all foredone'*), and lets him, at the point of death, recognise the calamitous consequences (*'since John did yield unto the Priest of Rome, nor he nor his have prospered on the earth'*), and cry with David : 'I am not he shall build the Lord an house,' but that other, sprung of him, 'whose arms shall reach unto the gates of Rome.' But a bolder expedient remained. If John was no Tamburlaine, his brother Richard lived in the popular imagination as a hero of the same colossal mould ; and though Richard could not well be brought in in person to aid his successor, an unknown inheritor of his thews and lion-heart might be raised up to play that rôle.¹ It is plain from the title-page that 'the dis-

¹ Queen Elinor, in the opening lines of the play, speaks of the dead Richard as 'the scourge of infidels,' a phrase

Introduction

covery of King Richard Cordelions Base Son' was one of the most popular features of the old play, and it must be allowed to be a happy device; for which the writer found, at most, scattered suggestions in the Chronicles.¹ The spectators saw a new Richard arise from obscurity, taught by mystic whisperings of birds and boughs that he is Richard's son;² they saw him vow vengeance upon Richard's two arch-enemies—united in a single grotesque effigy,—and solemnly 'offer Austria's blood for sacrifice unto his father's ever-living soul'; they saw him renew the fabulous prowess of Richard in the field, fight with 'King Richard's fortune hanging from his helm,' flame amazement in the corrupt monasteries, and triumphantly retrieve the disasters wrought by John's fatal submission. Thus Cœurdelion still rules England 'from his urn'; his spirit, like Cæsar's, lives to overthrow the enemies of his country. It is true that in execution all this fell much short of its vigorous conception.

For the rest, *The Troublesome Reign* makes no attempt to enlarge the somewhat rigid categories of

which expressly suggests the parallel with Tamburlaine the scourge of [the enemies of] God.

¹ 1. Holinshed barely records (iii. 160, Stone, p. 48) that 'Philip bastard sonne to King Richard, to whom his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the Vicount of Limoges in revenge of his father's death.' 2. The Bastard's choice (sc. 2.) was perhaps suggested by Halle's narrative of the similar choice made by Dunois the bastard son of the Duke Orleans (quoted by Stone, ib.). 3. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd

pointed to the resemblance between Falconbridge's subsequent exploits and those of the historical Falco de Brenta or Faukes de Breanté, whom Holinshed describes as fighting for John against the Barons in 1215-6, and subsequently against Lewis.

² The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am Richards sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall
Records *Philippus Regius filius*, etc.

King John

Marlowesque character. There is no tenderness, obvious as the openings for it were in the story of Arthur as told by Holinshed. Holinshed's Arthur is not, it is true, Shakespeare's gentle boy, but a headstrong youth 'that wanted good counsel, and abounded too much in his own wilful opinion'; and the older dramatist retains this character, making him vigorously intervene in the debate between the kings in defence of his rights. But neither his death nor the grief of Constance approaches pathos, and he pleads with Hubert for his eyes in verses which struggle fatuously for sublimity on the Icarus-wings of sounding Latinisms and mythical allusions. Constance herself has termagant touches which ally her to the Margaret of the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*. She already, however, presents the germ of Shakespeare's Constance, an honour we can hardly assign to the Constance of history, who repudiated her second husband and married a third in the very year in which her dramatic counterpart gives Austria 'a widow's thanks' for championing her son (Stone's *Hol.* p. 53). The older writer treats history in general with a more than Shakespearean daring. To him is due (to take one interesting example) the complete perversion of the events which preceded Magna Charta. The gathering of the barons at St. Edmundsbury was in reality the occasion of their league to extort the charter from John: the old playwright has brought it into connexion with Lewis's invasion, and made him the recipient of their oaths.

The Troublesome Reign thus provided the entire material of *King John*. Shakespeare has followed his original almost scene for scene, retaining the outer mechanism of the plot unchanged, or at most dismissing into the background events which the earlier dramatist exhibited with genial prolixity on the

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stage.¹ But he has essentially altered the significance of the action, and immensely strengthened and vitalised what he retained. We may say, generally, that, while the *Troublesome Reign* is patriotic, Protestant, and Marlowesque, *King John* is the work of a man whose patriotism was more fervent, whose Protestantism was less fanatical, and who had definitely broken through the charmed circle of Marlowe. Shakespeare entirely adopts the bold device of his predecessor for saving the unpatriotic surrender of John. The Bastard plays an even more imposing part, and his energy pervades and animates the whole drama. As a character he belongs altogether to Shakespeare. The earlier Falconbridge's alternate accesses of mysticism and horseplay disappear in the brimming vitality of this frank and burly Plantagenet. Shakespeare's Bastard discovers his father not from rustling leaves, but by the contrast between his own giant frame and that of his mannikin brother, slays Austria without invoking his father's shade, and does battle without the ægis of his father's fortune. The grounds of his animosity to Austria are indeed rather hinted than explained. And with these mystic touches disappears the horseplay of the scene in the monastery. But the character of Falconbridge is put to uses of which the earlier writer did not dream. His prototype is indeed already in some sense the mouthpiece of England, and rudely anticipates the magnificent closing assurance that

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.

¹ Four scenes are omitted, or replaced by a mere allusion, e.g. the Bastard's visitation of the monasteries. Similarly, the 'five moons,' reported in iv. 2.,

are *presented* in the earlier play. On the other hand, one of the greatest scenes, John's 'suggestion' of Arthur's death, is barely hinted in the *Troublesome Reign*.

King John

Shakespeare's Falconbridge, however, stands not merely for the cause of England but for English character; for bluff, straightforward manliness against subtle shifts and unmeaning phrase: he has his jest at the rhetoric of the Angers citizen who

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs;

and the subtle diplomatic chicaneries of Pandulph are thrown into relief with caustic effect by the trenchant humour of the Bastard's famous exposure of 'commodity.' Notwithstanding the jocose profession which closes that speech, private ends have little to do with his action; and with great judgment Shakespeare excised the earlier playwright's explanation of his indignation at the match between Blanch and Lewis as arising from a previous betrothal of Blanch to himself.

But while *King John* is informed with a yet keener patriotism, it is less aggressively Protestant than the *Troublesome Reign*. The gross burlesque of Falconbridge's raid upon the 'fat Franciscans' is altogether excised. John's relations with Rome remain unchanged, but it is no longer here that the principal ethical purport of the play is to be found. In the eyes of the earlier writer, John's surrender of his birthright to Philip, his surrender of his crown to Pandulph, and his betrayal of Arthur, seem co-ordinate causes of his fall.¹ Shakespeare exposes his errors with at least equal trenchancy, but makes clear that the more deadly step is not the surrender but the crime. It is this which alienates his subjects, and gives the French invasion its sole chance of

¹ Cf. John's dying speech
(*Tr. R.* p. 316):—
Since John did yield unto the Priest
of Rome,

Nor he nor his have prospered on
the earth;
Curst are his blessings, and his curse
is bliss.

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success. The thunders of Pandulph on either side do not affect the issue. The earlier dramatist treats the crafty legate with malignant hatred, as a 'curse' happily evaded; the later manages him with fine irony, as the wielder of an imposing but not really formidable authority, easily rendered innocuous, incapable of injuring a people true to themselves. And though John still meets his death at the hands of a monk, the act is dismissed with a studiously casual allusion, so that the 'resolved villain' seems merely the executant of Nemesis. Whereas in the *Troublesome Reign* he dies to satisfy the vengeance of an incensed ecclesiastic, who has vowed never to let escape 'the king that never loved a friar, the man that did contemn the pope.' Naturally, Shakespeare ignores the 'moral' which this suggests to the Bastard:—

This is the fruit of Poperie, when true kings
Are slain and shouldered out by Monks and friars.

Nor does his John indulge any vision of a more fortunate Protestant successor.

The Shakespearean Pandulph, finally, would suffice to show that Shakespeare was no longer under the spell of the fiery but nowise subtle intellect of Marlowe. If Marlowe was the first English dramatist who commanded the language of impetuous passion, Shakespeare was the first master of the language of polished and astute debate, of high-bred conversation, of courtly ceremony. The earlier John retains not a little of the lofty insolence of Tamburlaine: how kindly on the other hand is the later John's dismissal of Chatillon;—dignified defiance, injunction, valiant forecast, courteous attention and farewell, all concentrated in eight lines (i. 1). The two great creations Constance and Arthur, also, are touched with an

King John

intensity of pathos still strange to the Shakespeare of *Henry VI.* and of *Richard III.* The situation of Margaret after Tewkesbury, of Elizabeth after the murders in the Tower, resemble that of Constance; but Margaret utters her passion for vengeance more poignantly than the agony of her loss, and Elizabeth's outraged motherhood finds expression merely in sullen resentment. Constance is the Juliet of maternal love. Love for Arthur dominates her whole being, and the agony of bereavement finds utterance through phrases that burn in the fire of an imagination familiar with wild grief. Arthur's situation similarly recalls that of the young princes. The Arthur of the *Troublesome Reign* does, in fact, bear himself like the young Duke of York in *Richard III.*, boldly bearding his dangerous uncle, and incurring reproof from Elinor for his vehemence ('Peace, Arthur, peace,' etc., *Troublesome Reign*, p. 240). Shakespeare has endowed his Arthur not with the charm of precocious talent, but with the pathos and shrinking tenderness of childhood: 'I am not worth this coil that's made for me'; and, instead of incurring reproof, it is he who, almost in Elinor's words, appeals to his own fiery advocate to cease pleading: 'Good my mother, peace!' Of the death of the princes we have in the earlier play no more than a brief though exquisite picture; but Arthur's perilous captivity is displayed in the most tender and sympathetic dramatic detail; and the pathos of the scene is derived, not from an accumulation of harrowing details, as to some extent it is in the grim finale of *Edward II.*, but from the ideal loveliness of childlike character which unfolds itself under the stress of Hubert's threat.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

ACT I.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace*.

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE,
ESSEX, SALISBURY, *and others, with* CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would
France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King
of France

In my behaviour to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning: 'borrow'd majesty!'

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the
embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true
behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,

1. *Chatillon.* In Ff he is
called 'the Chattyllion of France.'
Like English words in -ion, the
name could be either of three or
of four syllables.

3. *my behaviour*, 'the tone
and character which I here
assume.'

7. *in right and true behalf*,
on behalf of the just claims.

King John

ACT I

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories,
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody
war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and
blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment : so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my
mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in
peace :

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :
So hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have :
Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.*]

Eli. What now, my son ! have I not ever said
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son ?
This might have been prevented and made whole

10. *territories*, feudal de- mission as envoy.
pendencies.

17. *control*, constraint.

29. *conduct*, escort.

22. *my embassy*, my com-

30. *Chatillon* (four syllables).

With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession and our right
for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than
your right,

40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me :
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest con-
troversy

Come from the country to be judged by you
That e'er I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach.

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.

*Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP his
bastard brother.*

What men are you ?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cordelion knighted in the field.

50

K. John. What art thou ?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the
heir ?

37. *manage*, procedure, ad-
ministration.

here and throughout, this, the
common Elizabethan form of
Cœur-de-lion.

54. *Cordelion*. The Ff have,

King John

ACT I

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king ;
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father : 60
But for the certain knowledge of that truth
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother :
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame
thy mother
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it ;
That is my brother's plea and none of mine ;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land ! 70

K. John. A good blunt fellow. Why, being
younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance ?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy :
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head,
But that I am as well begot, my liege,—
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me !—
Compare our faces and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both 80
And were our father and this son like him,
O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee !

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven
lent us here !

Eli. He hath a trick of Cordelion's face ;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man ?

62. *put you o'er*, refer you.

68. *a'*, he.

85. *trick*, trait.

86. *affecteth*, resembles.

King John

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts

And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak, 90
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land :
A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year !

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,

Your brother did employ my father much,—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land :
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there with the emperor 100
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth : large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and took it on his death 110
That this my mother's son was none of his ;
An if he were, he came into the world

94. *half-faced groat*; the groat (first issued by Henry VII.) bore the profile or 'half-face' of the king on one side.

110. *took it on his death*, swore, as surely as he expected to die, that, etc. This phrase is not exactly parallel with 'took it on his salvation,' where it is the strength of desire, not of assurance, that gives the oath its

force. It was commonly used by men who made solemn asseverations on their death-beds or before execution.

112. *An if*, if. So Hanmer, followed by Delius. The *Ff and* is used indiscriminately both for 'and' and 'an'; but an 'and' sentence is here clearly out of place.

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,
And if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother, 120
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have
kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world ;
In sooth he might ; then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes :
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force 130
To dispossess that child which is not his ?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
bridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cordelion,
Lord of thy presence and no land beside ?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him ;

127. *concludes*, proves de-
cisively.

134. *Whether* (monosyllabic).

137. *of thy presence*, of thy
goodly person.

139. *sir Robert's his*, Sir
Robert's shape. This is, I think,
rightly explained by Mr.
Gollancz: 'Surely "his" is used

substantively with that rollicking
effect which is so characteristic
of Faulconbridge . . . *his*
emphasising substantively the
previous pronominal use of the
word.' The line might be
paraphrased: 'And I had *his*
shape, in other words a *his* of
Sir Robert's.'

King John

And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140
 My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin
 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose
 Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings
 goes !'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
 Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I would give it every foot to have this face ;
 I would not be sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy
 fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me ?

I am a soldier and now bound to France. 150

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
 chance.

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
 Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me
 thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. Philip, my liege, so is my name begun ;
 Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name
 whose form thou bear'st : 160

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,
 Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me
 your hand :

143. *three-farthings*; the thin silver piece of this value (coined from 1561 to 1582) had on one side a profile-head of Elizabeth, with a rose at the back. It was a court fashion to put a rose in the ear.

144. *to*, in addition to.

147. *sir Nob*, Sir Robert.

153. *sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear*; carrying on the jest of v. 94, where it was valued at a groat (*i.e.* 4d.).

King John

ACT I

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance but not by truth;
what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 170

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou
thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must
speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to
thee! 180

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.

'Good den, sir Richard!'—'God-a-mercy, fel-
low!'—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

170. *about*, i.e. not perfectly
straight, regular.

170. *from*, away from.

171. *In at the window, or else
o'er the hatch*; both phrases
were proverbially applied to
children born out of wedlock.

180, 181. Bastards, according
to the proverb, are born lucky;
whereas the honestly born
Robert's luck is precarious and
to be prayed for.

184. *any Joan*, any peasant-
girl.

'Tis too respectful and too sociable
 For your conversion. Now your traveller,
 He and his toothpick at my worship's mess, 190
 And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
 Why then I suck my teeth and catechize
 My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'
 Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,
 'I shall beseech you'—that is question now;
 And then comes answer like an Absey book:
 'O sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;
 At your employment; at your service, sir:'
 'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'
 And so, ere answer knows what question would, 200
 Saving in dialogue of compliment,
 And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean and the river Po,
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself,
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smack of observation;
 And so am I, whether I smack or no;
 And not alone in habit and device, 210
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement,
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

188. '*Tis too respectful*, etc.;
 (to remember men's names)
 shows too much deference and
 familiarity to be becoming in
 your new circumstances.

193. *picked*, choice, refined.

196. *Absey book*, a sort of
 catechism ('A B C'), with alter-
 nate question and answer, used
 in learning to read.

201. 'Except in exchange of
 compliments' (and in talking,
 etc.).

203. *The Pyrenean*, the
 Pyrenees.

208. *observation*, courtly
 deference.

210. *device*, cut and adorn-
 ment of the dress.

212. *motion*, mental activity.

King John

ACT I

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.
But who comes in such haste in riding-robcs?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE *and* JAMES
GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady! 220
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother?
where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-
reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?
He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave
awhile? 230

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip! sparrow: James,
There's toys abroad: anon, I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:
Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

216. *strew the footsteps*, etc.,
i.e. make my footing surer.

225. *Colbrand*, a Danish
giant proverbial for his strength,
one of the victims of the
champion Guy of Warwick.

227. *unreverend*, disrespect-
ful; 'reverend' and 'reverent'

were used indiscriminately.

231. *Philip! sparrow*;
Philip was an early name for the
sparrow, derived probably from
its twittering note, and rendered
classical by Shelton's *Boke of*
Phyllip Sparowe.

232. *toys*, idle rumours.

King John

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it :
 We know his handiwork : therefore, good mother,
 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
 Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

240

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
 too,
 That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
 honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward
 knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-
 like.

What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son ;
 I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land ;
 Legitimation, name and all is gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father ;
 Some proper man, I hope : who was it, mother? 250

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
 bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cordelion was thy father :
 By long and vehement suit I was seduced
 To make room for him in my husband's bed :
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge !
 Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
 Which was so strongly urged past my defence.

239. *beholding*, indebted.

244. *Knight, knight* . . .
Basilisco-like ; an allusion, as
 Theobald pointed out, to the
 play of *Soliman and Perseda*
 (c. 1590). Basilisco is a coward
 and braggart, whom Piston, the
 clown, forces to take an oath upon
 his dagger (Hazlitt-Dodsley, *Old*
Plays, v. 271, 272) :—

Bas. I swear, I swear.

Pist. By the contents of this
 blade—

Bas. By the contents of this
 blade,—

Pist. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

Bas. I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—
knight, good fellow, knight,
knight,—

Pist. Knave, good fellow, knave,
 knave.

250. *proper*, comely.

257. *dear*, grievous.

King John

ACT II

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours ; your fault was not your

folly :
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father ! 270
Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
Who says it was, he lies ; I say 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *France. Before Angiers.*

Enter AUSTRIA and forces, drums, etc. on one side : on the other KING PHILIP of France and his power ; LEWIS, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE and attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.

264. *Subjected tribute*, tribute whose heart he took, was told,
subjected, paid, (to). with other fabulous exploits, in

266. *The aweless lion.* the Middle English romance of
Richard's slaying of the lion, *Richard Cœur-de-lion.*

King John

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
 By this brave duke came early to his grave :
 And for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

10

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelion's death
 The rather that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee
 right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love,
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,

20

2. *that great forerunner of thy blood*, predecessor by right of blood to his title. So in vv. 6, 13, 96 below.

5. *By this brave duke*, etc. The archduke Leopold of Austria, who imprisoned Richard, is here, as in the old play, identified with Widomar,

Viscount of Limoges, before whose castle of Chaluz Chabrol Richard was slain. Austria had died in 1195, four years before John's accession.

7. *importance*, urgent request.

27. *secure and confident from foreign purposes*, fearless of invasion.

King John

ACT II

Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king : till then, fair boy, 30
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength

To make a more requital to your love !

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work : our cannon shall
be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages : 40

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood :
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ! lo, upon thy wish, 50
Our messenger Chatillon is arrived !

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord ;

We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege

34. *more, greater.*

choose the best positions for
attack.

40. *To cull the plots, etc., to*

45. *unadvised, rashly.*

And stir them up against a mightier task.
 England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms : the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I ;
 His marches are expedient to this town, 60
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Atè, stirring him to blood and strife ;
 With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceased ;
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here :
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.

[*Drum beats.*]

The interruption of their churlish drums
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
 To parley or to fight ; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;
 For courage mounteth with occasion :
 Let them be welcome then ; we are prepared.

60. *expedient*, expeditious.

63. *Atè*, the goddess of revenge. Ff 'Ace.'

64. *Blanch* was the daughter of John's sister Eleanor, married

to Alphonso VIII. of Castile.

65. *of the king's deceased*, of the deceased king's.

67. *voluntaries*, volunteers.

77. *circumstance*, detail.

*Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the
Bastard, Lords, and forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in
peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own ;
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats His peace to
heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace. 99
England we love ; and for that England's sake
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his : 100
This little abstract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right
And this is Geffrey's : in the name of God
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,

95. *under-wrought*, under-
mined.

96. *posterity*. Cf. note to ii.
1. 2 above.

97. *Outfaced infant state*,
defied the royal authority per-
sonated in a child.

101. *large*, full-grown form.

103. *draw this brief*, expand

this 'abstract.'

106. *this is Geffrey's*; i.e.
this boy is Geffrey's son (and
as such inheritor of his 'right'
to England). The phrase is
ambiguous, but the other pos-
sible interpretations (*e.g.* this
territory is Geffrey's) are less
natural.

When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

110

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right :
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

Const. Let me make answer ; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true
As thine was to thy husband ; and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think
His father never was so true begot :

130

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

109. *owe*, own.

116. *impeach*, accuse.

123. *a queen, and check the world* ; an allusion to the queen at chess.

131. This charge against Eleanor has no support in Holinshed ; but both Fabyan and Stow report traditions of her adultery (*Hol.* ed. Stone, p. 51).

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone :
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard :
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;
Sirrah, look to't ; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe
That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass :
But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our
ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath ?
King Philip, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your con-
ference. 150
King John, this is the very sum of all ;
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms ?

136. *your hide*; i.e. the legendary lion's hide worn by Richard, and seized as a trophy by Austria (his murderer, in the romance).

137. *the hare of whom the proverb goes*. The proverb was familiar from Erasmus' *Adagia*, in the form : 'Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.' In English it occurs in nearly identical words in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. It was a favourite device of the emblem-writers.

139. *smoke*, thrash.

144. *Alcides*, i.e. the skin

of the Nemean lion borne by Hercules.

147. *cracker*, braggart.

149. *King Philip*. Theobald's emendation. Ff have 'King, Lewis,' as a part of Austria's speech ; and 'Lewis' as the next speaker. But John's reply makes it clear that the French king is the speaker in vv. 150-4, and therefore the person addressed in v. 149.

152. *Anjou*. Theobald's correction for Ff 'Angiers.'

King John

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee,
France.

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave:
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whether she does
or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
eyes,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee; 170
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth!

160. *it.* Constance mimics the little language of the nursery, not, however, by using 'it' instead of 'its' (which was not yet in common use), but by using the definitely neuter possessive 'it' (applied to babies) instead of the possessive 'his,' which might be either masculine or neuter. There is no instance of 'its' in any Shakespearean text published during his life-

time. 'It' probably acquired its possessive meaning on the analogy of 'her' (possessive and objective) or 'itself' by 'myself,' 'herself.'

165. *coil*, ado.

167. *whether* (monosyllabic).

168. *wrongs*, the wrongs done by her.

171. *beads* (playing on the original sense, 'prayer').

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !

Call not me slanderer ; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties and rights
Of this oppressed boy : this is thy eld'st son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

180

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her
And with her plague ; her sin his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ; a plague upon her !

190

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked
will ;

A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

180. *The canon of the law*, the declaration made in the Jewish law (Exod. xx. 5) that the sins of the fathers would be visited upon their children.

186. *plagued for her and with her plague*, etc. Punished for her and with a punishment which she inflicts ; her sin bringing injury upon Arthur, and her injurious deed executing (upon him) the punishment incurred by her sin ;—all which (viz. both her sin and her present injurious deeds) are

punished in his person.—The *Pf* punctuate *with her plague*, *her sin ; his injury*, which is far harsher. The present punctuation is that of Staunton and Roby ; but Mr. Roby understands 'with her plague' to be 'with the punishment belonging to her,' which is not supported by the parallel clauses below : 'her sin his injury' (=plagued for her), 'her injury . . . sin' (=and with her plague).

191. *unadvised*, rash, inconsiderate.

King John

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate :

It ill beseems this presence to cry aim

To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers : let us hear them speak

Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

200

Trumpet sounds. Enter certain Citizens upon the walls.

First Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle—

K. John. For our advantage ; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here

Before the eye and prospect of your town,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement :

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

210

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :

All preparation for a bloody siege

And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;

And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

196. *cry aim*, give encouragement (used, in archery, of those who stood by the archer as he prepared to shoot).

201. *warn'd*, summoned.

206. *For our advantage*, on our behalf. The French trum-

pet, blown on English territory, is admittedly sounded 'for England'; John turns to account Philip's ambiguous expression.

207. *advanced*, lifted.

215. *winking*, closed.

King John

ACT II

That as a waist doth girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordinance
 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But on the sight of us your lawful king,
 Who painfully with much expedient march
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 'To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,
 Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle ;
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears : 230
 Which trust accordingly kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,
 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us
 both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys : 240
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town,
 Being no further enemy to you
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 In the relief of this oppressed child
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 To him that owes it, namely this young prince :

220. *dishabited*, displaced. you to a breach of faith.

230. *To make a faithless* 233. *Forwearied*, wearied out.
error in your ears, to seduce 242. *greens*, meads.

King John

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspéct, hath all offence seal'd up ; 250
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives and you in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260
 Though all these English and their discipline
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challenged it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 And stalk in blood to our possession ?

First Cit. In brief, we are the king of Eng-
 land's subjects :

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let
 me in.

First Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves
 the king, 270

To him will we prove loyal : till that time
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England
 prove the king ?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's
 breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

258. *pass*, neglect.

Capell's correction of Ff

259. *roundure*, compass. 'rounder.'

King John

ACT II

K. Phi. As many and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

280

First Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George, that swung the dragon,
and e'er since

Sits on his horse' back at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were
I at home,

290

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth

In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the
field.

K. Phi. It shall be so; and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

[*Exeunt.*]

278. *bloods*, men of spirit.

dragon was a common ale-house

288, 289. St. George and the sign.

King John

Here after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,

300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground ;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.

310

Enter English Herald, with trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring
your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,

Commander of this hot malicious day :
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
There stuck no plume in any English crest
That is removed by a staff of France ;
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes :
Open your gates and give the victors way.

316. *gilt*, reddened.

322. *with purpled hands* (like those of huntsmen fresh from cutting up the quarry).

318. *staff*, lance.

King John

ACT II

First Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we
 might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured :
 Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd
 blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power : 330
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so
 even,
 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers,
 severally.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to
 cast away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

K. Phi. England, thou hast not saved one
 drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,

325. *First Cit.* In Ff the speaker is called 'Hub.,' doubtless because the same actor took the part of Hubert de Burgh.

328. *censured*, judged.

335. *run* ; so Ff₂₋₄, for 'rome,' F₁ ; this would be an easy misprint for 'ronne,' which gives a decidedly better sense.

344. *this climate*, the region of the sky immediately above us.

King John

We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms
we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers, 350
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
In undetermined differences of kings.
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,
You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood and
death! 360

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's
your king?

First Cit. The king of England, when we
know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up
his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here,
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

First Cit. A greater power than we denies all
this;

And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates; 370
King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,

347. *i.e.* the dead shall
number a king among them.

358. *potents*, powers.

371. *King'd of our fears*;
Theobald's excellent conjecture
for 'kings of our fear' Ff.

King John

ACT II

Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be ruled by me :

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend

Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :

380

By east and west let France and England mount

Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,

Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again ;

Turn face to face and bloody point to point ;

390

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?

Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above
our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers

373. *scroyles*, 'scabs,'
wretches (properly, the king's
evil ; Fr. *les escrouelles*).

376. *industrious*, busy.

378. *mutines*, mutineers.

ib. *like the mutines of
Jerusalem* ; like the two factions
in Jerusalem during the Roman

siege, whose leaders, John of
Giscala and Simon bar Gioras,
suspended their hostilities to
combine in resisting the be-
siegers.

383. *soul-fearing*, soul-terrify-
ing.

395. *states*, rulers.

King John

And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?

400

Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls ;
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so. Say, where will you
assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send de-
struction

Into this city's bosom.

410

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! From north to
south :

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth :
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away !

First Cit. Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe
awhile to stay,

And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league ;
Win you this city without stroke or wound ;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field :
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

420

K. John. Speak on with favour ; we are bent
to hear.

First Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the
Lady Blanch,

Is niece to England : look upon the years

402. *peevish*, wayward.

424. *niece* ; Singer's certain

412. *drift* (concrete noun from
'drive'), driving shower.

emendation for Ff 'neere,'
'near.'

King John

ACT II

Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid :
 If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
 Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
 If zealous love should go in search of virtue,
 Where should he find it purer than in Blanch ?
 If love ambitious sought a match of birth, 430
 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
 Is the young Dauphin every way complete :
 If not complete of, say he is not she ;
 And she again wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not that she is not he :
 He is the half part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such a she ;
 And she a fair divided excellence,
 Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440
 O, two such silver currents, when they join,
 Do glorify the banks that bound them in ;
 And two such shores to two such streams made
 one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two princes, if you marry them.
 This union shall do more than battery can
 To our fast-closed gates ; for at this match,
 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but without this match, 450
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion, no, not Death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

425. *Dauphin*. The Ff have,
 throughout, the then current
 form 'Dolphin.'

428. *zealous*, holy, devout.

434. *complete of*, full of, com-

plete in (these qualities).

438. *a she*; Theobald's emen-
 dation for Ff 'as she.'

448. *spleen*, eager impetu-
 osity.

King John

Bast.

Here's a stay

That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
 seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs ! 460
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and
 bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
 Our ears are cudgell'd ; not a word of his
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this
 match ;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie 470
 Thy now unsured assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them while their
 souls

Are capable of this ambition,
 Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,
 Cool and congeal again to what it was.

First Cit. Why answer not the double majesties 480
 This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been
 forward first

455. *stay*, check, obstacle ;
 opponent ; the citizen's proposal
 running counter to the previous

determination of the kings.

476. *capable of*, susceptible to.

478. *remorse*, compassion.

King John

ACT II

To speak unto this city : what say you ?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen :
For Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea,
Except this city now by us besieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich
In titles, honours and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

490

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow :
I do protest I never loved myself
Till now infixed I beheld myself
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

500

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !
And quarter'd in her heart ! he doth espy
Himself love's traitor : this is pity now,
That, hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there
should be.

In such a love so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine :
If he see aught in you that makes him like,

510

490. *liable*, subject.

498. *shadow*, image.

494. *Holds hand with*, is a match for.

503. *table*, the ground on which a picture is painted.

King John

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will ;
 Or if you will, to speak more properly,
 I will enforce it easily to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this ; that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
 your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520

K. John. What say these young ones ? What
 say you, my niece ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you
 love this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine,
 Maine,

Poictiers and Anjou, these five provinces,
 With her to thee ; and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin. 530
 Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well ; young princes, close
 your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for I am well assured
 That I did so when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your
 gates,

Let in that amity which you have made ;
 For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

512. *That any thing*, what-
 ever thing.

district round Rouen (occupied by
 the Velocasses in ancient Gaul).

527. *Volquessen*, Vexin, the

535. *assured*, engaged.

King John

ACT II

The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?
I know she is not, for this match made up
Her presence would have interrupted much :
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

540

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league that we
have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came ;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all ;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne
And Earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance ;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity : I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

550

560

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*

Bast. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad compo-
sition !

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

563. *departed*, parted.

565. *zeal*, religious fervour.

566. *rounded*, whispered.

King John

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids, 570
 Who, having no external thing to lose
 But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,
 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
 Commodity, the bias of the world,
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even upon even ground,
 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580
 And this same bias, this Commodity,
 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
 From a resolved and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rail I on this Commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm; 590

568. *broker*, go-between.

573. *tickling*, cajoling, flattering.

573. *Commodity*, self-interest.

574. *the bias of the world*; the influence which causes all men to swerve from their normal course. Technically the *bias* was, in the game of bowls, a piece of lead introduced into one side of the bowl, causing it to swerve from the direct line. The globe of the earth is here conceived as a bowl thus 'biased.'

575. *peised*, poised.

579. *take head from*, move with unchecked impulse away from.

579. *indifferency*, impartiality.

583. *Clapp'd on the outward eye*. The figure of the biased bowl is still kept up. The 'eye' of a bowl was 'the aperture on one side which contained the bias.'

589. *clutch*, shut close.

590. *angels*; the angel was a gold coin worth about 10 shillings.

King John

ACT III

But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich ;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The French KING's pavilion.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married ! gone to swear a
peace !
False blood to false blood join'd ! gone to be
friends !
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those pro-
vinces ?
It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again :
It cannot be ; thou dost but say 'tis so :
I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man :
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

16

597. *upon commodity*, from motives of self-interest.

Sc. 1. Theobald's arrangement. In Ff this scene as far

as v. 74 forms a part of the second Act. But the division at that point is palpably wrong.

5. *Be well advised*, reflect.

King John

For I am sick and capable of fears,
 Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ? 20
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds ?
 Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false
 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this
 sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die, 30
 And let belief and life encounter so
 As doth the fury of two desperate men
 Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis marry Blanch ! O boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England, what becomes of me ?
 Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight :
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
 But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is 40
 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert
 grim,

12. *capable of*, prone to.

22. *rheum*, moisture.

23. *peering o'er*, overpeering,
 on the point of overflowing.

King John

ACT III

Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
 Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
 I would not care, I then would be content,
 For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou
 Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown. 50
 But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
 Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great :
 Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast
 And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,
 She is corrupted, changed and won from thee ;
 She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
 And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
 To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60
 That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John !
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone
 And leave those woes alone which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. 'Thou mayst, thou shalt ; I will not go
 with thee :

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.
 To me and to the state of my great grief 70
 Let kings assemble ; for my grief's so great
 That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Sits herself on the ground.*]

45. *sightless*, unsightly.

46. *prodigious*, monstrous.

70. *state*, royal dignity.

King John

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
ELINOR, *the* BASTARD, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this
blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival :
'To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,
Turning with splendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about
Shall never see it but a holiday.

80

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day !

[*Rising.*

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd :
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break that are not this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

90

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and
tried,

100

86. *high tides*, festivals of the
church.

92. *But*, save.

91. *prodigiously*, i.e. by the
birth of a monstrosity.

100. *touch'd and tried*, proved
with the 'touchstone.'

King John

ACT III

Proves valueless : you are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league.
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured
 kings !

A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day in peace ; but, ere sunsét,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

110

Aust. Lady Constance, peace !

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me
 a war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : thou slave, thou wretch, thou
 coward !

Thou little valiant, great in villany !
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
 But when her humorous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjured too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,
 Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune and thy strength,
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?

120

103. *in arms*, by embraces.

105. *painted*, feigned, hollow.

119. *humorous*, capricious.

121. *sooth'st up*, flatterest.

Up implies that 'greatness' is
 flattered into complete com-

pliance (' to the top of its bent ').

122. *ramping*, rearing ; in
 heraldry an epithet of the lion
 and other beasts of prey ; here
 with derisive allusion to Austria's
 lion-skin.

King John

Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words
to me !

130

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the
pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,

And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand

140

Why thou against the church, our holy mother,

So wilfully dost spurn ; and force perforce

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,

Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthy name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name

129. *a calf's - skin* ; the
normal garb of the domestic
fool.

134. *Enter Pandulph.* The
intervention of Pandulph to de-
mand an explanation of John's
refusal to admit Langton belongs
historically to 1211 ; Lewis's
betrothal to 1200.

147. *earthy*, earthly.

ib. *interrogatories*, authori-
tative questions ; properly
applied to questions so put in
certain legal procedures and
answered upon oath.

148. *task* (to interrogatories),
compel, command. Theobald's
correction for Ff ' tast(e).'

King John

ACT III

So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale ; and from the mouth of England
 Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
 But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
 So under Him that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
 So tell the pope, all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authority. 150
160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme
 in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of
 Christendom
 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
 And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,
 Though you and all the rest so grossly led
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone do me oppose 170
 Against the pope and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate :
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretic ;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canónized and worshipp'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be
 That I have room with Rome to curse awhile ! 180

154. *toll*, tax.

quibble, the words being then

180. *room* . . . *Rome* ; a identical in pronunciation.

King John

Good father cardinal, cry thou amen
 To my keen curses ; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too : when law can do no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong :
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
 For he that holds his kingdom holds the law ;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

190

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ; lest that France repent,

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

200

Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend :
 Forego the easier.

King John

ACT III

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

210

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need.
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be removed from him, and answer well!

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

220

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Married in league, coupled and link'd together

209. *untrimmed*, disarrayed hair hanging loose').
(i.e. either 'divested of her wedding-robe,' or 'with her

213. *infer*, prove.

225. *bestow yourself*, act.

With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words 230
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love
 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,
 And even before this truce, but new before,
 No longer than we well could wash our hands
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
 stain'd

With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both, 240
 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with
 heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm,
 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O, holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so !
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 250
 Some gentle order ; and then we shall be blest
 To do your pleasure and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore to arms ! be champion of our church,
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,

241. *regreet*, greeting.

iii. 1. 104.

242. *Play fast and loose* ;

254. *opposite*, adverse.

'fast and loose' was a cheating

258. *the tongue*, as the

game, with many varieties. Cf.

supposed seat of the serpent's
 poison.

note to *Love's Labour's Lost*,

King John

ACT III

A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 265
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my
faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith ;
And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the champion of our church !
What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself
And may not be performed by thyself,
For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 270
Is not amiss when it is truly done,
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it :
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again ; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept ;
But thou hast sworn against religion, 280
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou
swear'st,

259. *chafed*; Theobald's emendation for Ff 'cased.'

267. *champion of our church*; in reference to the official title of the French kings : 'eldest son of the church.'

270. *that . . . amiss*, the unlawful act which you have sworn to do.

271. *when it is truly done*, when it is done in a lawful manner, *i.e.* when it is *not* done ; 'truth,' as the legate proceeds to explain, being in such a case 'most done'

by 'not doing' that which 'tends to ill.'

275. *indirect*, contrary to law, unjust.

281. *By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st*, by the oath you swear against your oath (*viz.* to be the champion of our church, *v.* 267). This is preferable to supposing the omission of 'by' after 'swear'st,' since the next line is parallel. A probable emendation is 'swar'st' for 'swear'st.'

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath : the truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swears only not to be forsworn ;
 Else what a mockery should it be to swear !
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn ;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore thy later vows against thy first
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself ;
 And better conquest never canst thou make
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions :
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The peril of our curses light on thee
 So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But in despair die under their black weight.

290

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion !

Bast.

Will 't not be ?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Lew. Father, to arms !

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding-day ? 300

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men ?

Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

283, 284. *the truth thou art unsure*, etc. Ff have these three lines :—

And mak'st an oath the surety for
 thy truth
 Against an oath the truth, thou art
 unsure
 To sweare, sweares onely not to be
 forsworne.

Johnson put a stop at 'oath' in v. 283. The construction is in any case difficult, but the meaning is clear. Pandulph argues that Philip's oath to John is perjury,

as a violation of his primary vow to heaven ; that perjured oath he takes as a surety of his good faith. But to take an oath of good faith (otherwise insecure) is a mere mockery, unless it implies that he who takes it is not thereby forsworn, whereas Philip is forsworn in the very act of swearing.

292. *suggestions*, temptations.

304. *measures*, musical accompaniment (to a dance ; more commonly, the dance itself).

King John

ACT III

O husband, hear me ! ay, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth ! even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pro-
nounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee, 310
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven !

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love : what motive
may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee
upholds,

His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

Lew. I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need. England, I will
fall from thee. 320

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that bald
sexton Time,

Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : fair day,
adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;

And in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win ; 330

318. *profound respects*, grave considerations.

King John

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose ;
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
 Assured loss before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there
 my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together. [*Exit Bastard.*

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath ; 340
 A rage whose heat hath this condition,
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
 shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
 Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens. To
 arms let's hie ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Plains near Angiers.*

*Alarums, excursions. Enter the BASTARD,
 with AUSTRIA'S head.*

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
 hot ;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky

341. *condition*, quality.

2. *Some airy devil.* The
 'storm-elves' of Germanic myth
 still survived in Elizabethan
 demonology in the form of

'spirits of the air,' 'aerial spirits
 or devils,' who 'mix themselves
 in thunder and lightning' and
 produce storm and whirlwind.

King John

ACT III

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same.*

Alarums, excursions, retreat. Enter KING JOHN,
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and
Lords.

K. John. [*To Elinor*] So shall it be; your
grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded. [*To Arthur*] Cousin, look
not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief!

K. John. [*To the Bastard*] Cousin, away for
England! haste before:
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

4. *Philip*; the Bastard's old name is used, apparently by oversight, instead of 'Richard.' So in v. 5. ably had the old play before him, where the Bastard is called Philip throughout.

5. *make up*, hasten on.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive
me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,
If ever I remember to be holy,
For your fair safety ; so, I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle
Hubert,

We owe thee much ! within this wall of flesh

20

There is a soul counts thee her creditor

And with advantage means to pay thy love :

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to
say so yet,

30

But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say, but let it go :

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton and too full of gawds

To give me audience : if the midnight bell

Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

12. *Bell, book, and candle*; the book was closed, the three
the accompaniments of the candles quenched, and the bell
solemn ceremony of excom- tolled.

22. *advantage*, interest.

36. *gawds*, idle ornaments.

Sound on into the drowsy ear of night ;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand, 40
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,
 Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes,
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone, 50
 Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words ;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts :
 But, ah, I will not ! yet I love thee well ;
 And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act
 By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : I'll tell thee what, my 60
 friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;
 And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

39. *ear* ; Walker's emenda-
 tion for Ff 'race' ; a very easy
 misprint.

50. *conceit*, imagination.

52. *brooded*, having a brood,
 hence alert and suspicious, like
 a sitting hen.

King John

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee ;

Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember. Madam, fare you well :

I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

70

Eli. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin, go :

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. The French KING'S tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified : 10
So hot a speed with such advice disposed,

2. *armado* (a popular form identifies two events. Arthur of 'armada'), fleet. was taken at Mirabeau in

2. *convicted*, beaten. 1202 ; Angiers was 'lost' in

6, 7. *Is not Angiers lost ?* 1206.

Arthur ta'en prisoner ? This 11. *advice*, judgment.

King John

ACT III

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example : who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.

I prithee, lady, go away with me.

20

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your
peace.

K. Phi. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle
Constance !

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death ; O amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy détestable bones
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows
And ring these fingers with thy household worms
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust
And be a carrion monster like thyself :
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest,
And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,
O, come to me !

30

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace !

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy

40

40. *anatomy*, skeleton.

Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad : I would to heaven I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canónized, cardinal ;
For being not mad but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

30

60

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O, what love
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociable grief,
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; and wherefore will I
do it ?

I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud
'O that these hands could so redeem my son,

70

42. *modern*, ordinary.

rag's.

58. *a babe of clouts*, a doll of

60. *plague*, torment.

King John

ACT III

As they have given these hairs their liberty !'
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in
heaven :

If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire, 80
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud
And chase the native beauty from his cheek
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of
grief. 90

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your
child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent
child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief ?
Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,

80. *suspire*, draw his (first) *respect of grief*, you take a too
breath. hateful view of grief, sinfully

85. *dim*, faded, colourless. think too much of it.

90. *You hold too heinous a* 96. *Remembers*, reminds.

King John

I could give better comfort than you do.
 I will not keep this form upon my head,
 When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

100

[*Exit.*

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow
 her.

[*Exit.*

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make
 me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's
 taste,

110

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,
 On their departure most of all show evil:
 What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
 No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
 'Tis strange to think how much King John hath
 lost

120

In this which he accounts so clearly won:
 Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your
 blood.

Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak

101. *this form*, i.e. the usual
 arrangement of the hair.

110. *world's*; Pope's emend-
 ation for Ff 'words.'

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and therefore mark. 130
 John hath seized Arthur ; and it cannot be
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
 A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand
 Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd ;
 And he that stands upon a slippery place
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must
 fall ;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. 140

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's
 fall ?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your
 wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are and fresh in this
 old world !

John lays you plots ; the times conspire with you ;
 For he that steeps his safety in true blood
 Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts
 Of all his people and freeze up their zeal, 150
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To check his reign, but they will cherish it ;
 No natural exhalation in the sky,
 No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common wind, no customèd event,

128. *rub*, obstacle.

138. *Makes nice of*, scruples
 to seize.

153. *exhalation*, meteor.

154. *No scope of nature*, no

effect produced within the limits
 of nature, no ' natural phenome-
 non.'

154. *distemper'd*, troubled,
 stormy.

King John

But they will pluck away his natural cause
 And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,
 Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be he will not touch young Arthur's
 life,

160

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your
 approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him
 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change
 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath
 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:

And, O, what better matter breeds for you

170

Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: if but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side,

Or as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful

What may be wrought out of their discontent,

Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

180

For England go: I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: let
 us go:

If you say ay, the king will not say no. [*Exeunt.*]

169. *hurly*, uproar, 'hurly- ticing birds.
 burly.'

174. *call*, a cry used in en- 175. *train*, allure.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A room in a castle.**Enter HUBERT and Executioners.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and look thou stand

Within the arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

First Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out
the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! fear not you : look
to 't. [*Exeunt Executioners.*]
Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title 10
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !
Methinks no body should be sad but I :
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long ;

2. *Within the arras, i.e. be-* a mere freak.
hind the tapestry. 16. *my christendom, my faith*
16. *Only for wantonness, for* as a Christian.

And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me : 20
 He is afraid of me and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is 't not ; and I would to heaven
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talk to him, with his innocent
 prate

He will awake my mercy which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale
 to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
 That I might sit all night and watch with you : 30
 I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of
 my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*

[*Aside*] How now, foolish rheum !

Turning dispiteous torture out of door !

I must be brief, lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.

Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine
 eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will. 40

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head
 did but ache,

I knit my handkercher about your brows,

The best I had, a princess wrought it me,

And I did never ask it you again ;

And with my hand at midnight held your head,

King John

ACT IV

And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your
grief?'

Or 'What good love may I perform for you?'
Many a poor man's son would have lien still 50
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will :
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine
eyes?

These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would
do it ! 60

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my
tears

And quench his fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but
Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. 70 *[Stamps.]*

46. *watchful minutes to the hour*, minutes that serve as watches to the hour (succeed one another at regular intervals).

47. *Still and anon*, ever and anon.

50. *lien*, lain.

52. *sick service*, service in sickness.

King John

Re-enter Executioners, with a cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes
are out

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him
here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-
rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

80

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

First Exec. I am best pleased to be from such
a deed. *[Exeunt Executioners.]*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend !

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself. 90

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven, that there were but a mote
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense !

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

85. *within* ; probably in the ante-chamber, not behind the arras, as in v. 2. 95. *boisterous*, rudely disturbing.

King John

ACT IV

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert ; 100

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes : O, spare mine eyes,

Though to no use but still to look on you !

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used

In undeserved extremes : see else yourself ;

There is no malice in this burning coal ;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out 110

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. An if you do, you will but make it blush

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes ;

And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong

Deny their office : only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends, 120

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eye

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :

Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,

99. *want pleading*, be insufficient to plead.

King John

With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu.

Your uncle must not know but you are dead;

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure, 130

That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,

Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. KING JOHN'S palace.

Enter KING JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This 'once again,' but that your highness
pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,

And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;

Fresh expectation troubled not the land

With any long'd-for change or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double
pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before, 10

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,

130. *doubtless and secure*, in fearless confidence.

132. *offend*, harm.

King John

ACT IV

To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be
done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

20

Sal. In this the antique and well noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than
well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

30

Sal. To this effect, before you were new
crown'd,

We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your
highness

To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coro-
nation

40

I have possess'd you with and think them strong;

24. *fetch about*, veer round.

King John

And more, more strong, than lesser is my fear,
 I shall indue you with : meantime but ask
 What you would have reform'd that is not well,
 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of
 these

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
 Your safety, for the which myself and them 50
 Bend their best studies, heartily request
 The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 To break into this dangerous argument,—
 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
 Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
 With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth
 The rich advantage of good exercise ? 60
 That the time's enemies may not have this
 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
 Which for our goods we do no further ask

42. *more, more strong, than lesser is my fear*, more reasons, even stronger than in proportion to my diminished fear ; *i.e.* the superior cogency of his new arguments, far from indicating a greater anxiety, would even exceed the measure of his relief. Ff read 'then lesser (lesse),' where 'then' is a common sixteenth-century spelling of 'than.' Tyrwhitt's 'when' is very plausible.

48. *sound*, declare.

50. *them* ; for 'they,' perhaps,

as Camb. edd. think, through the preceding 'myself' suggesting 'themselves.' Or the compositor's eye may have caught the 'myself and them' above.

52. *enfranchisement*, liberation.

60. *exercise*, mental and bodily training.

61. *the time's enemies*, the opponents of the present régime.

62. *To grace occasions*, to render specious their matters of complaint against you.

64. *goods*, good, advantage.

King John

ACT IV

Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you ?
[*Taking him apart.*

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody
deed ;

He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine : 70
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye ; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence 80
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead :
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past
cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death
he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick :

65. *Than whereupon*, etc., it is apparently suggested by
(we ask his liberty no further) 'depending.'
than the commonwealth counts 78. *battles*, embattled armies.
it your advantage. 'Where- 79. *His passion is so ripe*, etc. ;
upon' has no distinct meaning ; the image is from a tumour.

King John

This must be answer'd either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me?

90

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with
thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,

His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood which owed the breadth of all this
isle,

Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while! 100

This must not be thus borne: this will break out

To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:

Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England. Never such
a power

110

For any foreign preparation

Was levied in the body of a land.

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;

For when you should be told they do prepare,

The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died 120
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers! What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France
That thou for truth givest out are landed here? 130

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.

117. *care.* The reading of F₁ is doubtful here, the first letter being broken. Expert opinion is divided, but it seems probable that some copies read 'eare.' The three later Ff gave 'care'; and this is on the whole the preferable reading.

120. *the first of April.* This date, not given by Holinshed, was, according to a contemporary authority (*Ann. Waverleia*), the actual date of Elinor's death (1204). Mr. Stone (*Hol. p. 61*) suggests that Shakespeare chose it because on the same page of Holinshed he

found the description of a portent (apparently the aurora borealis) on 1st April of that year. In that case it is singular that he did not utilise the description at vv. 143 ff.

122. The date of Constance's death is not given in Holinshed. She actually died three years before Elinor, in 1201.

124. *idly heard*, i.e. heard as an idle rumour.

128. *wildly walks*, totters, reels.

128. *my estate*, the state of my affairs.

King John

Enter the BASTARD and PETER of Pomfret.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
amazed
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will. 140

Bast. How I have sped among the clergy-
men,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes, 150
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst
thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall
out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison
him;

And on that day at noon, whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety; and return,

137. *amazed*, bewildered. of strange fancies.

144. *strangely fantasied*, full 158. *safety*, sure custody.

King John

ACT IV

For I must use thee. *[Exit Hubert with Peter.]*

O my gentle cousin,

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived? 160

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:

Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before. 170

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *[Exit.]*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. 180

[Exit.]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;

167. *companies*, company.

King John

Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons !

Hub. Old men and beldams in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist, 190
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contráry feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattaile'd and rank'd in Kent : 200
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears ?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?
Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty
cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill
him.

Hub. No had, my lord ! why, did you not
provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life, 210
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns

King John

ACT IV

More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by, 220
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

230

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head or
made a pause

When I spake darkly what I purposed,
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me
break off,

And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act 240
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.

214. *More upon humour than advised respect*, more from caprice than deliberate consideration.

222. *Quoted*, bearing the 'note' or observed character (of a criminal).

King John

Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you. 250
 Young Arthur is alive : this hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought ;
 And you have slander'd nature in my form,
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to
 the peers, 260
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience !
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 The angry lords with all expedient haste.
 I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Before the castle.*

Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :

245. *this fleshly land*, this body. 255. *motion*, prompting.

King John

ACT IV

Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me
quite.

I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.

[*Leaps down.*

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my
bones! [*Dies.* 10

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmunds-
bury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet. 20

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords!

The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.

11. *him*, sc. the Dauphin. 16. *private*, private intimation.
19. *set forward*, set forth.

King John

Return and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief ; 30
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur.*

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave. 40

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? have you
beheld,

Or have you read or heard ? or could you think ?

Or do you almost think, although you see,

That you do see ? could thought, without this
object,

Form such another ? This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staying rage

Presented to the tears of soft remorse. 50

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in
this :

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

29. *reason*, discourse.

49. *wall-eyed*, with glaring, discoloured eyes.

King John

ACT IV

To the yet unbegotten sin of times ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand !
We had a kind of light what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice and the purpose of the king :
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

60

70

Pem. } Our souls religiously confirm thy
Big. } words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking
you :

Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold and blushes not at death.
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?

[*Drawing his sword.*

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin. 80

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back,
I say ;

63. *practice*, plot.

King John

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours :
 I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
 Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
 Your worth, your greatness and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! darest thou brave a noble-
 man ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
 My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ; 90
 Yet I am none : whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
 Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, 'or I shall gall you, Faulcon-
 bridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salis-
 bury :

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
 Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
 I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
 Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
 That you shall think the devil is come from hell. 100

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulcon-
 bridge ?

Second a villain and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
 I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep
 My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 For villany is not without such rheum ;

84. *my true defence*, my de-
 fence of my uprightness.

94. *gall*, hurt.

97. *spleen*, passion.

King John

ACT IV

And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

110

Big. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There tell the king he may inquire us
out. *[Exeunt Lords.]*

Bast. Here's a good world ! Knew you of this
fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou'rt damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so
black ;

120

Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair ;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on ; or wouldst thou drown thyself, 130
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

109. *traded*, practised.

132. *ocean* (trisyllabic).

133. *stifle up*. 'Up' adds the
sense of completion to the action.

King John

Let hell want pains enough to torture me.
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way 140
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace : 150
Now powers from home and discontents at home
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

146. *scamble*, struggle, scuffle.

147. *unowed*, unowned.

155. *cincture*; Pope's conjecture for *Ff cinter*, which may be right, standing for 'ceinture.' Shakespeare nowhere uses

'cincture.'

158. *brief in hand*, urged for despatch; 'brief' expresses the concentration of the 'thousand businesses' in a narrow space of time.

King John

ACT V

ACT V.

SCENE I. KING JOHN'S *palace*.

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH, *and* Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. [*Giving the crown.*]

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
the French,

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience,

Swearing allegiance and the love of soul

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mistemper'd humour

Rests by you only to be qualified:

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be minister'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest
up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;

But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

10. *love of soul*, heartfelt love.

19. *convertite*, convert.

King John

Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the
prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have :
I did suppose it should be on constraint ;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there
holds out 30
But Dover castle : London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy,
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead and cast into the
streets,
An empty casket, where the jewel of life 40
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did
live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought ;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye :
Be stirring as the time ; be fire with fire ;
Threaten the threatener and outface the brow
Of bragging horror : so shall inferior eyes, 50
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example and put on
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.
 Away, and glister like the god of war,
 When he intendeth to become the field :
 Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
 What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble
 there?

O let it not be said : forage, and run
 To meet displeasure farther from the doors, 60
 And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been
 with me,
 And I have made a happy peace with him ;
 And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
 Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league !
 Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
 Send fair-play orders and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley and base truce
 To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
 A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields, 70
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms :
 Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace ;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present
 time.

55. *become*, adorn.

59. *forage*, range abroad.

66. *upon the footing of our*
land, standing upon our native
 soil.

67. *fair-play orders*, instruc-
 tions for courteous treatment

(of the enemy). Cf. v. 118
 below.

70. *cocker'd*, pampered,
 coddled.

70. *wanton*, a spoilt child.

71. *flesh*, kindle to warlike
 rage.

King John

Bast. Away, then, with good courage! yet, I
 know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The DAUPHIN'S camp at
 St. Edmundsbury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN,
 PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

Lew. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance :
 Return the precedent to these lords again ;
 That, having our fair order written down,
 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
 May know wherefore we took the sacrament
 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
 A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith
 To your proceedings ; yet believe me, prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of time
 Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound
 By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
 That I must draw this metal from my side
 To be a widow-maker ! O, and there
 Where honourable rescue and defence
 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury !
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That, for the health and physic of our right,
 We cannot deal but with the very hand
 Of stern injustice and confused wrong.

78. *yet, I know*, etc. ; we
 are still a match for a prouder
 foe.

1. *this*, sc. the compact with
 the barons.

3. *precedent*, draft.

King John

ACT V

And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this ;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks,—I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause,—
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here ?
What, here ? O nation, that thou couldst remove !
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore ;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly !

30

Lez. A noble temper dost thou show in this ;
And great affections wrestling in thy bosom
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought
Between compulsion and a brave respect !
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks :
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation ;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm :

40

50

30. *Upon the spot*, over the stain.

44. *brave respect*, gallant loyalty and sense of honour.

34. *clippeth thee about*, girdles thee round.

46. *progress*, more like a 'progress,' course.

Commend these waters to those baby eyes
 That never saw the giant world enraged ;
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
 deep 60

Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As Lewis himself : so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
 And even there, methinks, an angel spake :

Enter PANDULPH.

Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
 The next is this, King John hath reconciled
 Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in, 70
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome :
 Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up ;
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmful than in show.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
 back :

I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control, 80

59. *Full of warm blood ;* words just spoken are 'of
 Heath's emendation for 'full
 warm of blood' Ff. heaven.' But there may be also
 a quibble upon 'angel' the coin,

64. *there an angel spake ;* with 'nobles' and 'purse.'
 Pandulph's entrance to 'give
 us warrant from the hand of
 heaven' is a warrant that the 75. at hand, by hand.
79. propertied, treated as a
 tool.

King John

ACT V

Or useful serving-man and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome
borne,

90

What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action ? Is't not I
That undergo this charge ? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business and maintain this war ?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out
'Vive le roi !' as I have bank'd their towns ?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown ?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

100

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified

110

89. *interest*, claim.

101. *liable*, subject.

104. *bank'd*, sailed past (of
riverside towns, as 'coasted' of
seaports). In the *T. R.* the

description refers explicitly to
Lewis's voyage up the Thames :

From the hollow holes of Thamesis
Eccho apace *replide* *Vive la Roy*.

107. *set*, game (at cards).

King John

As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience ; I am sent to speak :
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him ;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

120

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties ;
 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
 The youth says well. Now hear our English king ;
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.

He is prepared, and reason too he should :
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at ; and is well prepared
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.

130

That hand which had the strength, even at your
 door,

113. *drew this gallant head of war*, assembling this gallant force.

115. *outlook*, outface, face-down ; 'conquest' is conceived as cowed into submission by the defiant looks of the victor.

121. *dealt*, acted.

124. *wilful - opposite*, refractory.

125. *temporize*, come to terms.

133. *unhair'd*, beardless. Theobald's emendation for 'unheard' Ff.

King John

ACT V

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch
 To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks, 140
 To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman ;
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement ?
 No : know the gallant monarch is in arms
 And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,
 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. 150
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame ;
 For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids
 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
 in peace ;
 We grant thou canst outscold us : fare thee well ; 160
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

138. *take the hatch*, leap over the half-door, or 'hatch,' without waiting to open it. Cf. i. i. 171.

141. *pawns*, pledges.

144. *your nation's crow* ; probably, the cock as the Gallic bird (*gallus*), derisively so called by a play on the double sense

of 'crow.' But there may be an allusion to the ominous flight of ravens which terrified the French before the battle of Poitiers, an incident utilised in the play of *Edward III*.

150. *souse*, swoop on.

157. *needles* (pron. 'neelds').

159. *brave*, bravado.

King John

Lew. We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten : do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ; 170
Sound but another, and another shall
As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand,
Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [*Exeunt.* 180

SCENE III. *The field of battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so
long,

Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,

King John

ACT V

Desires your majesty to leave the field
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the
abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here, 10
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now :
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ay me ! this tyrant fever burns me
up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with
friends.

Pem. Up once again ; put spirit in the French :
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left
the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

8. *Swinstead* ; near Spalding, 13. *retire themselves, re-*
Lincs. The modern spelling is treat.
Swineshead. 7. *revolts, rebels.*

King John

Sal.

Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold ;

10

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out King John and fall before his feet ;
 For if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means to recompense the pains you take
 By cutting off your heads : thus hath he sworn
 And I with him, and many moe with me,
 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury ;
 Even on that altar where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

20

Sal. May this be possible ? may this be true ?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must die here and live hence by truth ?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east :
 But even this night, whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,

30

11. *Unthread the rude eye*
 (met. from the 'needle's eye'),
 retrace your hazardous passage.

15. *He*, i.e. the Dauphin.
 The Camb. edd. thence suspect
 that 'lords' in the previous line
 should be 'lord,' 'the French'
 being then a singular, as else-
 where.

23. *a quantity*, a modicum,

just perceptible amount.

24. *a form of wax*, a wax
 effigy ; referring to the practice
 in witchcraft of destroying an
 enemy by melting a waxen
 image of him—the fate of the
 man being controlled, according
 to a widespread article of folk-
 lore, by that of the image.

29. *hence*, i.e. in heaven.

King John

ACT V

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
 Paying the fine of rated treachery
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert with your king :
 The love of him, and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field,
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires.

40

Sal. We do believe thee : and beshrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight,
 And like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
 And calmly run on in obedience
 Even to our ocean, to our great King John.
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence ;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends ! New
 flight ;

50

60

And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

37. *rated*, assessed at its value.

38. *fine*; a play upon the sense 'end.'

41. *respect*, consideration.

44. *In lieu whereof*, in return for which.

45. *rumour*, tumult.

50. *favour*, aspect.

53. *bated*, abated.

54. *rankness*, overflowing.

55. *o'erlook'd*, overpeered.

60. *Right in thine eye*, even in thy eye; the eye, as the most expressive organ, betrays directly and immediately the approach of death.

61. *intends*, makes for.

SCENE V. *The French camp.**Enter LEWIS and his train.*

Lew. The sun of heaven methought was loath
to set,

But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure backward their own ground
In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin ?

Lew. Here : what news ?

Mess. The Count Melun is slain ; the English
lords

10

By his persuasion are again fall'n off ;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news ! beshrew thy very
heart !

I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers ?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well ; keep good quarter and good care
to-night :

20

7. *tattering*, flying in tatters. that causes stumbling.

ib. *clearly*, completely.

18. *stumbling night*, night 20. *keep good quarter*, guard
your posts well.

King John

ACT V

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *An open place in the neighbourhood
of Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter the BASTARD and HUBERT, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? why may not I
demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think?

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
well.

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think 10
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless
night

Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what
news abroad?

12. *Unkind*, i.e. for having
failed him.

12. *eyeless*; Theobald's
emendation for Ff 'endless.'

Hub. Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible. 20

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news :

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :
I left him almost speechless ; and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it ? who did taste to him ?

Hub. A monk, I tell you ; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out : the king 30
Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty ?

Hub. Why, know you not ? the lords are all
come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company ;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power !
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide ; 40
These Lincoln Washes have devoured them ;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

26. *time*, emergency. of tasting each dish offered to

28. *taste*, perform the office the king.

King John

ACT V

Away before : conduct me to the king ;
I doubt he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late : the life of all his
blood
Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,
Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house,
Doth by the idle comments that it makes
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak, and holds
belief
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here.
Doth he still rage ? [*Exit Bigot.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

2. *corruptibly*, so as to corrupt.
ib. *his pure brain*, his otherwise
clear mind.

4. *idle*, wandering.
16. *Leaves them invisible*, be-
comes imperceptible outwardly.

King John

With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death
should sing.

20

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are
born

To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Enter Attendants, and BIGOT, carrying KING
JOHN in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room ;

It would not out at windows nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

30

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare—dead, forsook,
cast off :

And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you
much,

40

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait

26. *indigest*, shapeless, confused mass.

35. *ill fare* ; 'fare' is dissyllabic.

King John

ACT V

And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there were some virtue in my tears,

That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty ! 50

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heaven He knows how we shall answer
him ; 60

For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the Washes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead
an ear.

My liege ! my lord ! but now a king, now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

58. *module* . . . , the mould or
form of annihilated royalty.

60. *answer*, confront, meet.

62. *upon advantage*, as a fav-
ourable opportunity occurred.

65. *dead news*, news of death.

King John

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind 70
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now, you stars that move in your right
spheres,
Where be your powers? show now your mended
faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels. 80

Sal. It seems you know not, then, so much as
we:

The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd 90
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,

82. *Cardinal Pandulph.* The Pandulph, but Gualo (Hol. iii.
historic cardinal who effected 192).
the negotiations was no longer 97. *princes, lords.*

King John

ACT V

Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interred ;

For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then :

100

And happily may your sweet self put on

The lineal state and glory of the land !

To whom, with all submission, on my knee

I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul that would give you
thanks

And knows not how to do it but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, 110

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.

This England never did, nor never shall,

Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again,

Come the three corners of the world in arms,

And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
rue,

If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.

104. *bequeath*, transfer.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING RICHARD the Second.

JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, } uncles to the
EDMUND OF LANGLEY, Duke of York, } King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, son
to John of Gaunt ; afterwards KING HENRY IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, son to the Duke of York.

THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

LORD BERKELEY.

BUSHY, }
BAGOT, } servants to King Richard.
GREEN, }

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, his son.

LORD ROSS.

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

Bishop of Carlisle.

Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

SIR PIERCE of Exton.

Captain of a band of Welshmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners, Keeper,
Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE : *England and Wales.*

DURATION OF TIME

I. *Dramatic Time.*—Fourteen days represented on the stage, with indeterminate intervals.

King Richard the Second

Day 1.	I. 1.	Interval
„ 2.	I. 2.	Interval.
„ 3.	I. 3.	
„ 4.	I. 4., II. 1.	Interval.
„ 5.	II. 2.	Interval.
„ 6.	II. 3.	Interval.
„ 7.	II. 4., III. 1.	
„ 8.	III. 2.	Interval.
„ 9.	III. 3.	Interval.
„ 10.	III. 4.	Interval.
„ 11.	IV. 1., V. 1.	Interval.
„ 12.	V. 2.-4.	Interval.
„ 13.	V. 5.	Interval.
„ 14.	V. 6.	

II. *Historic Time*.—From April 29, 1398, to March 12, 1400, when what was officially stated to be the body of Richard was brought to London.

INTRODUCTION

RICHARD II. was first published in a Quarto edition of 1597, which was entered in the Stationers' Register on August 29 of that year. Its title-page is as follows :—

The | Tragedie of King Ri|chard the Se|cond.
| *As it hath been publikely acted* | *by the right*
Honourable the | *Lorde Chamberlaine his Ser|uants.*
| London. Printed by Valentine Simmes for
Andrew Wise, and | are to be sold at his Shop in
Paules Church yard at | the signe of the Angel. |
1597.

A second Quarto appeared in the following year, bearing Shakespeare's name. A third, in 1608, was announced to contain 'new additions of the Parliamēt Sceane, and the deposing | of King Richard, | as it hath been lately acted by the Kinges | Majesties Seruantes, at the Globe.'¹ A fourth Quarto, reprinted from the third, appeared in 1615; and on this was evidently based the text of the Folio of 1623, certain errors being corrected, while, on the other hand, a number of short passages were excised, doubtless those currently omitted on the stage. A fifth Quarto, entitled 'The Life and Death of King

¹ Some extant copies do not contain this announcement, the old title-page having been substantially reprinted from Q₂. But all contain the 'additions' themselves.

King Richard the Second

Richard the Second,' appeared in 1634. The First Quarto, so far as it extends, gives the most authoritative text. But 'in the "new additions of the Parliament Sceane" it would appear that the defective text of the [Fourth] Quarto had been corrected from the author's MS. For this part, therefore, the First Folio is our highest authority.'¹

The 'new additions' (iv. 1. 159-318) first introduced in the 1608 Quarto are indistinguishable in style from the rest of the play, and undoubtedly belonged to the original text. Their omission during Elizabeth's lifetime is explained by the sinister significance which the story of Richard had acquired in the political intrigues of her later years as a means of veiled allusion to herself. It was dangerous to relate, even with the best intentions, Richard's deposition in print; and Sir John Hayward, who narrated it in his *History of the Life and Raigne of Henry IV.*, in 1599, was censured by the Star Chamber and sent to prison. That such severity was not altogether groundless became clear in 1601 when Sir Gilly Merrick, with a company of Essex's confederates, procured the performance of 'the play of the deposing and killing of King Richard the Second,' on the afternoon before the revolt. 'Know ye not that I am Richard the Second?' said Elizabeth to Lambarde, the Keeper of the Records in the Tower, on his showing her the Rolls of the reign; adding, as an illustration of Essex's ingratitude to his benefactor, that the tragedy in question 'had been played 40^{tie} times in open streets and houses.'²

We have no definite evidence that this much-debated tragedy was Shakespeare's *Richard II.* But the sceptical view has been somewhat over-urged. In

¹ Cambridge edition, iv. 9.

² Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth.*

Introduction

its favour is Camden's description of the piece as 'an obsolete tragedy'—*exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ric. II.*,—as well as the objection raised by the players, when applied to by Merrick, that it was 'so old and so long out of use that they should have small or no company at yt';¹ an objection only overcome by the offer of 'forty shillings beyond their ordinary.' This is scarcely language which we expect to hear applied to a Shakespearean drama, especially one which repaid the issue of five quarto editions. But can we accept the players' excuse as their real motive? A play so dangerously suggestive as to be mutilated before publication was not likely to lack an audience when played, as it must have been, entire; and we know that the tragedy in question was in request 'in open streets and houses.' If the players hung back, we may surmise that it was rather from fear of official resentment than of deficient receipts, whatever subterfuge they chose to put forward in reply to Merrick. Moreover, not only is no other play on the subject known, but the language used of it appears to imply that no other existed, that they had no choice. Phillipps, a member of Shakespeare's company, and Lord Bacon, both speak of it as '*the* play of the deposing,' etc. Two other Elizabethan *Richard II.*'s are known: (i) the play witnessed by Dr. Simon Forman, at the Globe, on April 30, 1611; (ii) 'The Tragedy of Richard II.,' still extant in a so-called Egerton MS.² Both, however, deal with the earlier events of

¹ *Examination of Augustine Phillipps servant of the L. Chamberlain* in the State Paper Office. The incident is told in substantially similar terms by Bacon in his 'Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted

and committed by Robert Earl of Essex,' and in the State Trials.

² Printed privately by Halliwell. Cf. Marshall's paper in *Transactions of New Shakesp. Society*, April 10, 1885.

King Richard the Second

the reign,—the revolt of Jack Straw, and the royal conspiracy which led to the murder of Gloucester. Forman's play may perhaps have included Richard's deposition as one of its crowded incidents, but certainly not as its main subject. Is it likely that, in 1601, a member of Shakespeare's company, which had had his *Richard* in their possession for half a dozen years, should speak of any older piece as 'the play of the deposing' of Richard? It is also to be borne in mind that Shakespeare, by his obligations to Southampton, was connected with the Essex party. On the whole, we may safely conclude that it was Shakespeare's *Richard II.* with which we have here to do.

Beyond the fact of its publication in 1597, our evidence for the date of *Richard II.* is wholly internal. Daniel's *Civil Wars* (1595) has been thought to show traces of its influence,¹ and certainly agrees with the play in two or three points in which both diverge from history; *e.g.* Richard's meeting with the queen after his return, and his public abdication. But his way of handling these scenes does not suggest imitation, and it remains doubtful whether he had seen the play.² The internal evidences of date, on the other hand, are unusually pronounced, and mark it off decisively from both the earlier and the later groups of Histories. In subject it is almost a Prelude to *Henry IV.*, but two years at least are measured, in Shakespearean chronology, by the transition from the somewhat constrained and ceremonial style of *Richard*, with its lyric tone, rhetorical phrasing,³

¹ Grant White.

² Richard abdicates in a long prosaic speech of self-defence and exhortation; his meeting with the queen takes place in the Tower, before his abdication.

³ Note *e.g.* the recurring

images founded on sharp contrasts of light or colour,—a favourite effect in Elizabethan lyric poetry; thus Aumerle is the 'muddy passage' in which York's 'silver fountain' has been defiled (v. 3. 61).

Introduction

and persistent¹ word-play, to the large movement, the freedom, variety, and naturalness, and dramatic vivacity of style in *Henry IV.* A similar hiatus seems discernible in the characters. The brief glimpse of the 'dissolute and desperate' prince (v. 2.) suggests a coarser and cruder conception of him than that finally worked out; and Henry's vivid picture (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60) of 'the skipping king,' who 'ambled up and down with shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,' opens up visions of a Falstaffian world which the author of *Richard II.* did not yet venture to read between the lines of his chronicle. Differences little less striking separate *Richard II.* from *Richard III.* The extraordinary wealth of rhyme in *Richard II.* is not in itself a trustworthy mark of date; but it proves that Shakespeare was breaking away from the spell of Marlowe, so dominant through the all but rhymeless *Richard III.* A tragedy upon Richard II. inevitably challenged comparison with Marlowe's *Edward II.*; but Shakespeare deals with his kindred theme like a rival who had recently escaped from the glamour of discipleship. Reminiscences abound,² but in point of dramatic art the two works stand at opposite poles. Marlowe reproduces the whole tangled story of the reign; Shakespeare detaches the final catastrophe, and treats it with an almost classical severity and reserve. Marlowe accumulates harrowing and squalid details. Shakespeare subordinates all that is thrilling, violent, and sensational in tragedy to the

¹ Here and there the pursuit of verbal antithesis leads to glaringly unnatural touches,—as in York's almost grotesque repudiation of Bolingbroke's proffered mercy to his son (v. 3.).

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving
him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put
to death.

² e.g. the obvious imitation of Faustus' outburst (of Helen) 'Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,' etc., and Richard's self-pity in iv. i. 281 f., 'Was this the face,' etc.

King Richard the Second

profounder tragic pathos of character. *Richard II.* seems to be closely akin in several points to *Romeo and Juliet*. In both we find the high-wrought lyric style, ready at any moment of quickened impulse to break into rhyme and strophe; in both, the disposition to paint character by detailed and eloquent rendering of emotional states, rather than by the brief revealing vision of the later tragedies. In the fate of Richard, too, there is a suggestion of the antithesis between poetry and prose, romance and politics, on which the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* is built.¹ Only one other History resembles *Romeo and Juliet* in this respect,—that in which the passion of Constance for Arthur is crushed out among the intrigues of state and war; and *King John*, as will be seen, must in any case be placed near *Richard II.* All these considerations tend to assign *Richard II.* to the years 1593-5, most probably to 1594,—the epoch of Shakespeare's most elaborate efforts in lyric romance,—the *Venus* and the *Lucrece*.

The play follows, with remarkable fidelity, the *Chronicle* of Holinshed, as given in the enlarged second edition.² What is invented is often highly romantic in quality (*e.g.* the pathetic parting of Richard and his queen), but far less daringly un-

¹ York, with his feeble, ineffective wrath and scraps of colloquial bluster ('Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle'), as also in his extravagant animosity towards his own kin, curiously resembles old Capulet.

² A few details seem to be derived from Holinshed's chief authority, Halle. Some unknown source perhaps supplied Shakespeare with the information that Carlisle was committed

to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, as we know to have been the case, not as Holinshed says to that of the Abbot of St. Alban's. But it is more likely that Shakespeare, having to deal later with a conspiracy in the house of the Abbot of Westminster in which both this abbot and Carlisle took part, deliberately economised with his abbots by assigning the rôle of both to Westminster.

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historical than the fictions of the otherwise kindred drama of *King John*. Thus the patriotism which animates both plays is put in the mouth not of the fictitious Falconbridge but (unhistorically enough no doubt) of the historic John of Gaunt. The only quite unhistorical personages are the two gardeners (iii. 4.) and the groom (v. 5.). The vital work done by Shakespeare upon his subject here took the form pre-eminently of imaginative elaboration of detail within the lines of the historical record.

This relative fidelity was partly due to the peculiar simplicity and native dramatic distinction of the historic matter itself. Alone among the Histories, *Richard II.* presents, not a more or less comprehensive epitome of the events of a reign, but a picture of its closing catastrophe. When the scene opens it is already the beginning of the end. Twenty years of Richard's sway have already passed over England, and his crimes and follies have provoked a Nemesis which is close at hand. Bolingbroke's 'appeal' against Mowbray is its first covert stroke, and Richard seals his own fate by the sentence of banishment with which he apparently checkmates his most dangerous adversary. The entire plot resolves itself into a duel between Richard and Bolingbroke. Hardly any other actor in it has received the finer psychological elaboration of Shakespeare's art. York's helpless impotence in the hour of crisis is powerfully painted; but no clue enables us to follow the transition from Richard's weak-kneed vicegerent to the fanatic whose loyalty is outraged by the proposal to pardon his own son's treason (v. 3.). The intrigues of Aumerle, a coward and liar almost too contemptible for tragedy, are rendered with even extravagant detail; yet the undecided dispute in iv. 1. leaves the precise degree of his guilt obscure. A

King Richard the Second

deeper shade of ambiguity crosses the fine character of Mowbray. Bolingbroke charges him with direct complicity in Gloucester's murder. He replies evasively:—

For Gloucester . . .

I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.

No one concerned questions his guilt. Gloucester's widow denounces 'butcher Mowbray,' and Gaunt evidently includes him among the assassins, yet the extravagance of Bolingbroke's other charges and his ready and apt defence predispose us in Mowbray's favour ; and our sympathies are won by his dignified and eloquent plea for justice, and by the pathos of his life-long banishment. Nor does Shakespeare choose to let us suspect in this play what, in its successor, he goes out of his way to disclose,—that Mowbray was the object of universal loathing, as the willing tool and prompter of Richard's crimes and follies, while his opponent, Bolingbroke, without seeking popularity was dear to all hearts. 'If your father,' says Westmoreland to Mowbray's son in *2 Henry IV.*, 'had been victor' [in the combat with Bolingbroke]

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
2 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 134.

No such damning unanimity of hatred is visited upon Mowbray here ; and the last we learn of him is a glowing eulogy on his heroic deeds in banishment—

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens,—

a eulogy to which the historic Mowbray had no

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claim, and which seems, curiously enough, to have been suggested by the feats of the historic Bolingbroke.

The evident nobility of both accuser and accused powerfully enforces the suspicion that the real guilt lies elsewhere,—and thus heightens the sinister effect of Richard's evident wish to suppress the entire inquiry. Throughout the early Acts his despotic caprice is relentlessly emphasised. A few minutes of perfunctory consultation produce the decree which banishes the two most dangerous witnesses of his guilt ;—a few minutes more pluck four years from the exile of one of them. His expedients for raising money by plundering the rich (so pointedly contrasted with Bolingbroke's astute courtesies to the poor, in the same scene, i. 4.) are not only childishly simple in themselves, but are announced with the artless frankness of a child :—

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold
And send them after to supply our wants.

Holinshed tells of the angry murmurs excited by these proceedings ; Shakespeare pours forth the retributive indignation of England from the dying lips, consecrated by history to no function so lofty, of John of Gaunt ; and Richard's furious outburst is equally unauthentic.¹

¹ It is, however, thoroughly in the spirit of the historical Richard. His bearing in this scene is probably suggested by Holinshed's account of a similar encounter with his other uncle Gloucester. In February 1397, Gloucester roughly censured Richard because of the surrender of Brest to the Duke of Brittany. ' Upon this multiplying of words

in such presumptuous manner by the duke against the king,' says Holinshed (iii. 480), ' there kindled such displeasure betwixt them that it never ceased to increase into flames, till the duke was brought to his end.' Richard is, in fact, made to threaten his dying uncle with Gloucester's fate (ii. 1. 123).

King Richard the Second

Yet it is not chiefly with stern touches like these that Shakespeare has elaborated his wonderful study of Richard. Scorn for the ruler is never allowed to obliterate a compassionate sympathy, enforced both by the pathetic helplessness of his fate and by a certain native exquisiteness and charm of mind. At times we seem to detect something like a calculated sequence of the two effects: the damning exposure, for instance, of the scene by Gaunt's death-bed, being followed at once by the allaying pathos of the queen's wistful forebodings for her 'sweet Richard.' Indeed the queen—in Holinshed a mere child of eleven—has no other *raison d'être* in the drama than thus at intervals to reinforce our difficult and precarious pity for the king. His personal beauty, too, counts for something; not altogether the delicate flower-like beauty suggested by Isabelle's 'my fair rose' and Hotspur's 'Richard, that sweet lovely rose';¹ for York can compare him with the paragon of English knighthood,—the Black Prince,—'His face thou hast, for even so look'd he.' When his action is least kingly we are reminded that he 'yet looks like a king.' It is noteworthy, too, that the popular indignation excited by his rule is brought into prominence only in the later stages of the action, where it appears rather as an aggravation of his sufferings than as due retribution for his misrule. In the second act it is a hearsay; in the third, after his capture, it finds expression only in the grave dialogue of the gardeners; in the fifth it becomes at length virulent and ferocious, and the 'dust thrown upon his sacred head' by the Londoners tempts us to forget what excellent reasons he had given them for throwing it. With his landing in Wales (iii. 2.) a new and subtle aspect of his character emerges,

¹ 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 175.

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which belongs wholly to Shakespeare's imaginative reading of it. He is met at length by open resistance with which he is wholly unable to cope. Deprived of its despotic privilege of shaping the destiny of his subjects, his brilliant fancy turns upon itself and creates a dramatic spectacle of its own. He is humiliated, dethroned, imprisoned, and every trifling incident now serves as a nucleus about which he wreathes the beautiful tangles of his arabesque wit. In the two culminating scenes Shakespeare has provided such a nucleus by a slight variation of the historic conditions. The colloquy at Flint Castle (iii. 3.) is adapted from an actual interview between Richard and Northumberland alone, at Conway. The historic abdication took place privately in the Tower. Shakespeare draws Richard from prison to make a public surrender in Parliament (iv. 1.). His fall, unkingly as it is, gathers distinction and dignity from the glamour of poetry which he sheds about it; and the hunters, standing silent round their stricken victim, fade for the moment into insignificance before the beautiful creature writhing in their toils. Once dethroned, Richard acquires the pathos of overthrow; while Bolingbroke, crowned, becomes a prey to the jealous disaffection that attends usurped power. The fifth act is a dirge over Richard and a portent of the ultimate fall of the House of Lancaster.

The character of Bolingbroke is less elaborately wrought out, emphasising by its very severity of outline and colour the unsubstantial pageantry of Richard's mind. Every trait tends to heighten the contrast between the two,—a contrast hardly surpassed for subtlety and suggestiveness in the whole range of the Histories. Bolingbroke's astute compliance with the laws is pointedly opposed to Richard's reckless and insane defiance of law. He pursues his ends by

King Richard the Second

constitutional forms, knows how to bide his time, uses violence only to vindicate justice, and controls while appearing to obey. The historical Bolingbroke was not averse from ruder methods. Shakespeare tells us nothing of the plot laid by him in June 1397, in concert with Mowbray and Gloucester, to seize and imprison Richard, and his uncles York and Lancaster, and to put the rest of the council to death. His first step towards bringing Gloucester's murder home to the king is the cautious 'indirection' of accusing his accomplice Mowbray. His return from banishment has an excuse as well as a pretext in Richard's flagrant confiscation of his inheritance. Once landed, he finds himself at the head of a national uprising which bears him by its own momentum to the throne; and he is already a king in power before he has put off the obeisances of the subject. In all this we are far removed from the Marlowesque tragedy of Force (*virtù*), displayed in Titanic violations of the laws of man and God.

Richard II.'s crimes are as heinous as those of Richard III., but they are so closely inwoven with the psychical texture of a pitifully weak and vicious nature that crime-interest is absorbed in the subtler interest of character. *Richard III.* is a tragedy of Guilt and Nemesis. *Richard II.* contains traces of the framework of such a tragedy in the murder of Gloucester, which Bolingbroke makes it his mission to avenge. But as the drama proceeds these traces fade, and Richard the aggressive despot discloses himself as a fantastic dreamer tragically thrust upon a world of laws and limits, whose rudest buffetings, instead of bringing him to his senses, only generate some new and brilliant variation of his dream. Thus out of the stirring political drama is evolved a tragedy of individual soul, conceived in a spirit more akin to that of

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Hamlet and *Julius Cæsar* than to anything found elsewhere in the English Histories. In *Richard II.* we have almost the first note of that profound Shakespearean pity which the Titanism of the earlier Histories and the joyous exultation of the later alike exclude:—the pity which penetrates beyond the doom of an individual to the social *milieu* by which the doom was provoked; and reflects a sad recognition of what Pater called ‘the unkindness of things themselves,’—the tragedy of the world itself.

THE TRAGEDY OF
KING RICHARD THE SECOND

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. KING RICHARD'S palace.*

*Enter KING RICHARD, JOHN OF GAUNT, with
other Nobles and Attendants.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd
Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

1. *Old John of Gaunt.* Gaunt is throughout represented as in extreme old age. He was in reality fifty-eight.

2. *band, bond.*

3. *Hereford* (always disyllabic; in Qq and Ff written 'Herford').

4. *appeal*; a formal accusa-

tion which the accuser bound himself to make good, commonly by the judicial method of combat. It was thus equivalent to a challenge. Hereford's actual 'appeal' had been made at the Parliament of Shrewsbury, Jan. 30, 1398. Holinshed says 'about six weeks' before.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice ;

Or worthily, as a good subject should,

10

On some known ground of treachery in him ?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,

On some apparent danger seen in him

Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence ; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear

The accuser and the accused freely speak :

High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and MOWBRAY.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall

20

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege !

Mow. Each day still better other's happiness ;

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,

Add an immortal title to your crown !

K. Rich. We thank you both : yet one but flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come ;

Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object

Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech !

30

In the devotion of a subject's love,

9. *on*, on the ground of. So
v. 13.

13. *apparent*, evident.

18. *High-stomach'd*, full of
warlike temper.

20. *Many . . . befall*. The
first foot lacks a syllable. An
incomplete line often follows a
marked pause or break.

26. *the cause you come*, i.e.
come for.

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
 And free from other misbegotten hate,
 Come I appellat to this princely presence.
 Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
 And mark my greeting well ; for what I speak
 My body shall make good upon this earth,
 Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
 Thou art a traitor and a miscreant,
 Too good to be so and too bad to live, 40
 Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,
 The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
 Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat ;
 And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
 What my tongue speaks my right drawn sword
 may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my
 zeal :

'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
 The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
 Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain ; 50
 The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this :
 Yet can I not of such tame patience boast
 As to be hush'd and nought at all to say :
 First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
 From giving reins and spurs to my free speech ;
 Which else would post until it had return'd
 These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
 Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him ; 60
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain :

32. *Tendering*, in fond regard for.

40. *Too good*, i.e. in virtue of his noble name and descent.

43. *aggravate the note*, deepen the stigma.

46. *right drawn*, justly drawn.

Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tied to run afoot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time let this defend my loyalty,
 By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
 my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of the king,
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
 If guilty dread have left thee so much strength
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop :
 By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

70

Mow. I take it up ; and by that sword I swear,
 Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial :
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor or unjustly fight !

80

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mow-
 bray's charge ?

It must be great that can inherit us
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove
 it true ;

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand
 nobles

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers,

65. *inhabitable*, 'un-habit-
 able,' uninhabitable.

74. *pawn*, pledge.

80. *in any fair degree*, in any
 way becoming me.

81. *design*, enterprise, ac-
 tion.

85. *inherit*, possess.

89. *In name of lendings*, as
 money entrusted to him.

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments, 90
 Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
 Besides I say and will in battle prove,
 Or here or elsewhere to the furthest verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,
 That all the treasons for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and
 spring.

Further I say and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death, 100
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
 And consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of
 blood :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice and rough chastisement ;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this? 110

Mow. O, let my sovereign turn away his face
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,
 How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and
 ears :

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 As he is but my father's brother's son,

100. *the Duke of Gloucester*,
 Thomas of Woodstock, youngest
 son of Edward III., and uncle
 of Richard and of Bolingbroke.
 Mowbray was, in reality, him-
 self concerned, with Gloucester

and with Bolingbroke, in a plot
 to seize the king (June 1397) ;
 he betrayed it to Richard, and
 was charged to put Gloucester
 to death.

101. *Suggest*, seduce.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

Now, by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize 120
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
He is our subject, Mowbray ; so art thou :
Free speech and fearless I to thee allow.

Mow. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy
heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers ;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my soverign liege was in my debt
Upon remainder of a dear account, 130
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
Now swallow down that lie. For Gloucester's
death,

I slew him not ; but to my own disgrace
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul ;
But ere I last received the sacrament
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd 140

119. *neighbour nearness*, close kinship.

126. *receipt*, money committed to me.

130. *dear*, large, heavy.

131. *his queen*, Richard's second queen, Isabel.

132, 133. *For Gloucester's death*, etc. In Holinshed Mowbray ignores this charge. A previous page of his *Chronicle* (iii. 489) relates that Mowbray had unwillingly, and only under

threats, carried out Richard's own order for his death. He had thus 'neglected his sworn duty' to his sovereign. According to Mowbray's own account to Bagot, as told by him after Richard's death (*Hol.* iii. 511), he had saved Gloucester's life 'for three weeks and more,' in defiance of Richard's order and at peril of his life : the murder being finally carried out by persons expressly despatched by Richard 'to see it done.'

Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray 150
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by
 me ;

Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe, though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision ;
 Forget, forgive ; conclude and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my
 age : 160

Throw down, my son, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when ?
 Obedience bids I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid ; there
 is no boot.

Mow. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
 foot.

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
 The one my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 Despite of death that lives upon my grave,

157. *no month to bleed.* Certain seasons of the year were prescribed in the old medical al-
 manacs as proper for 'bleeding.'
 168. *i.e.* 'that lives, despite
 of death,' etc.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd and baffled here, 170
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear,
The which no balm can cure but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage : lions make leopards tame.

Mow. Yea, but not change his spots : take but
my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation : that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest 130
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw up your gage ; do you
begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such deep
sin !

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight ?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this out-dared dastard ? Ere my tongue 190
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face.

[*Exit Gaunt.*]

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 170. <i>baffled</i> , ignominiously
punished, like a recreant knight. | 191. <i>feeble wrong</i> , one that
implies weakness in the man
who submits to it. |
| 189. <i>impeach my height</i> , de-
tract from my high dignity. | 193. <i>motive</i> , instrument (viz.
his tongue). |
| 190. <i>out-dared</i> , cowed down. | |

SC. II King Richard the Second

✓ *K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but to
command;

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,

Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,

At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day :

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate

200

The swelling difference of your settled hate :

Since we can not atone you, we shall see

Justice design the victor's chivalry.

Lord marshal, command our officers at arms

Be ready to direct these home alarms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The DUKE OF LANCASTER'S palace.*

Enter JOHN OF GAUNT *with the* DUCHESS
OF GLOUCESTER.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstock's
blood

Doth more solicit me than your exclaims,

To stir against the butchers of his life !

But since correction lieth in those hands .

Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;

Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur ?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?

10

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven vials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root :

202. *atone*, reconcile.

to i. 3. 1.

203. *design*, designate.

1. *Woodstock*, Thomas of

204. *Lord marshal*; see note *Woodstock*, Duke of Gloucester.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the Destinies cut ;
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,
 One vial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded, 20
 By envy's hand and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt, his blood was thine ! that bed, that
 womb,
 That metal, that self mould, that fashion'd thee
 Made him a man ; and though thou livest and
 breathest,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd, 30
 Thou showest the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we intitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Gaunt. God's is the quarrel ; for God's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in His sight,
 Hath caused his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift 40
 An angry arm against His minister.

Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

23. *self*, very.

28. *model*, copy.

Duch. Why, then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
 Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sin so heavy in his bosom, 50
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
 A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
 Farewell, old Gaunt : thy sometimes brother's wife
 With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell ; I must to Coventry :
 As much good stay with thee as go with me !

Duch. Yet one word more : grief boundeth
 where it falls,
 Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :
 I take my leave before I have begun, 60
 For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to thy brother, Edmund York.
 Lo, this is all :—nay, yet depart not so ;
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
 I shall remember more. Bid him—ah, what ?—
 With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
 Alack, and what shall good old York there see
 But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
 Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
 And what hear there for welcome but my groans ? 70
 Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
 To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.
 Desolate, desolate, will I hence and die :
 The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*

49. *career*, onset.

cester, near Dunmow, Essex.

66. *Plashy*, the seat of Glou-

68. *unfurnish'd*, not hung
 with arras.

SCENE III. *The lists at Coventry.*

*Enter the Lord Marshal and the DUKE OF
AUMERLE.*

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then, the champions are prepared,
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the KING enters with his
nobles, GAUNT, BUSHY, BAGOT, GREEN, and
others. When they are set, enter MOWBRAY
in arms, defendant, with a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :
Ask him his name and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause. 10

Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who
thou art
And why thou comest thus knightly clad in arms,

Sc. 3. The meeting at 493), Norfolk himself normally
Coventry actually occurred five
months after the event repre-
sented in i. 1., on Sept. 16, 1398.

The Lord Marshal. This
was, according to Holinshed,
the Duke of Surrey, who had
been appointed to serve 'for
that tourne' (*Holinshed*, iii.
6. *Bushy, Bagot, Green.* Sir
John Bushy, Speaker of the
House of Commons in 1394 ;
Sir Henry Green, son of a judge
of the Court of Queen's Bench ;
Sir William Bagot, sometime
Sheriff of Leicestershire.

Against what man thou comest, and what thy
quarrel :

Speak truly, on thy knighthood and thy oath ;
As so defend thee heaven and thy valour !

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke
of Norfolk ;

Who hither come engaged by my oath—

Which God defend a knight should violate !—

Both to defend my loyalty and truth

To God, my king and my succeeding issue,

20

Against the Duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,

To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me :

And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*The trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE,
appellant, in armour, with a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war,

And formally, according to our law,

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

30

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore comest
thou hither,

Before King Richard in his royal lists ?

Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy
quarrel ?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and
Derby

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by God's grace and my body's valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,

That he is a traitor, foul and dangerous,

30. *Depose*, take his sworn deposition.

To God of heaven, King Richard and to me ; 40
 And as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold
 Or daring-hardy as to touch the lists,
 Except the marshal and such officers
 Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
 hand,
 And bow my knee before his majesty :
 For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
 Then let us take a ceremonious leave 50
 And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your
 highness,
 And craves to kiss your hand and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our
 arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
 So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
 Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
 Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
 For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear : 60
 As confident as is the falcon's flight
 Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
 My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;
 Of you, my noble cousin, Lord Aumerle ;
 Not sick, although I have to do with death,
 But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.
 Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
 The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :

<p>57. <i>my blood</i>, my kinsman. 64. <i>cousin</i>. Aumerle, as son of the Duke of York (with John of Gaunt the only surviving son of Edward III.), was cousin to</p>	<p>both Richard and Bolingbroke. 67. <i>as at English feasts</i>, which were distinguished by their con- cluding course of 'sweet meats.' 67. <i>regreet</i>, salute.</p>
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O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
 Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate, 70
 Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
 To reach at victory above my head,
 Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
 And furbish new the name of John a Gaunt,
 Even in the lusty haviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee
 prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled, 80
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
 Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and
 live.

Boling. Mine innocency and Saint George to
 thrive!

Mow. However God or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just and upright gentleman:
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement, 90
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle with mine adversary.
 Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
 As gentle and as jocund as to jest
 Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 75. <i>waxen coat</i> , his armour, | datation for Qq Ff 'innocence.' |
| which will be as wax to my blow. | 84. <i>Saint George to thrive</i> , |
| 80. <i>redoubled</i> (four syllables). | St. George for me! |
| 81. <i>amazing</i> , confounding. | 95. <i>as to jest</i> , as if to mere |
| 84. <i>innocency</i> ; Capell's emen- | sport or masquerade. |

King Richard the Second

ACT I

Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby, 100
Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas, Duke of
Norfolk.

First Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and
Derby,

Stands here for God, his sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king and him ;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

Sec. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray,
Duke of Norfolk, 110

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign and to him disloyal ;
Courageously and with a free desire
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, com-
batants. [*A charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and
their spears,

And both return back to their chairs again : 120

Withdraw with us : and let the trumpets sound

While we return these dukes what we decree.

[*A long flourish.*

118. *warder*, the staff truncheon borne by the king as presiding over the combat.

122. *While we return*, until we inform.

122. *A long flourish.* This represents, somewhat awkwardly, the historical interval of two hours during which the council deliberated.

sc. III King Richard the Second

Draw near,
And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be
soil'd

With that dear blood which it hath fostered ;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours'
sword ;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts, 130
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's
cradle

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned
drums,

With harsh-resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood ;
Therefore, we banish you our territories :
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life, 140
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : this must my com-
fort be,

That sun that warms you here shall shine on me ;
And those his golden beams to you here lent
Shall point on me and gild my banishment.

127. *for*, because.

129-133. Omitted in Ff, which probably represent the stage-copy. They may have been struck out of this, like the Deposition scene, after Essex's plot, as too dangerously suggestive.

131. *set on you*, set you on.

140. *pain of life*, a penalty involving life. Holinshed (followed by Ff) has the equivalent phrase 'pain of death.' So in v. 153.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :

The sly slow hours shall not determinate

150

The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;

The hopeless word of 'never to return'

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :

A dearer merit, not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego :

160

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol or a harp,

Or like a cunning instrument cased up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony :

Within my mouth you have engaoi'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;

And dull unfeeling barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

170

Too far in years to be a pupil now :

What is thy sentence then but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate :

150. *sly slow*, stealthily creeping.

151. *dear*, grievous.

156. *A dearer merit*, a better reward. 'Merit' is concretely used, 'that which is merited.'

174. *be compassionate*, give way to lamentation (a solecism, used probably with the blended suggestion of 'passion,' i.e. emotion, and 'compassion' for oneself).

sc. III King Richard the Second

After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with
thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

Swear by the duty that you owe to God— 180

Our part therein we banish with yourselves—

To keep the oath that we administer :

You never shall, so help you truth and God !

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;

Nor never look upon each other's face ;

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This loursing tempest of your home-bred hate ;

Nor never by advised purpose meet

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land. 190

Boling. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy :—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :

Confess thy treasons ere thou fly the realm ;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burthen of a guilty soul. 200

Mow. No, Bolingbroke : if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from heaven banish'd as from hence !

179. *Lay on our sword . . .* from their duty to him as sub-
swear. To swear by a sword jects.
was equivalent to swearing by
the cross. 188. *advised*, deliberate.

181. *Our part therein we* so far as I may becomingly
banish. Richard releases them speak to an enemy.

But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years 210
Pluck'd four away. [*To Boling.*] Six frozen winters
spent,

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters and four wanton springs
End in a word : such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years that he hath to spend
Can change their moons and bring their times
about, 220

My oil-dried lamp and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years
to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give :

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow ;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ; 230

209-212. In Holinshed this
reduction of Bolingbroke's sen-
tence takes place subsequently
on his taking leave of the king

at Eltham.

230. *his* (*i.e.* Time's), no
wrinkle wrought by Time in his
course.

sc. III King Richard the Second

Thy word is current with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave :
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion
sour.

You urged me as a judge ; but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild :

240

A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell ; and, uncle, bid
him so :

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King Richard and train.*

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must
not know,

From where you do remain let paper show.

250

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard
thy words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

234. *a party-verdict gave*, was
a party to the sentence by voting
for it.

239-242. Omitted in Ff.
241. *partial slander*, imputa-
tion of partiality.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

260

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou takest for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem as foil wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

270

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not the king did banish thee,

But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,

280

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour

And not the king exiled thee; or suppose

Devouring pestilence hangs in our air

268-293. Omitted in Ff.

272. *foreign passages*, foreign travel.

273. *Having my freedom*, etc., having completed his apprenticeship and won his 'freedom' as a master. In 'journeyman'

the imagery is slightly shifted for the sake of the play on 'journey.'

275. *the eye of heaven*, the sun.

276. *wise man* (pron. 'wise-man' and so written in Qq₁, 2).

sc. III King Richard the Second

And thou art flying to a fresher clime :
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
 comest :

Suppose the singing birds musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence
 strew'd,

The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more 290
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ?
 Or wallow naked in December snow
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?
 O, no ! the apprehension of the good 300
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
 Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee
 on thy way :
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet
 soil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !
 Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

289. *the presence strew'd*, the
 presence-chamber strewed with
 rushes.

291. *measure*, a stately
 dance.

299. *fantastic*, imaginary.

King Richard the Second

ACT I

SCENE IV. *The court.*

Enter the KING, with BAGOT and GREEN at one door; and the DUKE OF AUMERLE at another.

K. Rich. We did observe. Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him
so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed?

Aum. Faith, none for me; except the north-
east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin when you
parted with him?

Aum. 'Farewell:'

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word 'farewell' have lengthen'd
hours

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

1. *We did observe*; cf. v. 24. 13. *that*, i.e. his disdaining
6. *for me*, as far as I was con- to abuse the word.
cerned.

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
 Ourselves and Bushy, Bagot here and Green
 Observed his courtship to the common people ;
 How he did seem to dive into their hearts
 With humble and familiar courtesy,
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
 Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere to banish their affects with him. 30
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of draymen bid God speed him well
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With 'Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;'
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go
 these thoughts.

Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
 Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
 Ere further leisure yield them further means 40
 For their advantage and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this
 war :

And, for our coffers, with too great a court
 And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforced to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : if that come short,

24. *his courtship to the common people.* Holinshed speaks of the universal grief at Bolingbroke's departure, and of the multitudes who 'ran after him in every town and street where he came,' but does not suggest that Bolingbroke 'courted them.'

30. *affects, affections.*

39. *Expedient manage must be made,* prompt steps must be taken.

45. *farm our royal realm.* Holinshed mentions as 'a common brute' (rumour) that Richard had pledged the revenues of England to the Earl of Wiltshire, Bagot, Bushy, and Green.

King Richard the Second ACT II

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold 50
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news ?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick,
 my lord,

Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post haste
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely House.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in the physician's mind
 To help him to his grave immediately ! 60

The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :

Pray God we may make haste, and come too late !

All. Amen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Ely House.*

*Enter JOHN OF GAUNT sick, with the DUKE OF
 YORK, etc.*

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe
 my last

58. *Ely House* ; the Bishop of Ely's palace, in Holborn. record in Holinshed of Gaunt's death. This actually occurred

Sc. r. The scene as far as on Feb. 3, 1399.

v. 138 is based upon the bare

In wholesome counsel to his unstaid youth?

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say the tongues of dying
men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent
in vain,

For they breathe truth that breathe their words
in pain.

He that no more must say is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught
to glose;

10

More are men's ends mark'd than their lives
before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance more than things long past:

Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds,

As praises, of whose taste the wise are fond,

Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound

The open ear of youth doth always listen;

20

Report of fashions in proud Italy,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity—

10. *glose*, deal in hollow
phrases.

12. *the close*, the harmonious
closing chords.

18. *of whose taste the wise
are fond*. Collier's emendation.

F₁ has 'of his state: then there
are sound'; Q₁ 'of whose taste
the wise are found.'

21. *fashions in proud Italy*.
Shakespeare is transferring to
the fourteenth century a social
phenomenon of his own time.

So it be new, there's no respect how vile—
 That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
 Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
 Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
 Direct not him whose way himself will choose :
 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
 lose.

30

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet new inspired
 And thus expiring do foretell of him :
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves ;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
 short ;

He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes ;
 With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder :
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,

40

This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war,
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall

Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
 England,

50

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,

25. *no respect*, no consideration ; no one considers.

26. *buzz'd*, whispered.

28. *with wit's regard*, against that which understanding approves.

40-55. This well-known passage early became famous. It was printed, with slight variations, in *England's Parnassus*, 1600.

41. *earth*, domain, native abode.

Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds :
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
 Ah, would the scandal vanish with my life
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

60

Enter KING RICHARD *and* QUEEN, AUMERLE,
 BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WIL-
 LOUGHBY.

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his
 youth ;

For young hot colts being raged do rage the more. 70

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? how is't with
 aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my compo-
 sition !

Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old :

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;

And who abstains from meat that is not gaunt ?

60. *pelting*, petty.

70. *raged*, chafed, fretted.

The word-play here barely
 escapes tautology, but is not

uncharacteristic of the senile in-
 telligence of York, in this as
 in weightier matters a feebler
 counterpart of Gaunt.

King Richard the Second

ACT II

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast ; I mean, my children's looks ; 80
 And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, say'st thou flatterest me. 90

Gaunt. O, no ! thou diest, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now He that made me knows I see thee ill ;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, 100

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

84. *nicely*, fantastically.

86. *kill my name in me*, i.e. by banishing his heir.

94. *Ill in myself*, etc. ; both myself ill to see (i.e. to look on ;

visibly ill), and seeing ill in thee.

86. Gaunt's reference to his own illness only embarrasses his argument and heightens antithesis at the cost of dramatic truth.

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
 O, had thy grandsire with a prophet's eye
 Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
 shame,

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
 Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
 Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this land by lease ;
 But for thy world enjoying but this land,
 Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou now, not king :
 Thy state of law is bondslave to the law ;
 And thou—

110

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Darest with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
 With fury from his native residence.
 Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

120

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's
 son,

102. *incaged.* So Ff₁, 2. Qq₁₋₄ read 'inraged.'

102. *verge*, (technically) the region extending twelve miles round the king's court on every side.

103. *waste*, (technically) destruction of houses, woods, etc., by the tenant to the prejudice of the freehold. Richard's 'waste' absorbs the entire estate.

114. *Thy state of law*, etc., thy legal status is that of one in

the clutches of the law.

115. *And thou*— *K. Rich.* *A lunatic*, etc. So (substantially) Qq₁₋₃. The Ff and Q₅ make Richard take up Gaunt's words, 'And thou,' a plausible arrangement adopted by Warburton and Delius. But the older version is more dramatic. Richard's retort is not a deliberate counterthrust but a half-incoherent ebullition of rage.

122. *roundly*, bluntly.

For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out and drunkenly caroused :
 My brother Gloucester, plain well-meaning soul,
 Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !
 May be a precedent and witness good 130
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
 Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be !
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
 Love they to live that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne off by his Attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die that age and sullens
 have ;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave. 140
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his
 words

To wayward sickliness and age in him :
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you say true : as Hereford's
 love, so his ;
 As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
 your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :

126. *like the pelican* ; Richard
 has 'tapped' the blood of his
 race, and thus, in a sense, his
 own. Hence the comparison.

145. *Right, you say true.*
 Richard affects to misunder-
 stand York's unconscious equi-
 voque.

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 150

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth
he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be.

So much for that. Now for our Irish wars :

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,

Which live like venom where no venom else

But only they have privilege to live.

And for these great affairs do ask some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seize to us 160

The plate, coin, revenues and moveables,

Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? ah, how
long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloucester's death, nor Hereford's banish-
ment,

Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke

About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,

Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face. 170

154. *must be*, i.e. spent.

156. *rug-headed kerns*, the shaggy native soldiers of Ireland. Spenser notices their 'long glibbes' or 'thick curled bush of hair hanging down over their eyes.'

167. *the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*, etc. Bolingbroke had, on leaving England, been well received at the French

court, and was about to marry the king's cousin, daughter of the Duke of Berry, when Richard, hearing of it, sent the Earl of Salisbury with a list of vamped-up charges against him, and a peremptory request that the king would not permit the match with 'so manifest an offender.' The match was accordingly broken off.

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
 Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was first :
 In war was never lion raged more fierce,
 In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
 Than was that young and princely gentleman.
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French
 And not against his friends ; his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend and spent not that 180
 Which his triumphant father's hand had won ;
 His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
 O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
 Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York.

O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleased
 Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
 Seek you to seize and gripe into your hands
 The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ? 190
 Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live ?
 Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
 Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
 Take Hereford's rights away, and take from Time
 His charters and his customary rights ;
 Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
 Be not thyself ; for how art thou a king
 But by fair sequence and succession ?
 Now, afore God—God forbid I say true !— 200
 If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

173. *raged*, chafed. The
 participle, not the preterite, as
 appears both from the analogy
 of the next line and from v. 70.

177. *Accomplish'd*, furnished.

185. *compare between*, draw
 such a comparison.

190. *royalties*, feudal dues
 and revenues.

197. *ensue*, follow.

Call in the letters patents that he hath
 By his attorneys-general to sue
 His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
 You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts
 And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our
 hands

His plate, his goods, his money and his lands. 210

York. I'll not be by the while : my liege, fare-
 well :

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell ;
 But by bad courses may be understood
 That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the Earl of Wiltshire
 straight :

Bid him repair to us to Ely House
 To see this business. To-morrow next
 We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow :
 And we create, in absence of ourself,
 Our uncle York lord governor of England ;
 For he is just and always loved us well.

220

Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we part ;
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt King, Queen, Aumerle,*
Bushy, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the Duke of Lancaster is
 dead.

Ross. And living too ; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

202. *the letters patents that he hath*, etc. Richard had fall due to them,—this formal claim for its surrender being granted to both the banished technically known as 'suing dukes letters patent entitling their livery.' It involved an them to claim by attorney any act of homage to the king as feudal inheritance which should suzerain.

King Richard the Second

ACT II

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break
with silence,

Ere 't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er
speak more

230

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou wouldst speak to the
Duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore God, 'tis shame such wrongs
are borne

In him, a royal prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining land.

240

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,

And quite lóst their hearts: the nobles hath he
finéd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

250

247, 248. The repetition of
'and . . . hearts' is only toler-
able if the clauses correspond
in cadence. Hence v. 247 must
be read: 'And quite lóst their
hearts.'

which wealthy persons were
required to sign and seal, the
king's agents then filling them
up with the desired amount.

250. *blanks*, blank charters

250. *benevolences* (pronounced
'benevolence').

King Richard the Second

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his noble ancestors achieved with
blows:

More hath he spent in peace than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm.

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a
broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over
him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding, 260
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate
king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must
suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes
of death 270

253. *basely yielded upon compromise.* This probably refers to Richard's cession of Brest, for which he was roughly taken to task by Gloucester, in words which recall Northumberland's: 'Sir, your grace ought to put your body in pain to win a stronghold or town by feats of war, ere you take upon you to

sell or deliver any . . . gotten with great adventure by the manhood and policy of your noble progenitors' (*Holinshed*, iii. 487, quot. Stone).

266. *strike*, i.e. strike sail.

ib. *securely*, in vain confidence.

268. *unavoided*, unavoidable.

King Richard the Second

ACT II

I spy life peering ; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou
dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland :
We three are but thyself ; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts ; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus : I have from Port le Blanc,
a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence
That Harry Duke of Hereford, Rainold Lord
Cobham,

That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton and
Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience

280

277. *I have . . . received intelligence*, etc. This introduces a scale of time at variance with that hitherto observed ; for the present scene is still part of the same day as i. 4., when Bolingbroke had not yet left England.

277. *Port le Blanc.* Qq have 'le Port Blan,' Holinshed 'le Porte Blanc,' Ff 'Port le Blan.'

280, 281. The person 'that late broke from the Duke of Exeter' was, as stated by Holinshed, Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the Earl of Arundel, not Cobham. Arundel had been kept in the Duke of Exeter's

house, but with the aid of one William Scot escaped and found refuge with his uncle the Archbishop of Canterbury at Cologne (Hol. iii. 496). Such a blunder would be extremely remarkable in Shakespeare ; we are then on the whole justified in assuming that a line has been lost, as could easily happen in a series of names.

283. *Sir John Ramston.* In Holinshed : Sir Thomas Ramston. Possibly a misprint ; 'Tho's' in Elizabethan writing being easily confused with 'Ihon,' John. L.

286. *tall*, fine, well-equipped.

287. *expedience*, speed.

And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland. 290
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broken pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away with me in post to Ravenspurgh ;
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse ! urge doubts to them
 that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
 there. [Exeunt. 300

SCENE II. *Windsor Castle.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
 You promised, when you parted with the king,
 To lay aside life-harming heaviness
 And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did ; to please myself
 I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
 Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

289. *they stay the first departing*, etc. This motive is invented. According to Holinshed they landed four months after Richard's departure.

292. *Imp out*, graft new feathers upon, piece out (a term of falconry).

293. *broken pawn*, pawn in the hands of brokers, or base

agents.

296. *Ravenspurgh*, an old port and haven on the north of the Humber mouth, destroyed by the advance of the sea in the course of the sixteenth century.

Sc. 2. Windsor Castle. The place intended is conjectural ; but Holinshed says that Richard left his queen at Windsor.

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
 As my sweet Richard : yet again, methinks,
 Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, 10
 Is coming towards me, and my inward soul
 With nothing trembles : at some thing it grieves,
 More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
 shadows,

Which shows like grief itself, but is not so ;
 For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
 Divides one thing entire to many objects ;
 Like *pérspectives*, which rightly gazed upon
 Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry
 Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty, 20
 Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Find shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
 Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not : more's
 not seen ;

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me it is otherwise : howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad 30
 As, though on thinking on no thought I think,

18. *pérspectives*, glasses producing optical illusion. The special kind of illusion here meant is illustrated by a contemporary account of the pictures of Henry IV. of France and his queen at Gerards Bromley, 'both upon the same indented board, which if beheld directly you only perceive a confused piece of work ; but if obliquely, of one side you see the king's, and

on the other the queen's picture' (Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire*).

20. *Distinguish*, show distinctly.

31. *though*. So Ff ; 'thought' Q₁.

31. *on thinking*, 'a-thinking,' in thinking. 'So sad, as makes me, though in my brooding I have no distinct thought, yet faint with indefinable oppression.'

sc. II King Richard the Second

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still derived
From some forefather grief ; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

40

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty ! and well met,
gentlemen :

I hope the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so ? 'tis better hope
he is ;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope :
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipp'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,

And with uplifted arms is safe arrived

50

At Ravenspurgh.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid !

Green. Ah, madam, 'tis too true : and that is
worse,

The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry
Percy,

33. *conceit*, imagination, im-
agined grief.

36-38. ' My grief, though real,
has no real ground ; or else
some real ground exists unknown
for my seemingly groundless

grief, keeping back from me
the deeper sorrow which will
become mine (" by reversion ")
when I know it.'

48. *strongly*, with a large force.

49. *repeals*, recalls.

King Richard the Second ACT II

The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd North-
umberland

And all the rest revolted faction traitors?

Green. We have : whereupon the Earl of
Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him 60
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my
woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir :
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death, 70
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck :
O, full of careful business are his looks !
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my
thoughts :

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,

58. *the Earl of Worcester.*
Thomas Percy, brother of North-
umberland.

59. *his staff,* his official staff,
as Steward of the Household.

64. *prodigy,* monstrous birth.

72. *lingers,* prolongs.

75. *careful,* grievous.

76. *comfortable,* comfort-giv-
ing.

sc. II King Richard the Second

Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off, 80
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was? Why, so ! go all which way it will !

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloucester ; 90
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship,
To-day, as I came by, I called there ;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave ?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !
I know not what to do : I would to God, 100
So my untruth had not provoked him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there no posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?
How shall we do for money for these wars ?
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say,—pray, pardon me.

101. *untruth*, disloyalty.

King Richard the Second

ACT II

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts
And bring away the armour that is there.

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affairs
Thus thrust disorderly into my hands, 110
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen :
The one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you.

Gentlemen, go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkeley.
I should to Plashy too ; 120
But time will not permit : all is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to
Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons : for
their love

Lies in their purses, and whoso empties them 130
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally con-
demn'd.

Bagot. If judgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I will for refuge straight to Bristol
castle :

sc. III King Richard the Second

The Earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little
office

The hateful commons will perform for us,
Except like curs to tear us all to pieces.

Will you go along with us?

149

Bagot. No; I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell: if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back
Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he under-
takes

Is numbering sands and drinking oceans dry:

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wilds in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND,
with Forces.*

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkeley
now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire:

These high wild hills and rough uneven ways

Draws out our miles, and makes them wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and délectable.

But I bethink me what a weary way

From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold will be found

In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company, 10
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
 The tediousness and process of my travel :
 But theirs is sweetened with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess ;
 And hope to joy is little less in joy
 Than hope enjoy'd : by this the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath
 done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company
 Than your good words. But who comes here? 20

Enter HENRY PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
 Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.
 Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
 his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good Lord; he hath forsook
 the court,

Broken his staff of office and dispersed
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
 He was not so resolved when last we spake
 together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
 traitor. 30

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
 To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
 And sent me over by Berkeley, to discover
 What power the Duke of York had levied there ;
 Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford,
 boy?

SC. III King Richard the Second

Percy. No, my good lord, for that is not
forgot

Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is
the duke. 40

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my
service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be
sure

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus
seals it. 50

North. How far is it to Berkeley ? and what
stir

Keeps good old York there with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard ;
And in it are the Lords of York, Berkeley, and
Seymour ;

None else of name and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here comes the Lords of Ross and
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot your love
pursues

A banish'd traitor : all my treasury

60

King Richard the Second

ACT II

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which more enrich'd
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most
noble lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to at-
tain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of
the poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKELEY.

North. It is my Lord of Berkeley, as I guess.

Berk. My Lord of Hereford, my message is
to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster; 70
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning

To raze one title of your honour out:
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will,
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms. 80

Enter YORK *attended.*

Boling. I shall not need transport my words
by you;
Here comes his grace in person.

79. *absent time*, time of the king's absence. rebellious. Others 'self-born,' native, home-sprung (which

80. *self-borne*, borne in your own cause, not your sovereign's; Bolingbroke's were not). Cf. v. 144 below.

sc. III King Richard the Second

My noble uncle ! [*Kneels.*

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy
knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :

I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word ' grace '

In an ungracious mouth is but profane.

A Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs 90

Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground ?

But then more ' why ? ' why have they dared to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom,

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war

And ostentation of despised arms ?

Comest thou because the anointed king is hence ?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself 100

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of
men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French,

O, then how quickly should this arm of mine,

Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee

And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my
fault :

On what condition stands it and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,

In gross rebellion and detested treason :

84. *deceivable*, deceptive. etc. The incident is ima-

95. *despised*, despicable, base gined.

(as taking a mean advantage of 107. *On what condition*, what

the ' absent time ').

is its nature and in what does it
consist ?

100. *As when brave Gaunt*,

King Richard the Second

ACT II

Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come 110
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd
 Hereford ;

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
 You are my father, for methinks in you
 I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father,
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
 A wandering vagabond ; my rights and royalties 120
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce and given away
 To upstart unthrifths ? Wherefore was I born ?
 If that my cousin king be King of England,
 It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble cousin ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs and chase them to the bay.
 I am denied to sue my livery here,
 And yet my letters-patents give me leave : 130
 My father's goods are all distrain'd and sold,
 And these and all are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And I challenge law : attorneys are denied me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much
 abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made
 great.

112. *braving*, defiant.

extremity.

116. *indifferent*, impartial.

138. *stands . . . upon*, is in-

128. *to the bay*, to the last

cumbent upon.

SC. III King Richard the Second

York. My lords of England, let me tell you
this :

140

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs
And laboured all I could to do him right ;
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be ;
And you that do abet him in this kind
Cherish rebellion and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own ; and for the right of that
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath !

150

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms :
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak and all ill left :
But if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But since I cannot, be it known to you
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;
Unless you please to enter in the castle
And there repose you for this night.

160

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept :
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol castle, which they say is held
By Bushy, Bagot and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go with you : but yet
I'll pause ;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress are now with me past care.

170

[*Exeunt.*]

King Richard the Second ACT II

SCENE IV. *A camp in Wales.*

Enter SALISBURY and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman :
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead ; we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven ;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth 10
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell : our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their king is dead.

[Exit.

Sal. Ah, Richard, with the eyes of heavy mind
I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firmament. 20
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest :
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes. *[Exit.*

11. lean-look'd, lean-looking.

ACT III King Richard the Second

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bristol. Before the castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND,
ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY and
GREEN, *prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls—
Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity ; yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean : 10
You have in manner with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,
Broke the possession of a royal bed
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love
Till you did make him misinterpret me,
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds, 20
Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;

3. *part*, depart from.

9. *happy*, well endowed (in
blood and lineaments).

20. *clouds*. That sighs turn
into clouds is a recurring fancy
in Shakespeare's earlier work.

King Richard the Second ACT III

Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods,
 From my own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my imprese, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.
 This and much more, much more than twice all
 this,

Condemns you to the death. See them deliver'd
 over

To execution and the hand of death.

30

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death
 to me

Than Bolingbroke to England. Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is that heaven will take
 our souls

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them
 dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and others,*
with the prisoners.]

Uncle, you say the queen is at your house ;
 For God's sake, fairly let her be entreated :
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

40

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords, away,
 To fight with Glendower and his complices :
 Awhile to work, and after holiday. [*Exeunt.*]

23. *Dispark'd*, disenclosed by pulling down the hedges and fences.

24. *household coat*, my arms blazoned in the stained glass.

25. *imprese*, heraldic emblem or device.

29. *the death*, death authoritatively inflicted, execution.

43. *To fight with Glendower and his complices.* This appears to blend two distinct occasions of hostility between Henry and Glendower, as reported by

SCENE II. *The coast of Wales. A castle in view.*

Drums: flourish and colours. Enter KING RICHARD, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call they this at hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord. How brooks your grace the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy

To stand upon my kingdom once again.

5 Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:

As a long-parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

10

Holinshed. (1) Glendower 'served King Richard at Flint Castle, when he was taken by Henry Duke of Lancaster'; (2) he 'made war against . . . Lord Grey [Sept. 1400]. . . . The king, advertised of such rebellious exploits, enterprised by the said Owen and his unruly complices, determined to chastise them,' etc. Shakespeare's 'fighting Glendower' seems to be a reminiscence of (2) transferred to the date and circumstances of (1). Theobald, however, doubted the genuineness of this isolated allusion;

and Mr. Stone thinks these lines introduced a 'lost or omitted portion of the play' in which Glendower's attack on Lord Grey was presented as warfare on Richard's behalf.

1. *Barkloughly*, Harlech. The name is due to a mere scribal or printer's blunder in Holinshed, standing for 'Hertlowle' or Hertlow, the last an Anglicised form of the Old Welsh 'Harddlech.'

8. *a long-parted mother*, a mother long-parted (with her child).

King Richard the Second ACT III

And do thee favours with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee :
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder 20
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords :
 This earth shall have a feeling and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord : that Power that made
 you king
 Hath power to keep you king in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embraced,
 And not neglected ; else, if heaven would, 30
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too
 remiss ;
 Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
 Grows strong and great in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! know'st thou
 not
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid,
 Behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen
 In murders and in outrage, boldly here ; 40

23. *senseless conjuration*, ad-
 juration of an inanimate thing.
 29-32. Omitted in Ff.

40. *boldly* ; Collier's emenda-
 tion. Q₁ 'bouldy' ; the rest,
 and Ff, 'bloody.'

sc. II King Richard the Second

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east, 50
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 60
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord: how far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear me, noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth:
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men! 70

64. *near, nearer.*

70. *twelve thousand.* Accord-

ing to Holinshed, forty thou-
sand.

King Richard the Second ACT III

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune and thy state :
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : why looks your grace
so pale ?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
men

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?
All souls that will be safe fly from my side,
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

80

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you
are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : am I not king ?
Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king : are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
comes here ?

90

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my
liege
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him !

K. Rich. Mine ear is open and my heart pre-
pared :
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

92. *care-tuned*, tuned to a sorrowful note.

SC. II King Richard the Second

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,
 We'll serve Him too and be his fellow so :
 Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ; 100
 They break their faith to God as well as us :
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin and decay ;
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so
 arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world were all dissolved to tears,
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 110
 With hard bright steel and hearts harder than
 steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless
 scalps

Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,
 Strive to speak big and clap their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :
 Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state ;
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
 Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 120

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale
 so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?
 What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

112. *thin and hairless*, with bound to pray for him.
 thin hair or none.

116. *beadsmen*, the king's leaves were held to be poison-
 pensioners, who, as such, were ous.

King Richard the Second ACT III

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it :
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed,
my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without
redemption !

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man ! 130

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my
heart !

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate :
Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you
curse

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound
And lie full low, graved in the hollow ground. 140

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the Earl of Wilt-
shire dead ?

Scroop. Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their
heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his
power ?

K. Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man
speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs ;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills :
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's, 150

140. *graved*, buried.

146. *Make dust our paper*, ' write sorrow ' in the dust.

sc. II King Richard the Second

And nothing can we call our own but death
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :
 How some have been deposed ; some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;
 Some poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping
 kill'd ;

All murder'd : for within the hollow crown 160
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king ! 170
 Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence : throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want,

153. *model of the barren earth.*
 'Model' in Shakespeare fluctuates between the two notions of *an imitation (or plan) in little*, and an *impress or mould*. Here the earth which the corpse can 'call its own' is a semblance of the earth at large, of which in filling the grave it may be said to take the mould.

156. *sad stories of the death of kings* ; probably with a reference to the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the great Elizabethan repertory

of such stories,—a continuation of Boccaccio's more famous book the *Falls of Princes* (tr. by Lydgate), which closed shortly before the 'story' of Richard himself was complete.

162. *antic*, buffoon.

163. *Scoffing*, scoffing at.

164. *breath*, breathing-space.

166. *self and vain conceit*, vain self-conceit.

168. *humour'd thus*, (the king) having thus been humoured.

King Richard the Second ACT III

Taste grief, need friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength, 180
Gives in your weakness strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die is death destroying death ;
Where fearing dying pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power ; inquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well : proud Boling-
broke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague fit of fear is over-blown ; 190

An easy task it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the
sky

The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke, 200
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.
Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To Aumerle.*]

176. *subjected*, made a subject.

185. *fearing dying*, to die

183. *to fight*, by fighting.

fearing.

sc. III King Richard the Second

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
 What say you now ? what comfort have we now ?
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Go to Flint castle : there I'll pine away ;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge ; and let them go
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none : let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

210

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers : let them hence away,
 From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Wales. Before Flint castle.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE,
 YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, Attendants, and
 forces.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn
 The Welshmen are dispersed, and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
 With some few private friends upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my
 lord :

Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the Lord Northumber-
 land

209. *Go to Flint castle.* Hol- was the original object of
 inshed makes Richard fly first Northumberland's cajolery, re-
 to Conway. To induce him to produced in the next scene.
 place himself in Bolingbroke's See note to v. 72.
 power by advancing to Flint 211. *power, forces, troops.*

King Richard the Second ACT III

To say 'King Richard : ' alack the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head.

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been, 10
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you
should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you
should,
Lest you mistake the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle, and oppose not my-
self
Against their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry : what, will not this castle yield? 20

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally !
Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king ; King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salis-
bury,

Sir Stephen Scroop, besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learn.

North. O, belike it is the Bishop of Carlisle. 30

Boling. Noble lords,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parley

13. *taking the head*, cutting the sense, 'acting wilfully, pre-
off the title (with a play upon suming').

King Richard the Second

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :
 Henry Bolingbroke
 On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand
 And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
 To his most royal person, hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
 Provided that my banishment repeal'd
 And lands restored again be freely granted :
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Boling-
 broke

40

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
 Go, signify as much, while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
 Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,
 That from this castle's tatter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perused.
 Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, whilst on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

50

60

*Parle without, and answer within. Then a
 flourish. Enter on the walls, KING RICHARD,
 the BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP,
 and SALISBURY.*

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

52. *tatter'd*, ragged, weather-worn.

King Richard the Second

ACT III

As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his
eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe, 70
That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[To North.]

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:

And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God

That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone

Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, 80

Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.

And though you think that all, as you have done,

Have torn their souls by turning them from us,

And we are barren and bereft of friends;

Yet know, my master, God omnipotent,

Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf

Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike

Your children yet unborn and unbegot,

That lift your vassal hands against my head

72. The following colloquy with Northumberland is founded upon one reported by Holinshed at an earlier point of the history, viz. while Richard was still at Conway. Northumberland, despatched thither to entice him

to Flint, used similar 'words of sooth,' and expressly declared that Bolingbroke 'would be ready to come to him on his knees' (Hol. iii. 500).

76. *awful*, reverent.

sc. III King Richard the Second

And threat the glory of my precious crown. 90
 Tell Bolingbroke—for yond methinks he stands—
 That every stride he makes upon my land
 Is dangerous treason : he is come to open
 The purple testament of bleeding war ;
 But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
 Shall ill become the flower of England's face,
 Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
 To scarlet indignation, and bedew
 Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood. 100

North. The king of heaven forbid our lord the
 king
 Should so with civil and uncivil arms
 Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice noble cousin
 Harry Bolingbroke doth humbly kiss thy hand ;
 And by the honourable tomb he swears,
 That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
 And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
 And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
 And by the worth and honour of himself, 110
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
 His coming hither hath no further scope
 Than for his lineal royalties and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him. 120

102. *civil and uncivil*, intestine and turbulent. tutio to full civic rights.

112. *scope*, end.

115. *party*, part.

114. *Enfranchisement*, resti-

117. *barbed*, equipped with armour (a corruption of 'barded').

King Richard the Second ACT III

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the king returns :

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourselves, cousin, do we not,

[*To Aumerle.*

To look so poorly and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? 130

Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle words

Till time lend friends and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God, O God ! that e'er this tongue
of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth ! O that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope
to beat, 140

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? must
he submit ?

The king shall do it : must he be deposed ?

The king shall be contented : must he lose

The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :

136. *With words of sooth,* (opp. to the stern language of
in gentle, conciliatory speech his former condemnation).

sc. III King Richard the Second

I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
 My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
 My gay apparel for an almsman's gown,
 My figured goblets for a dish of wood, 150
 My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
 My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
 And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little little grave, an obscure grave ;
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head ;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live ;
 And buried once, why not upon my head ?
 Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin ! 160
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
 Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
 As thus, to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—‘ there lies
 Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping
 eyes.’

Would not this ill do well ? Well, well, I see 170
 I talk but idly, and you laugh at me.
 Most mighty prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What says King Bolingbroke ? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die ?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
 attend

To speak with you ; may it please you to come down.

156. *of common trade*, frequented.

162. *lodge*, lay low.

175. *make a leg*, express assent by bowing with one leg drawn back.

King Richard the Second ACT III

K. Rich. Down, down I come ; like glistering
 Phaethon,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
 base, 180
 To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
 down, king!
 For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should
 sing. [*Exeunt from above.*]
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man
 Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD and his attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And show fair duty to his majesty.
[*He kneels down.*]

My gracious lord,—

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
 knee 190
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it :
 Me rather had my heart might feel your love
 Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
 Up, cousin, up ; your heart is up, I know,
 'Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
 own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
 and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,

179. *Wanting the manage,* of a castle.
 wanting the skill to govern.

180. *Base court,* technically Richard's head, which he must
 the 'basse cour,' or outer court be supposed to point to.

sc. iv King Richard the Second

As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve: they well deserve
to have,

200

That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Uncle, give me your hands: nay, dry your eyes;

Tears show their love, but want their remedies.

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,

Though you are old enough to be my heir.

What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;

For do we must what force will have us do.

Set on towards London, cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Langley. The DUKE OF YORK'S
garden.*

Enter the QUEEN and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full
of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

203. *show their love*, etc., are
a sign of love in those who shed
them, but avail nothing.

4, 5. *rubs*, . . . *bias*. The
queen plays on the technical
senses of these terms in bowls;
where they meant, respectively,

the diversion of a bowl from its
course by a sudden obstacle,
and the oblique bent impressed
upon a bowl by a weight let into
one side.

7. *measure*, a stately dance.

King Richard the Second ACT III

Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

10

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy ?

Lady. Of either, madam

Queen. Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :
For what I have I need not to repeat ;
And what I want it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause ;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou
weep.

20

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you
good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me
good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

But stay, here come the gardeners :
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state ; for every one doth so
Against a change ; woe is forerun with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight :

30

11. *joy*, Rowe's emendation ;
'griefe,' Qq Ff.

22. *I could sing, would weep-
ing do me good* ; if my grief were
so slight or so fanciful that

weeping would avail to relieve it,
I could sing for joy and should
not need your tears.

29. *apricocks*, apricots.

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.
 Go thou, and like an executioner,
 Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
 That look too lofty in our commonwealth :
 All must be even in our government.
 You thus employ'd, I will go root away
 The noisome weeds, which without profit suck
 The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we in the compass of a pale 40
 Keep law and form and due proportion,
 Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
 When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
 Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
 Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
 Her knots disorder'd and her wholesome herbs
 Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace :
 He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
 Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
 The weeds which his broad-spreading leaves did
 shelter, 50
 That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
 Are pluck'd up root and all by Bolingbroke,
 I mean the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
 Hath seized the wasteful king. O, what pity is it
 That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land
 As we this garden ! We at time of year
 Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
 Lest, being over-proud in sap and blood,
 With too much riches it confound itself : 60
 Had he done so to great and growing men,

46. *knots*, flowerbeds arranged season. Qq Ff omit ' we,' which
 in curious figures. was inserted by Capell.

57. *at time of year*, in due

They might have lived to bear and he to taste
 Their fruits of duty : superfluous branches
 We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
 Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
 Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then the king shall be
 deposed ?

Gard. Depress'd he is already, and deposed
 'Tis doubt he will be : letters came last night
 To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's, 70
 That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death through want
 of speaking ! [*Coming forward.*]
 Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
 How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this
 displeasing news ?

What Eve, what serpent, hath suggested thee
 To make a second fall of cursed man ?
 Why dost thou say King Richard is deposed ?
 Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
 Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
 Camest thou by this ill tidings ? speak, thou
 wretch. 80

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
 To breathe this news ; yet what I say is true.
 King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
 Of Bolingbroke : their fortunes both are weigh'd :
 In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you will find it so ; 90
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

69. *doubt*, fear.

torture applied to persons who

72. *press'd to death*, a form of refused to plead.

ACT IV King Richard the Second

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.
What, was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe, 100
Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor Queen! so that thy state might be
no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Westminster Hall.*

*Enter, as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AU-
MERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZ-
WATER, SURREY, the BISHOP OF CARLISLE,
the ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and another
Lord, Herald, Officers, and BAGOT.*

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

105. *rue, sour herb of grace;* proceedings of two distinct
to rue being to repent, and re- parliaments: the deposition of
pentance a 'sign of grace.' Richard having taken place on

Sc. 1. This scene combines September 30, 1399, in a par-

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
 What thou dost know of noble Gloucester's death,
 Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
 The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord
 Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon
 that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring
 tongue

Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
 In that dead time when Gloucester's death was
 plotted,

10

I heard you say, 'Is not my arm of length,
 That reacheth from the restful English court
 As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head ?'
 Amongst much other talk, that very time,
 I heard you say that you had rather refuse
 The offer of an hundred thousand crowns
 Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
 Adding withal, how blest this land would be
 In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes and noble lords,
 What answer shall I make to this base man ?
 Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
 On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
 Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
 With the attainder of his slanderous lips.
 There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
 That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,

20

liament previously summoned in
 his name ; the examination of
 Bagot, on October 16, in a new
 parliament summoned by the
 new king. Richard was not him-
 self present on either occasion.

5. *timeless*, untimely.

10. *dead*, deadly, death-
 bringing.

21. *my fair stars*, that which
 fortune gave me at birth, my
 high rank and royal blood.

25. *manual seal of death*,
 death-warrant.

And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou shalt not take
it up. 30

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun which shows me where thou
stand'st,

I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakest it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloucester's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. 40

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that
day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this
hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
In this appeal as thou art all unjust;
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing: seize it, if thou darest.

Aum. An if I do not, may my hands rot off
And never brandish more revengeful steel 50
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I task the earth to the like,
forsworn Aumerle;

33. *sympathy*, likeness in rank. Shakespeare's use of Greek words commonly ignores their etymological meaning; his use of Latin words almost always suggests it.

52-59. Omitted in Ff.

52. *I task the earth*, i.e. charge it with the weight of the gage I throw down. So Q1. 'I take the earth' Q92-4.

King Richard the Second

ACT IV

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun : there is my honour's pawn ;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else ? by heaven, I'll throw
at all :

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well 60
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true : you were in presence then ;
And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is
true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy !

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge
Till thou the lie-giver and that lie do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull :
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ; 70
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
horse !

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies,
And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal :
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say 80

53. *full as many lies*, giving thee to lie as many times.

55. *sun to sun* ; Capell's emendation of Qq 'sinne to sinne.'

57. *sets me*, challenges me ; properly said of challenging to a match by staking (at cards, dice, etc.).

That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage,

That Norfolk lies : here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage

Till Norfolk be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his lands and signories : when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial. 90

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens ;
And toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy ; and there at Venice gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long. 100

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead ?

Car. As surely as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham ! Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard ; who with willing
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand : 110

King Richard the Second ACT IV

Ascend his throne, descending now from him ;
And long live Henry, fourth of that name !

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid !

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard ! then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 120
What subject can give sentence on his king ?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judged but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them ;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy-elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present ? O, forfend it, God,
That in a Christian climate souls refined 130
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by God, thus boldly for his king.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :
And if you crown him, let me prophesy :
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act ;

114-149. Carlisle's speech was actually delivered, according to Holinshed, after Richard had abdicated and Henry been proclaimed king. His subsequent arrest for treason (v. 151) becomes therefore in Shakespeare's version a more violent act.

115. *Worst*, meanest, least qualified (yet one whom it best beseems, etc.).

130. *climate*, region.

ib. *refined*, i.e. purified by their Christian faith.

131. *obscene*, foul.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 140
 Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound ;
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you raise this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent it, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you 'woe !'

North. Well have you argued, sir ; and, for
 your pains, 150

Of capital treason we arrest you here.
 My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial.
 May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'
 suit.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
 view

He may surrender ; so we shall proceed
 Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
 arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer.
 Little are we beholding to your love, 160
 And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with RICHARD, and Officers
 bearing the regalia.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

152. *My Lord of Westminster*, fined in the abbey of St. Alban's.
 the Abbot of Westminster. Ac- 154-318. Omitted from Qq₁, 2.
 cording to Holinshed he was con- See Introduction.

King Richard the Second

ACT IV

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs:
 Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favours of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, 'all hail!' to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
 Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
 none.

170

God save the king! Will no man say amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

180

K. Rich. Give me the crown. Here, cousin,
 seize the crown;

Here cousin;

On this side my hand, and on that side yours.

Now is this golden crown like a deep well

That owes two buckets, filling one another,

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen and full of water:

That bucket down and full of tears am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign. 190

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs
 are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those,

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with
 your crown.

168. favours, features.

SC. I King Richard the Second

K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my
cares down.

My care is loss of care, by old care done ;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won :
The cares I give I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they
stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the
crown ?

200

K. Rich. Ay, no ; no, ay ; for I must nothing
be ;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me, how I will undo myself :
I give this heavy weight from off my head
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duty's rites : 210
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes I deny :
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke that swear to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing
grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved !
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save King Harry, unking'd Richard says, 220
And send him many years of sunshine days !
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations and these grievous crimes

199. *tend*, wait upon.

215. *swear*, i.e. are sworn.

King Richard the Second ACT IV

Committed by your person and your followers
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up folly ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon recórd,
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop 230
To read a lecture of them ? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven :

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,
Though some of you with Pilate wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates 240
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these
articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :

And yet salt water blinds them not so much
But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest ;
For I have given here my soul's consent
To undeck the pompous body of a king ; 250
Made glory base and sovereignty a slave,
Proud majesty a subject, state a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught insulting
man,

237. *look upon,* look on.

246. *sort,* set, band.

Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,
 No, not that name was given me at the font,
 But 'tis usurp'd : alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !
 Good king, great king, and yet not greatly good,
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight,
 That it may show me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

260

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

[*Exit an attendant.*]

North. Read o'er this paper while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou torment'st me ere I come to hell !

270

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied : I'll read enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read.

No deeper wrinkles yet ? hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds ? O flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

280

Thou dost beguile me ! Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face that faced so many follies,
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face :
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, 290
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath de-
stroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow ! ha ! let's see :
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within ;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortured soul ;
There lies the substance : and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only givest 300
Me cause to wail but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it ?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. 'Fair cousin'? I am greater than
a king :

For when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask. 310

K. Rich. And shall I have ?

Boling. You shall.

King Richard the Second

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! convey? conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt King Richard, some Lords,
and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. 320

[*Exeunt all except the Bishop of Carlisle, the
Abbot of Westminster, and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. My lord,
Before I freely speak my mind herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise. 330

I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; and I'll lay
A plot shall show us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*]

316. *convey him to the Tower.*
According to Holinshed (iii. 501)
Richard had been already committed to the Tower the day
after his arrival in London, and
therefore before his abdication.

317. *conveyers, thieves.*

319. *On Wednesday next.*

According to Holinshed, Henry
was crowned on Monday,
October 13, 1399. In Qq1. 2,
where the Deposition was
omitted, this line ran: 'Let it
be so, and lo on Wednesday
next we solemnly proclaim,'
etc.

King Richard the Second ACT V

ACT V.

SCENE I. *London. A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come ; this is
the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke :
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter RICHARD and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither : yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears. 10
Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand,
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard ; thou most beauteous inn,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest ?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do
not so,

Sc. 1. The scene is imaginary. Richard after performing his abdication in the Tower was conveyed thence to Pomfret by way of Leeds Castle, in Kent. He and Isabelle never met after

his departure for Ireland.

11. *the model where old Troy did stand*, the bare shell of greatness, like the ruined site of Troy.

13. *inn* (a more dignified word than at present), 'hostelry.'

To make my end too sudden : learn, good soul,
 To think our former state a happy dream ;
 From which awaked, the truth of what we are
 Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet, 20
 To grim Necessity, and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house :
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and
 mind
 Transform'd and weaken'd? hath Bolingbroke de-
 posed
 Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage 30
 To be o'erpower'd ; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly, kiss the rod,
 And fawn on rage with base humility,
 Which art a lion and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed ; if aught
 but beasts,
 I had been still a happy king of men.
 Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
 France :
 Think I am dead and that even here thou takest,
 As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire 40
 With good old folks and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid ;
 And ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me

20. *sworn brother* ; alluding
 to the institution of *fratres jurati*
 in chivalry, knights naturally
 bound to share all the adven-

tures and perils of war.

43. *quit their griefs*, requite
 their sad stories (by matching
 them with as sad a one).

King Richard the Second

ACT V

And send the hearers weeping to their beds :
For why the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue
And in compassion weep the fire out ;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

50

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND *and* others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
changed ;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you ;
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm and give thee half, 60
It is too little, helping him to all ;
And he shall think that thou, which know'st the
way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked men converts to fear ;
That fear to hate, and hate turns one or both
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an
end.

Take leave and part ; for you must part forthwith. 70

K. Rich. Doubly divorced ! Bad men, you
violate

A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
 Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
 My wife to France : from whence, set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas or short'st of day.

80

Queen. And must we be divided? must we
 part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
 heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both and send the king with
 me.

North. That were some love but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one
 woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
 Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.

Go, count thy way with sighs ; I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
 moans.

90

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
 way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part ;

Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no
 good part

80. *Hallowmas*, Allhallows,
 1st November. In Shake-
 speare's time (O.S.) this was
 ten days nearer to the winter
 solstice than at present.

'Near,' the old comparative of
 'nigh,' was for the most part
 obsolete as a comparative, but
 lingered in the combination with
 'the.'

88. *the near*, the nearer.

95. *part*, part us.

King Richard the Second ACT V

To take on me to keep and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan. 100

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay :
Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The DUKE OF YORK's palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands from windows' tops
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course, 10
Whilst all tongues cried 'God save thee, Boling-
broke !'

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage, and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !'
Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus ; ' I thank you, countrymen : ' 20
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alack, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on gentle Richard ; no man cried ' God
save him ! '

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was ;
But that is lost for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Welcome, my son : who are the violets
now

40. *allow*, accept, accede to. degraded by Parliament from

41. *Aumerle that was.* their ducal titles. Aumerle
Aumerle, with the dukes of thence resumed his former title,
Surrey and Exeter, had been Earl of Rutland.

King Richard the Second ACT V

That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not :

God knows I had as lief be none as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

50

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter, then, who see it :

I will be satisfied ; let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me : 60

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself! what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.

Boy, let me see the writing.

52. *hold those justs and triumphs*, i.e. are they still to come off? The seal was attached by a loop to the document, and could thus emerge when the document itself was safely hidden.

56. *What seal is that*, etc.

sc. II King Richard the Second

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may
not show it.

70

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*He plucks it out of his bosom and reads it.*]

Treason! foul treason! Villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there?

Enter a Servant.

Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy, what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my
horse. [*Exit Servant.*]

Now, by mine honour, by my life, by my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

80

Duch. I will not peace. What is the matter,
Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no
more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

York. Bring me my boots: I will unto the
king.

Re-enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. Poor boy, thou
art amazed.

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons? or are we like to have?

90

85. *amazed*, bewildered.

King Richard the Second

ACT V

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him? 100

York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
my son,
I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him
As I have done, thou wouldst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman! 110
[*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle! mount thee upon his
horse;
Spur post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

91. *teeming date*, time of only six conspirators; the
child-bearing. agreement being thence 'a sexti-

98. *interchangeably*, mutually, partite indenture' (iii. 515).

each binding himself by his signature to be faithful to all 103. *thou wouldst*, pronounced
the rest. Holinshed speaks of 'thou'dst.'

And never will I rise up from the ground
 Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away, be
 gone ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A royal palace.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my unthrifty
 son ?

'Tis full three months since I did see him last :

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found :

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions,

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;

Which he, young wanton and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw
 the prince,

And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant ?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the
 stews,

And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour ; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate ; yet through
 both

9. *passengers*, passers-by.

needlessly substituted 'while.'

10. *Which* ; a loose Elizabethan usage of the relative without definite antecedent. Pope

18. *a favour*, a token of the mistress in whose honour he fought.

King Richard the Second ACT V

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder
years
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
and looks

So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone. *[Exeunt Percy and Lords.]*

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the
earth, 30

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon ere I rise or speak.

Boling. Intended or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heinous e'er it be,
To win thy after-love I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn
the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.

York. *[Within]* My liege, beware: look to
thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there. 40

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

[Drawing.]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand; thou hast no
cause to fear.

York. *[Within]* Open the door, secure, fool-
hardy king:

sc. III King Richard the Second

Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
know
The treason that my haste forbids me show. 50

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise
pass'd:

I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it
down.

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son! 60
Thou sheer, immaculate and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current and defiled himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

44. *speak treason*, i.e. by calling him 'foolhardy.'

45. *Enter York.* In Holinshed's account, Aumerle has already obtained pardon before York enters. The Duchess of York's ride, and the tragi-comic

encounter of plea and counter-plea which follows, is Shakespeare's addition, a strangely injudicious one.

61. *sheer*, pure.

64. *converts*, turns.

66. *digressing*, degenerate.

King Richard the Second ACT V

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
 Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies, 70
 Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies :
 Thou kill'st me in his life ; giving him breath,
 The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [*Within*] What ho, my liege ! for God's
 sake, let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this
 eager cry ?

Duch. A woman, and thy aunt, great king ;
 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door :
 A beggar begs that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
 And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.' 80
 My dangerous cousin, let your mother in :
 I know she is come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
 More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound ;
 This let alone will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted
 man !

Love loving not itself none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
 here ?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear ? 90

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me,
 gentle liege. [*Kneels.*]

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech :

80. ' *The Beggar and the King.* ' Cophetua and the Beggar-maid '
 alluding to the ballad of ' King (reprinted in Percy's *Reliques*).

SC. III King Richard the Second

For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy ; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.

York. Against them both my true joints bended
be.

Ill mayst thou thrive, if thou grant any grace !

Duch. Pleads he in earnest ? look upon his
face ; 100

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest ;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast :

He prays but faintly and would be denied ;
We pray with heart and soul and all beside :
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know ;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy ;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his ; then let them have
That mercy which true prayer ought to have. 110

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say, 'stand up ;'
Say 'pardon' first, and afterwards 'stand up.'
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
'Pardon' should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now ;
Say 'pardon,' king ; let pity teach thee how :
The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
No word like 'pardon' for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king ; say, 'par-
donne moi.'

119. *Speak it in French*, i.e. use the word in the French sense of a polite negative : 'excuse me.' Ff write : 'Pardon ? ne moy' ; as if Shakespeare had intended a punning 'Pardon ? not I.' L.

King Richard the Second

ACT V

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to
destroy?

120

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set'st the word itself against the word!
Speak 'pardon' as 'tis current in our land;
The chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak; set thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do
pierce,

Pity may move thee 'pardon' to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

130

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying 'pardon' doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law and the
abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell: and, cousin too, adieu:

140

124. *chopping*, changing, national alertness in apprehending affinities of meaning has had upon the range and scope of the French vocabulary (*La Vie des Mots*).
'chopping round' from one meaning to another; the effect of French vivacity. Arsene Darmesteter has dwelt on the important bearing which this

sc. v King Richard the Second

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.
Duch. Come, my old son : I pray God make
thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same.*

Enter EXTON and Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what
words he spake,
'Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?'
Was it not so?

Serv. These were his very words.

Exton. 'Have I no friend?' quoth he : he
spake it twice,
And urged it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
As who should say, 'I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart ;'
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go : 10
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Pomfret castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may
compare
This prison where I live unto the world :
And for because the world is populous
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,
My soul the father ; and these two beget

7. *wistly*, wistfully.

A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world, 10
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,
 As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd
 With scruples and do set the word itself
 Against the word :
 As thus, 'Come, little ones,' and then again,
 'It is as hard to come as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs 20
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars
 Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,
 That many have and others must sit there ;
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like. 30
 Thus play I in one person many people,
 And none contented : sometimes am I king ;
 Then treasons make me with myself a beggar,
 And so I am : then crushing penury
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and by and by

9. *this little world*, the
 'microcosm,' man.

10. *humours*, temperaments,
 dispositions (attributed to a pre-
 dominance of one of the four
 essential fluids of the body,
 and hence distinguished as
 'choleric, melancholy, phleg-

matic, sanguine').

17. *needle* (pron. 'neeld').

21. *ragged*, rugged.

26. *refuge their shame*, find
 refuge from their shame (in the
 thought that, etc.).

31. *person*, so Q₁. The rest
 substitute 'prison.'

Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing ; but whate'er I be,
 Nor I nor any man that but man is
 With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased 40
 With being nothing. Music do I hear? [*Music.*
 Ha, ha ! keep time : how sour sweet music is,
 When time is broke and no proportion kept !
 So is it in the music of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But for the concord of my state and time
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me ;
 For now hath time made me his numbering clock : 50
 My thoughts are minutes ; and with sighs they jar
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
 Are clamorous groans, which strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : so sighs and tears and groans
 Show minutes, times, and hours : but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. 60
 This music mads me ; let it sound no more ;
 For though it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !

50-60. *For now hath time,* etc. Richard compares the several modes in which grief finds expression to the clock's threefold expression of time : viz. (1) his *sighs* to the 'jarring' of the pendulum, which, in 'watching' or numbering the seconds, also marks their progress in minutes on the dial, or

'eye,' of the clock ; (2) his tears (continually wiped away by his finger) to the movement of the minute-hand ; (3) his *groans* to the bell which sounds the hour.

60. *Jack o' the clock*, a metal figure made to strike the bell with a hammer at the hour and quarters.

King Richard the Second

ACT V

For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter a Groom of the Stable.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.

What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,

Where no man never comes but that sad dog 70

That brings me food to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,

When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards York,

With much ado at length have gotten leave

To look upon my sometimes royal master's face.

O, how it yearn'd my heart when I beheld

In London streets, that coronation-day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary,

That horse that thou so often hast bestrid,

That horse that I so carefully have dress'd ! 80

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
friend,

66. *brooch*, ornamental buckle worn in the hat : hence 'ensign,' 'badge.'

68. *The cheapest of us*, etc. The coins 'royal' and 'noble' were worth respectively ten shillings, and twenty groats or 6s. 8d. The 'royal' was thence worth ten groats more than the 'noble.' Hence the quibble. Richard says in effect : 'I, who am really worth less than you even, am made by you (who call me "royal") ten groats dearer than I make you (in calling you "noble").' L.

76. *yearn'd*, grieved. So Ff ('yernd'). Qq₁₋₄ keep the older form 'ernd' (for 'ermd'). The word was confused with *yearn*, 'desire.'

81. *Rode he on Barbary* ? No source is known for this famous incident ; but Mr. Stone points to a parallel story told by Froissart of Richard's favourite greyhound Mattie, which, on his meeting with Henry at Flint Castle, 'left the king and came to the Duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and cheer as he was wont to do to the king.' But Richard takes this cruel blow with more equanimity than in the play, and frankly explains to Bolingbroke that 'it is a great good token to you and an evil sign to me.' (Berners' *Froissart*, 1523-25, ii. 312, quoted Stone, *Hol.* p. 125).

sc. v King Richard the Second

How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

Would he not stumble ? would he not fall down,
Since pride must have a fall, and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?

Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee, 90

Since thou, created to be awed by man,

Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;

And yet I bear a burthen like an ass,

Spurr'd, gall'd and tired by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keepr. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. [Exit.

Keepr. My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keepr. My lord, I dare not : Sir Pierce of Exton, 100
who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster and thee !

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the keeper.

Keepr. Help, help, help !

94. *Spurr'd, gall'd ;* so Qq. 94. *jauncing,* fretting to make
Ff 'spur-gall'd.' him prance.

King Richard the Second ACT V

Enter EXTON *and* Servants, *armed.*

K. Rich. How now ! what means death in this
rude assault ?

Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.
[*Snatching an axe from a Servant and
killing him.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another. Then Exton strikes
him down.*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce
hand

110

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
land.

Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to
die. [*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood :
Both have I spill'd ; O would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear :
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Windsor castle.*

Flourish. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with
other* Lords, *and* Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we
hear

Is that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Gloucestershire ;
But whether they be ta'en or slain we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord : what is the news ?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all
happiness.

The next news is, I have to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt, and Kent :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here. 10

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy
pains ;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, and the BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, Abbot of West-
minster,

With clog of conscience and sour melancholy 20
Hath yielded up his body to the grave ;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :

Choose out some secret place, some reverend
room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;

8. *Oxford* ; apparently an oversight for 'Spencer' (*i.e.* the Earl of Gloucester), the name given by Holinshed, and thence substituted in Ff.

King Richard the Second

ACT V

So as thou livest in peace, die free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with persons bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present 30
Thy buried fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast
wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I
this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison
need,

Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered. 40

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander thorough shades of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent :

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand : 50
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here ;
In weeping after this untimely bier. [*Exeunt.*]

35. *A deed of slander*, one proach. So Q₁. The rest
that will cause scandal or re- 'slaughter.'

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
JOHN of Lancaster, }

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

SIR WALTER BLUNT.

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, his son.

EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.

RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of DOUGLAS.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR MICHAEL, a friend to the Archbishop of York.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

PETO.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer.

LADY MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and wife to
Mortimer.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two
Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE : *England.*

DURATION OF TIME

Dramatic Time.—Ten 'historic' days, with three extra 'Falstaffian' days, and intervals.

Historic Days.		Falstaffian Days.	
Day	I. I. 1.	I. 2.	1a.
	Interval.	II. 1. 2. }	2a.
„	2. I. 3.	II. 4. }	
	Interval.	III. 2. }	3a.
„	3. II. 3.		
	Interval.		

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- Day 4. III. 1.
,, 5. III. 2.
,, 6. III. 3.
Interval.
,, 7. IV. 1.
Interval.
,, 8. IV. 2.
,, 9. IV. 3., 4.
,, 10. V. 1.-5.

Three months at the outside. (Daniel, 'Time Analysis,' *N. Sh. Soc.*, p. 279.)

Historic Time.—From the defeat of Mortimer by Glendower, June 22, 1402,¹ to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403.

Dramatis Personæ. *Sir John Falstaff.* In the original version of the play this character was called Sir John Oldcastle. A trace of this remains in 'my old lad of the castle,' i. 2. 48.

Peto. Bardolph. It is probable that these characters were originally called 'Harvey' and 'Russel' respectively, these names being accidentally retained in i. 2. 182. Mr. Fleay

has pointed out, as a possible ground of these changes, that Russell was the name of the Dukes of Bedford, and Harvey that of a near relative of Lord Southampton.

¹ A subsequent event (battle of Homildon, Sept. 14, 1402) has, however, already happened before the close of the opening scene (i. 1. 67 f.).

INTRODUCTION

THE First Part of *King Henry IV.* was first published in a quarto edition of 1598, bearing the title :—

The | History of | Henrie the | Fourth ; | with
the battell at Shrewsburie, | *betweene the King and*
Lord | Henry Percy, surnamed | Henrie Hotspur of
| the North. | *With the humorous conceits of Sir* | John
Falstalffe. | At London. | Printed by P. S. for Andrew
Wise. . . . 1598.

Five other quartos were issued before the appearance of the First Folio, each described on the title-page as 'newly corrected by W. Shakespeare.' They are dated 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613, 1622. Two more appeared in 1632 and 1639. Each appears to have been printed from its predecessor. The title in the First Folio ran : 'The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry sirnamed Hot-spurre.' It was printed, in the view of the Cambridge editors, from a partially corrected copy of the Fifth Quarto, with occasional reference to the earlier quartos.

The Second Part from the outset never rivalled the fame of the First. A single edition only was issued in quarto, in 1600, with the title :—

The Second Part of Henrie | the fourth, continu-
ing to his death, | *and coronation of Henrie* | the fift.
| With the humours of Sir John Fal-*staffe*, and

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swaggering | Pistoll. | As it hath been sundrie times
publikely | acted by the right honorable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his servants. | *Written by William*
Shakspeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew
Wise and William Aspley. 1600.

In some copies of this Quarto, the first scene of Act III. was omitted; the omission being afterwards rectified by inserting two new leaves and resetting part of the type.

The Folio text of the Second Part was apparently derived from a transcript of the original MS. It contains several striking passages not found in the Quarto, yet clearly inseparable from the context. The text of both parts in the Folio has been rigorously purified of all profane oaths and biblical allusions.

The First Part was entered in the Stationers' Register under date of Feb. 25, 1597-8, as 'The Historye of Henry the iiiith.' Critics are unanimous in regarding it as the work of one of the two previous years 1596-7. Some slight allusions have been detected to events of 1596; while the perfect uniformity of manner which connects this play with the Second Part, and both with *Henry V.*, favours the later year. For the Second Part was clearly unknown and presumably unwritten when the First Part of the History was entered as '*The History*,' i.e. in Feb. 1598.

But the Second Part must have been produced before the close of the year, for a few months later the character of Silence was already famous enough to point an allusion in Jonson's second comedy, performed in 1599.¹ *Henry V.* is fixed with equal

¹ In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), v. 2, where Saviolina asks Fastidious Brisk

Who is he, gentle monsieur Brisk?
Not that gentleman?

(*Points to Fungoso.*)

Fast. No, lady, this (*i.e.* Fungoso) is a kinsman to justice Silence.

The first allusion to Falstaff occurs at the close of the same play: 'You may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff.'

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definiteness to 1599. The three plays thus composed in close succession form a trilogy on the career of the great Lancastrian king, clearly more after Shakespeare's heart than any other figure in English history. A deep gulf separates this trilogy, in manner and matter, from all the previous Histories, even from *Richard II.*, which looks so like a prelude to it. *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, and *John* are almost devoid of prose. Of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* nearly one-half is prose;¹ and this external difference rests upon differences of dramatic method by no means wholly due to the less passionate and tragic quality of the subject. *Richard II.* moves throughout among courtly persons; if for a moment we are suffered to hear the *vox populi* (as in iv. 1.), it speaks pathetically, in blank verse, like the rest. Yet Richard, not less than Hal, had given occasion for scenes in the Eastcheap vein of humour and realism which flowed with such marvellous freedom in 1597-8. Characteristically enough it is only in the later play that Shakespeare draws the vivid picture of 'the skipping king' who

ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits, . . .
Mingled his royalty with capering fools, . . .
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity; etc.

(1 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. 60 f.)

The quality of the verse is still more decisive. Even in the most intense and dramatic situations of *Richard II.* it rarely escapes a suggestion of the lilting rhetoric, the wanton and self-indulgent sweetness, the highly poetised and somewhat abstract ornateness of phrase, by which the lyric Shakespeare had won renown. In *Henry IV.* this manner is no longer Shakespeare's

¹ In 1 *Hen. IV.*, 1464 out 1860 out of 3446; in *Hen. V.*, of 3170 lines; in 2 *Hen. IV.*, 1531 out of 3379.

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own, but only the dramatically expressive utterance of lyrical natures like Glendower (who had 'framed to the harp many an English ditty lovely well'), and his daughter, whose beautiful love-lyric (interpreted by Glendower) in 1 iii. 1. 214-222 was admired and imitated by later dramatists. Here we have for the first time the mature dramatic verse of Shakespeare with its wonderful capacity of wedding itself with the character of each speaker and the matter of each speech; so that it seems as natural a vehicle for Hotspur, vowing that he

had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me,

as for the king's solemn expostulations, or Vernon's dazzling description of 'young Harry, with his beaver on.'

The plot-structure, finally, shows a radically changed appreciation of the dramatic elements of history. *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, and *John* are in effect tragedies; they carry us through crimes or follies to a ruin weighted with Nemesis; they represent a struggle carried on by move and counter-move through situations of ever-heightened intensity to the mortal catastrophe. In *Henry IV.*, on the contrary, the interest is not criminal but heroic. If the king broods remorsefully over his crime, and sees its Nemesis in his riotous son and his rebellious subjects, it is only that the prince may gloriously shatter the illusion. The guilt of the House of Lancaster, though confessed by both kings, falls altogether into the background as a dramatic *motif*, and Henry V., no longer the head of a usurping dynasty, but the 'star of England,' king and brother to all the peoples of the English nation, reigns by the title of merit. And, to judge from the Epilogue to *Henry V.*, even the subsequent ruin of

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the House of Lancaster in the person of Henry VI., was held to have befallen it, no longer as a Nemesis for their usurpation, but because of his

state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed.

Lastly, certain discrepancies of detail between *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* confirm the view that a considerable interval separated their composition. Henry's account of Richard's prophecy (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 65 f.) does not agree with the actual representation of it in *Rich. II.* v. 1. Warwick was not 'by,' Henry was already king, when according to the later play he 'had no such intent.' And what is more important, Henry in the earlier play accepts the throne as a divine mission ('in God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne,' iv. 1. 113), while in the later he sorrowfully excuses the act as unavoidable. The cold and calculating Bolingbroke of the earlier is not clearly recognisable in the remorseful king. And the prince, as reported, is much more like the ruffianly scapegrace of the *Famous Victories* than the Hal of Shakespeare.

The relation of the Two Parts is not altogether clear. The Second can hardly be maintained to be either an integral part of the original plan or a mere afterthought. Much in the first four acts looks like a reworking of motives used in the First Part: the plot of Scroop tamely echoes the rising of the Percies; Falstaff's recruiting is a dramatised version of his account of a corresponding exploit before Shrewsbury. On the other hand, the loose threads left hanging at the close of the First Part point to a sequel; the appearance of the Archbishop of York in the First has no meaning unless his conspiracy was to follow. The great death-scene of Henry, and the new king's final rebuff to his followers must have been designed from the outset. And much that makes the Second Part

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less attractive is due to the deliberate preparation for this catastrophe. The prince is no longer 'the king of good fellows.' After once becoming himself at Shrewsbury, he cannot again throw his soul into the squalid revels of Eastcheap. He is fain, it is true, to 'remember the poor creature, small beer'; but he is conscious that the desire 'shows vilely' in him, and he is 'exceeding weary' of it all (2 ii. 2.). His jests are bitter and joyless, and already in the third act his curt 'Falstaff, good night' closes the days of their fellowship. Falstaff himself is far from falling off in humour; and his intellectual ascendancy is thrown into relief by the introduction of new and contemptible figures, Pistol and Doll Tearsheet, Shallow and Silence. In place of a farcical victory over the dead Hotspur, he is allowed to effect a *bona-fide* (though dramatically questionable) capture of the 'famous rebel' Coleville. But his more imposing position only makes more emphatic and significant the abrupt dismissal in which his glories end.

The political movements of Henry IV.'s reign, as told by Shakespeare's standard authorities, Holinshed and Halle, offered little salient matter for the dramatist. Nevertheless it is here that he most decisively abandons the boldly reconstructive methods of Marlowe; here that he unfolds with most consummate power his own method, of creating character and detail within the limits of a general fidelity to recorded fact. His most direct divergences from the tale of the chroniclers amount to little more than compressions of isolated and scattered event.¹ But he supplements their tale and

¹ Even this applies chiefly to the Second Part, where the revolt of Scroop (1405) nearly coincides in date with that of Northumberland (defeated 1408), and with the death of

Glendower (in 1408-9 according to Holinshed; actually in 1415). The king is throughout imagined an old man (cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 13, 'our old limbs'), yet he died at forty.

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interprets their silence with a prodigal magnificence of invention unapproached in the other Histories. Hence *Henry IV.* presents analogies to the group of brilliant Comedies with which it was nearly contemporary, not only in its obvious wealth of comic genius, but in the points at which this is exercised. The historic matter, like the serious story of *Twelfth Night* or *Much Ado*, is taken over without substantial change; while within its meshes plays a lambent humour which, ostensibly subordinate and by the way, in reality reveals the finer significance of the derived story itself, and forms, as literature, the crowning glory of the whole.

Some hints of the comic substructure Shakespeare found in one of the crudest of the older Chronicle-plays, *The Famous Victories of Henry V., containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt* (acted by 1588, licensed for printing in 1594, and extant in two editions, 1598 and 1617). Henry's riotous youth is painted in the early scenes; here we find 'Ned' and 'Sir John Oldcastle,' and a revel in 'the old tavern at Eastcheap,' and a robbery of carriers on Gadshill,—even the 'great race of ginger' they convey. The prince himself is arrested by the Mayor and Sheriff, and deals his famous box on the ear to the Chief Justice,—a scene immediately afterwards travestied by the Clown in a fashion which perhaps suggested Falstaff's brilliant personation of the king.¹ But there are hints of the serious story too: Henry's apology to his father; his unlucky abstraction of the crown; his exoneration of the Chief Justice; his stern dismissal of his boon companions.

¹ *Derrick.* Faith John, Ile tell
thee what, thou shalt be my
Lord Chiefe Justice, and thou
shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, and

hit thee a box on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, 'to
teach you what prerogatives
meane, I commit you to the
Fleete.'

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Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* in so far resembles the early scenes of this crude jumble, that it is virtually a prelude to the *Famous Victories* of Henry V.,—that its real subject is the future, not the reigning, king. But the old playwright made no attempt to solve the psychological problem of Henry's career as recorded by the chroniclers; his only thought was to paint a crude and glaring contrast. He seems to have held the sudden-conversion theory put forward by Canterbury in the famous words:—

At that very moment [his father's death]
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

In Shakespeare this bald antithesis of riot and ripe wisdom receives for the first time a coherent interpretation, and the revels of Eastcheap and the frolics of Gadshill take their place in the development of a genial and large-hearted king. Not that we are entirely to accept the prince's own explanation of his conduct (1 i. 2. 173),—to suppose that he deliberately obscures his merits, in order that, when he pleases at length to be himself, 'being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at.' This is a flash of his father's politic artifice, not altogether in keeping with his own hearty delight in living and in all frank and unconventional forms of life.¹ His Bohemianism may be controlled by tact and justified after the event by calculation, but it is immediately prompted by exuberant vitality and impatience of court formalism. He is not, like the prince of the *Famous Victories*, a ringleader in outrages which his gang reckon on his presence to commit with impunity; he accepts a share in the freaks,

¹ The speech may be regarded as a late specimen of the programme-monologue of Shakespeare's less developed technique. Cf. Bulthaupt, *Dram. des Schauspiels*, ii. 65.

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but rarely initiates them, and his comradeship has wide but definite limits. The prince of the *Famous Victories* robs the king's receivers; Shakespeare's Hal indignantly spurns a parallel suggestion ('What, I a thief?'), and agrees even to the comparatively innocent sport of robbing the robbers only by way of 'being a madcap for once.'

Among the crowd of figures whom the drama brings into contact with the prince, two are obviously designed to throw his character into relief. Hotspur was first cousin of Henry IV. and perhaps his senior; in 1388, the year after Henry Monmouth's birth, he had led the English forces at Otterburne.¹ Yet Shakespeare makes them youthful rivals of the same age, to point the contrast between Hotspur's passion for personal glory and Henry's contented self-effacement. Hotspur in his way, not less than Henry, rebels against the traditions of his order. His blunt petulance, his disdain for music and poetry, his somewhat bourgeois relations with his wife, infringe as rudely as Henry's choice of comrades, or his weakness for 'the poor creature, small beer,' upon the code of chivalrous breeding. But Hotspur's unconventionalities spring from mere insensibility to other ambitions than that of snatching 'honour' by heroic exploits; while Henry's most questionable compliances with the ways of mean men betray only a somewhat crude exercise of that 'liberal eye' which in later days discovered still 'some soul of goodness in things evil,' that genial sympathy which on the eve of Agincourt banished fear from the meanest of his 'brothers, friends and countrymen' (*Henry V.* chorus iv.). Henry is of kin with all Englishmen, a living embodiment of England; Hotspur is so far from embodying England that he conspires without a qualm

¹ *Holinshed*, ed. Stone, p. 142.

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to break it up, and is only concerned to round off the indentations which diminish his own share.

But Henry is thrown into still more powerful relief by the companion of his revelries. Nothing can be less like the mere mouthpiece of an idea or the representative of a tendency than Falstaff, whose incomparably vivid personality is rather, notwithstanding his childlike innocence of mental or moral conflict, a very meeting-point of conflicting traits. But we can hardly be wrong in regarding as the decisive trait which justifies the extraordinary rôle he plays in this drama, his wonderful gift of *non-moral humour*. It is his chief occupation to cover with immortal ridicule the ideals of heroic manhood,—the inward honour which the prince maintains, a little damaged, in his company, as well as the outward honour which Hotspur would fain pluck from the pale-faced moon. His reputation is a bubble which he delights to blow for the pleasure of seeing it burst. He comes of a good stock, has been page to the Duke of Norfolk, and exchanged jests with John of Gaunt. But like the prince, and like Hotspur, he is a rebel to the traditions of his order; and he is the greatest rebel of the three. Shakespeare's contemporaries, however, and the whole seventeenth century, conceived his revolt as yet more radical than it was, taking him, as the prince does, for a genuine coward endowed with an inimitable faculty of putting a good face on damaging facts. Since the famous essay of Maurice Morgan criticism has inclined even excessively to the opposite extreme, conceiving him as from first to last a genial artist in humour, who plays the coward for the sake of the monstrous caricature of valour that he will make in rebutting the charge. The admirable battle-scene at Shrewsbury is thus the very kernel of the play. It is altogether a marvellous example of epic material pene-

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trated through and through with dramatic invention ; and Shakespeare's boldest innovations in the political story are here concentrated. Here the prince reveals his noble quality as at once a great warrior, a loyal son, and a generous foe,—in the duel with Hotspur, the rescue of his father, and the ransomless release of Douglas ;—all incidents unknown to the Chronicles. Here Hotspur falls a victim to his infatuated disdain of the rival whose valour had grown 'like the summer grass, fastest by night.' And here Falstaff, the mocker at honour, lies motionless side by side with its extravagant devotee,—not like him dead, but presently to conjure up the wonderful phantom of the fight for a good hour by Shrewsbury clock.

No fictitious character approaching Falstaff in importance had figured in any of the earlier Histories, and it was not unnatural that Shakespeare should seek to give him an apparent *locus standi* on the historic stage by means of a historic name. The attempt was not very fortunate. In the original version of the play, as is well known, he bore the name of Sir John Oldcastle. This was taken directly from the *Famous Victories*, where Sir John Oldcastle is a wild companion of the prince, but devoid of any other trait of the Shakespearean Falstaff. The public insisted on identifying the disreputable knight with the Lollard martyr ; and the supposed degradation of a Protestant hero aroused loud resentment. The Cobham family (his descendants) entered an effective protest at court, and a group of playwrights, attached to the rival (Admiral's) company,¹ turned the wave of public indignation to

¹ These were Drayton, Munday, Wilson, and Hathaway. Drayton conceived a special animosity against Shakespeare at this time (*Life of Shakespeare*, 139, 140). Mr. Fleay adduces some grounds for suspecting that

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account by producing a counterblast to Shakespeare's play — *Sir John Oldcastle* (in two parts). This play was acted in 1599, and licensed August 11, 1600, under the title, *History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom*. Only the First Part is extant. The Prologue makes its animus sufficiently clear—

It is no pampered glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
But one whose virtue shone above the rest.

There are faint and somewhat dubious traces of other plays in which a Sir John Oldcastle was introduced; but they look more like imitations of Falstaff than vindications of the Lollard martyr.¹

Shakespeare took the course (perhaps under pressure from court) of excising the name of Oldcastle² and attaching the character to another historic 'Sir John.' In the Epilogue to the Second Part all connexion between Falstaff and Oldcastle is expressly repudiated: 'for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.' Sir John Fastolfe (c. 1378-1459) was

¹ Halliwell (followed by Mr. Fleay) quotes from *Hey for Honesty*: 'The rich rubies and incomparable carbuncles of Sir John Oldcastle's nose'; and Mr. Fleay from Howell's Letters, ii. 71: 'All is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smug the Smith was used to drink.' A 'Sir John' (a priest) and Smug the Smith drink ale in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*. In both cases there may be nothing more than a blundering allusion to Shakespeare's Sir John.

² One or two tell-tale instances, however, escaping de-

tection, as in 2 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 137, where 'Old' is prefixed in Q₁ to Falstaff's speech. Similarly, the prince's apparently pointless phrase 'my old lad of the castle' was originally a quibble on the knight's name. An unmetrical line or two may perhaps be explicable from the substitution of Falstaff for Oldcastle, as 1 ii. 2. 115: 'Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death.' On the other hand, the allusion in 2 *Henry IV.* iii. 2. 28, to Falstaff's having been page to the Duke of Norfolk is of little importance, for Fastolfe as well as Oldcastle had close relations with the duke.

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a Norfolk landowner and soldier, highly distinguished in the French wars, and lieutenant of Harfleur under Henry V. The change was not accepted without demur. So late as 1647 a Royalist poetaster, George Daniel, took Shakespeare sharply to task for 'throwing scandal upon a name of honour'; and Fuller pronounced a weightier condemnation: 'The stage,' he declares in the *Worthies* ('Norfolk') 'hath been overbold with [Fastolfe's] memory, making him a thrasonical puff, and emblem of mock-valour. . . . Now as I am glad that *Sir John Oldcastle* is *put out*, so I am sorry that *Sir John Fastolfe* is *put in*, to relieve his memory in this base service, to be the anvil for every dull wit to strike upon. Nor is our comedian excusable, by some alteration of his name, writing him *Sir John Falstafe*, . . . few do heed the *inconsiderable difference* of spelling of their name.' The historical Fastolfe had in fact as little as Oldcastle in common with Falstaff. In war he deserved the hearty praise which Fuller gives to Oldcastle, as 'a man of arms every inch of him, and as valiant as any in his age.' In private life (as displayed in the Paston Letters) he was a hard and grasping man of business, whose 'means,' unlike Falstaff's, much exceeded his 'waste.' Shakespeare doubtless knew from Holinshed that the charge of cowardice brought against Fastolfe after Patay had been promptly withdrawn and all his honours restored. But the author of 1 *Henry VI.* had ignored the withdrawal of the charge; and it seems probable that Shakespeare intended to hint a connexion with this dramatic misbirth, while protecting himself by the 'inconsiderable difference in spelling' from the charge of defamation.¹ This, however, availed nothing. The

¹ It may be noted that the the First Part throughout printed printers of the First Quarto of the name *Falstalffe* (cf. the title-

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public insisted on identifying the Falstaff who masqueraded at Shrewsbury with the Fastolfe who ran away at Patay, and in the first printed text of 1 *Henry VI.* it is by the name 'Falstaff' that he is known.¹

Nevertheless the name by which Falstaff first became famous did not at once die out. Twenty years after the production of the play Nathaniel Field in his *Amends for Ladies* (1618) could ask:—

Did you never see
The Play where the fat knight, hight *Oldcastle*,
Did tell you truly what this honor was?

page above, p. 249). Shakespeare may have sought to make the 'inconsiderable difference' more considerable by dropping the *L. L.*

¹ If the Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.* is Shakespeare's, it would seem that he designed to make Falstaff, like the historical Fastolfe, figure in Henry V.'s

wars in France. In that case he may have been led finally to exclude him from *Henry I.* by the wish to check that identification. But the authenticity of the Epilogue is very doubtful, and it is hardly credible that Shakespeare seriously intended to revoke the banished Falstaff merely in order to make his audience merry.

THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER,
the EARL OF WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER
BLUNT, *and others.*

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,

4. *stronds*, strands, shores.

5. *the thirsty entrance of this soil*, the thirsty pores of the soil of England. The image is from Gen. iv. 2, where Cain is cursed from 'the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive

thy brother's blood from thy hand.'

9. *those opposed eyes*, the eyes of contending armies ; the intent gaze of two forces as they rush together being vividly put for the forces themselves.

The First Part of

ACT I

Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, 10
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way and be no more opposed
 Against acquaintance, kindred and allies :
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross 20
 We are impressed and engaged to fight,
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy ;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers'
 womb

To chase these pagans in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose now is twelve month
 old,

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
 Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear 30
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree
 In forwarding this dear expedience.
West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
 tion,
 And many limits of the charge set down
 But yesternight : when all athwart there came
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;

13. *furious close*, fierce hand-
 to-hand grapple.

14. *mutual*, combined.

30. *Therefore*, etc., it is not
 for this that we are met.

33. *this dear expedience*, this
 momentous enterprise.

34. *hot in question*, being
 warmly debated.

35. *limits of the charge*, ex-
 press and definite instructions.

King Henry the Fourth

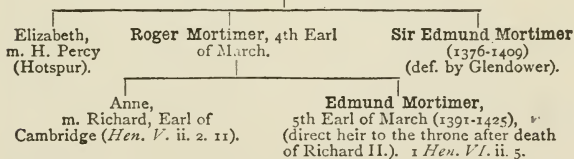
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower, 40
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
 A thousand of his people butchered;
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
 Such beastly shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done as may not be
 Without much shame retold or spoken of.

King. It seems then that the tidings of this
 broil
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This match'd with other did, my gracious
 lord;
 For more uneven and unwelcome news 50
 Came from the north, and thus it did import :
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
 Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,

38. *the noble Mortimer.* Two following table shows their relationship to one another and to Lady Percy :—
 historical Edmund Mortimers
 were confused by Holinshed,
 and hence by Shakespeare. The

Edmund Mortimer, 3rd Earl of March.



In the play the Mortimer who had a title to the crown is identified with Glendower's captive; he is inconsistently spoken of as *brother* to Hotspur and his wife (1 i. 3. 142, ii. 3. 78), and as their nephew (1 iii. 1. 196). In 1. 3. these two Mortimers are further identified with Roger Mortimer,

fourth Earl, who was proclaimed by Richard II. his heir in 1385.

50. *uneven*, rough, embarrassing.

52. *Holy-rood day*, i.e. Sept. 14.

53. *Archibald*, fourth Earl of Douglas.

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,
 As, by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told ;
 For he that brought them, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

60

King. Here is a dear, a true industrious friend,
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours ;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited :
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd in their own blood did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son

70

57. *their artillery.* Holinshed says that 'with violence of the English shot [the Scotch] were quite vanquished and put to flight.' Holinshed means arrows, and Mr. Wright suggests that Shakespeare 'may have misunderstood' the ambiguous word 'shot.' In another account of the battle, however (*Hist. of Scotland*, ii. 254, quot. Stone, p. 132), Holinshed speaks expressly of the 'incessant shot of arrows.' It is probable that Shakespeare understood perfectly that Holinshed meant arrows, and chose himself to mean the more impressive discharge of cannon.

62. *industrious, active.*

69. *Balk'd*, lying in 'balks' or level ridges dividing the furrows.

71. *Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldest son*, etc. This was

Murdoch Stewart, eldest son not of Douglas but of the Duke of Albany. Shakespeare was probably misled by the omission of a comma in Holinshed (ed. 2): 'Mordacke earl of Fife, son to the gouvernour [,] Archembald earle Dowglas'; but as Mr. Stone shows, Shakespeare must have learnt elsewhere that Mordake was the *eldest* son; either from Holinshed's *Hist. of Scotland*, where however he is correctly stated to have been eldest son of *Albany*, or by inference from his title '*Earl of Fife*.' This is therefore to be regarded as a slip of Shakespeare's. On the other hand he was misled by Holinshed into supposing Menteith to be a separate person. This was in fact another title of Murdoch's. (*Hol.* ed. Stone, p. 132.)

King Henry the Fourth

To beaten Douglas ; and the Earl of Athol,
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith :
 And is not this an honourable spoil ?
 A gallant prize ? ha, cousin, is it not ?

West. In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad and makest
 me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
 Should be the father to so blest a son, 80
 A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O that it could be proved
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 90
 But let him from my thoughts. What think you,
 coz,

Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching : this is
 Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

King. But I have sent for him to answer this ; 100

96. *Worcester*, Thomas Percy,
 Earl of Worcester, younger
 brother of the Earl of Northum-
 berland.

97. *in all aspects*, (like a malign-
 ant planet) in every 'position'
 and through every 'influence.'

The First Part of

ACT I

And for this cause awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor ; so inform the lords :
But come yourself with speed to us again ;
For more is to be said and to be done
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. An apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter the PRINCE OF WALES and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
of old sack and unbuttoning thee after supper
and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou
hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou
wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to
do with the time of the day? Unless hours were
cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the
tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping-
houses and the blessed sun himself a fair hot 10
wench in flame-coloured taffeta, I see no reason
why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand
the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal ;
for we that take purses go by the moon and the
seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, 'that wan-

Sc. 2. The place of this scene, which cannot be made more specific, was first given thus by Theobald.

15. *the seven stars, the Pleiades.*

16. *Phœbus . . . 'that wander-*

ing knight' ; the ' Knight of the Sun ' (El donzel del Febo) was a character in the Spanish romance *Espejo de Caballerias*, a translation of which, under the title ' Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood,' was issued in 1579 and following years.

dering knight so fair.' And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace,—majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,—

20

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say we be men 30 of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

Prince. 'Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing 'Lay by' 40 and spent with crying 'Bring in; ' now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

24. *roundly*, without more ado.

28. *thieves of the day's beauty*; let not us who play the squire to Sir Night (knight) be slandered as mere thieves to Lady Day, *i.e.* as blots upon daylight.

31. *government*, self-control.

40. '*Lay by*,' the highwayman's summons to 'stand'; properly said of ships.

41. '*Bring in*' (*i.e.* more liquor).

The First Part of

ACT I

Prince. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin? 50

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there. 60

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief. 70

Prince. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves and so become a rare hangman.

47. *Hybla*, a Sicilian town famous for its honey.

48. *lad of the castle*, roysterer. In the original version of the play, where Falstaff was called Oldcastle, the epithet had a point now lost.

49. *buff jerkin*, the dress of

the sheriff's officer.

50. *durance*, (1) enduring quality, (2) imprisonment.

51. *quiddities*, subtleties.

60. *heir*; the *h* was still pronounced.

61. *fobbed*, cheated.

62. *antic*, buffoon.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

Prince. For obtaining of suits?

80

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.

Prince. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes and art indeed the most comparative, rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

78. *jumps with*, suits.

81. *suits, whereof*, etc. The clothes of persons executed became the property of the hangman.

83. *gib cat*, tom-cat.

ib. *lugged*, dragged (by the head, or ears), like a dancing bear.

85. *drone*, 'the largest tube of a bagpipe, which emits a hoarse sound like that of the drone bee.'

85. *a Lincolnshire bagpipe*. The bagpipe was then associated with Lincolnshire as now with

the Highlands; it was still in rustic use, and in castle feasts served to entertain the 'hall' as the minstrels did the choicer society of the 'chamber.'

87. *a hare*; the hare was proverbially melancholy.

88. *Moor-ditch*, a stagnant ditch to the north of the city walls, draining Moorfields; it was a byword for foulness, as well as for the 'Moor-ditch melancholy' suggested by the aspect of its sluggish and sullen water.

93. *commodity*, store.

The First Part of

ACT I

Prince. Thou didst well ; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. 100

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal ; God forgive thee for it ! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing ; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over : by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain : I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack ? 110

Fal. 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad ; I'll make one ; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee ; from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal ; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter POINS.

Poins ! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him ? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried 'Stand' to a true man. 120

Prince. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal. What says

99. *wisdom cries out in the streets, (and).* These words, on account of the biblical quotation (Prov. i. 20), were struck out in F_1 , making nonsense.

101. *damnable iteration, (profane) quotation of Scripture.* 'You are able, like the devil, to cite Scripture to your purpose.'

113. *baffle me, treat me as a*

recreant knight.

119. *set a match, made an appointment ;* the technical term for the plots commonly laid by the tapsters or chamberlains of roadside inns with highwaymen, for waylaying the guests ; the former providing the information and being known as the 'setters' (1 ii. 2. 53).

Monsieur Remorse? what says Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

Prince. Sir John stands to his word, the 130
devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

Prince. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich 140
offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves: Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. 150

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor

139. *Gadshill*; a hill between Gravesend and Rochester, on the London and Canterbury high-road.

145. *Eastcheap*, a thoroughfare and market, then abound-

ing with taverns, in the east part of the city.

149. *Yedward*, a colloquial form of 'Edward.'

151. *chops*; 'you piece of meat.'

The First Part of

ACT I

good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood-royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

160

Fal. Why, that's well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

Prince. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

Prince. Farewell, thou latter spring! farewell, All-hallowen summer!

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my shoulders.

157. *stand for*, be good for. autumn.

177. *thou*; Pope's probable correction for *the Ff*.

178. *All-hallowen summer*, the 'halcyon days' frequent in late

181. *Bardolph, Peto.* Theobald's correction for *Ff Qq* 'Harvey, Rossil,' evidently the names of the actors who played these parts.

Prince. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, ¹⁹⁰ wherein it is at our pleasure to fail, and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

Prince. Yea, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them: and, sirrah, I have ²⁰⁰ cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prince. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest ²¹⁰ will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

Prince. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

Prince. I know you all, and will awhile uphold The unyoked humour of your idleness: ²²⁰

209. *incomprehensible*, infinite.

211. *wards*, postures of defence.

213. *reproof*, refutation.

220. *unyoked*, undisciplined, wanton.

The First Part of

ACT I

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That, when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work ;
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come, 230
 And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behaviour I throw off
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes ;
 And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill ; 240
 Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[Exit.

SCENE III. *London. The palace.*

*Enter the KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER,
 HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, with others.*

King. My blood hath been too cold and
 temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,
 And you have found me so ; accordingly

240. *to make*, as to make.

3. *found me so*; old edd.
 'found me ; for.' The emenda-

tion is Professor Littledale's. It
 involves a minimum of change,
 'for' being an extremely easy
 misprint for 'foe.'

King Henry the Fourth

You tread upon my patience : but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition ;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young
down,

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves

10

The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

King. Worcester, get thee gone ; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye :

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure

The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us : when we need 20
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.

[*Exit Wor.*

You were about to speak. [To *North.*

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty :

Either envy, therefore, or misprision

Is guilty of this fault and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, 30

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,

5, 6. *myself, . . . condition ;*
I will be myself, as king, in-
stead of indulging my natural
bent.

19. *moody frontier*, frowning
outwork (of a fortress).

27. *envy*, ill-will.

ib. *misprision*, misunder-
standing.

15. *Worcester* (trisyllabic).

The First Part of

ACT I

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin new reap'd
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home ;
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose and took 't away again ;
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there, 40
 Took it in snuff ; and still he smiled and talk'd,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by.
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He question'd me ; amongst the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay, 50
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd neglectingly I know not what,
 He should, or he should not ; for he made me
mad
 To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
 Of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the
 mark !—
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise ;

34. *new reap'd*, freshly trimmed. To wear the beard closely 'mowed like stubble' was one of several modes of beard-culture fashionable in Shakespeare's time.

36. *milliner*, dealer in fancy articles of dress ; an occupation

then regularly carried on by men.

38. *pouncet-box*, box of perfumes with a pierced cover.

41. *Took it in snuff*, took offence (and sneezed).

44. *unhandsome*, indecent.

58. *parmaceti*, a popular corruption of 'spermaceti.'

And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd 60
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;
 And I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my
 lord, 70

Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die and never rise
 To do him wrong or any way impeach
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

King. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ; 80
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;

62. *tall*, stout, strapping. to 1 i. 1. 38.

84. *the Earl of March*, the Mortimer of v. 80 ; on the confusion by which he here received his elder brother's title cf. note 87. *indent*, make a compact.
 ib. *fears*, objects of fear, viz. Glendower and Mortimer. L.

The First Part of

ACT I

For I shall never hold that man my friend 90
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those
 wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour 100
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
 Three times they breathed and three times did
 they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
 Bloodstained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer 110
 Receive so many, and all willingly:
 Then let not him be slander'd with revolt.

King. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
 belie him;

He never did encounter with Glendower:
 I tell thee,
 He durst as well have met the devil alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

101. *hardiment*, valiant blows. a show of honour on its action.

106. *crisp*, rippled, curled.

113. *belie him*, i.e. give him

109. *Colour her working*, put undeserved praise.

King Henry the Fourth

Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, 120
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 Send us your prisoners, or you will hear of it.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and train.*]

Hot. An if the devil come and roar for them,
 I will not send them : I will after straight
 And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
 Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? stay and
 pause awhile :
 Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ! 130
 'Zounds, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop in the
 dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high in the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your
 nephew mad.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
 gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners ; 140
 And when I urged the ransom once again
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

128. *Albeit I make a hazard,* 133. *on his part,* on his be-
 so Qq. 'Although it be with half.
 hazard' Ff. 137. *canker'd,* malignant.

The First Part of

ACT I

Wor. I cannot blame him: was not he proclaim'd
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king,—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be deposed and shortly murdered.

150

Wor. And for whose death we in the world's
wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you; did King Richard
then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O, pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king;
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

160

170

145. *was not he proclaim'd.*
This was true, historically, of
Roger Mortimer, brother of Sir
Edmund, and father of Edmund,
the fifth Earl of March (cf. note
to I. i. 38).

149. *in us*, so far as we helped

to cause them.

154. *scandalized*, defamed.

162. *blot*, disgrace.

163. *murderous subornation*,
instigation to murder.

168. *predicament*, class or
description of men.

That men of your nobility and power
 Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
 As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
 That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
 No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem 180
 Your banish'd honours and restore yourselves
 Into the good thoughts of the world again,
 Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
 Of this proud king, who studies day and night
 To answer all the debt he owes to you
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
 Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous, 190
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south,
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

North. Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience. 200

Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,

173. *gage*, stake.

176. *canker*, dog-rose.

183. *disdain'd*, disdainful.

201 f. These lines were substantially borrowed, as a speci-

men of rhodomontade, by Fletcher (or Beaumont) for his apprentice Ralph, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1611), a satire on the pseudo-romantic drama.

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corival all her dignities :
But out upon this half-faced fellowship !

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend. 210
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all ;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them ;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He said he would not ransom Mortimer ;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer ; 220
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla ' Mortimer !'
Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but ' Mortimer,' and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin ; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke :
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales, 230

208. *half-faced fellowship*,
niggardly sharing of honours.

209. *figures*, phantoms.

210. *attend*, attend to.

228. ' I here renounce all en-
deavours.'

230. *sword-and-buckler*, the
accoutrement of a serving-man.

But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.)

Wor. Farewell, kinsman : I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own !

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
with rods,

Nettled and stung with pismires, when I hear 240
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—what do you call the place?—

A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire ;

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,

His uncle York ; where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,—

'Sblood !—

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true : 250

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look, 'when his infant fortune came to age,'

And 'gentle Harry Percy,' and 'kind cousin ;'

O, the devil take such cozeners ! God forgive me !

Good uncle, tell your tale ; I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to it again ;
We will stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.

233. *with a pot of ale*, the natural beverage for a frequenter of low taverns.

240. *pismires*, ants.

241. *politician*, schemer.

244. *his uncle*, the Duke of York.

244. *kept*, lived.

The First Part of

ACT I

Deliver them up without their ransom straight, 260
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland ; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. You, my lord,

[*To Northumberland.*]

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not ?

Wor. True ; who bears hard 270
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it : upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st
slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble
plot :

And then the power of Scotland and of York, 280
To join with Mortimer, ha ?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head ;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,

261. *mean*, means.

262. *For powers*, for raising
forces.

270. *bears hard*, resents.

271. *His brother's death* ; cf.
Richard II. iii. 2. 141.

272. *in estimation*, merely by
probable conjecture.

284. *a head*, a force.

285. *even*, temperately, with-
out self-assertion.

King Henry the Fourth

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home :
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

290

Hot. He does, he does : we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell : no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother : we shall thrive,
I trust.

300

Hot. Uncle, adieu : O, let the hours be short
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our
sport !

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rochester. An inn yard.*

Enter a Carrier with a lantern in his hand.

First Car. Heigh-ho ! an it be not four by
the day, I'll be hanged : Charles' wain is over
the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.
What, ostler !

Ost. [*Within*] Anon, anon.

First Car. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle,

294. *suddenly, quickly.*

6. *Cut*, properly a docked or
curtal horse ; hence a common

1. *by the day*, in the morning. name for horses.

The First Part of

ACT II

put a few flocks in the point ; poor jade, is wrung
in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

Sec. Car. Peas and beans are as dank here
as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor 10
jades the bots : this house is turned upside down
since Robin Ostler died.

First Car. Poor fellow, never joyed since the
price of oats rose ; it was the death of him.

Sec. Car. I think this be the most villanous
house in all London road for fleas : I am stung
like a tench.

First Car. Like a tench ! by the mass, there
is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I
have been since the first cock. 20

Sec. Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a
jordan, and then we leak in your chimney ; and
your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

First Car. What, ostler ! come away and be
hanged ! come away.

Sec. Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two
razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-
cross.

First Car. God's body ! the turkeys in my

7. *the point*, the pommel.

ib. *poor jade, is wrung* ; a
rustic or uneducated omission
of the pronoun. So at l. 13
below.

8. *out of all cess*, beyond
measure.

11. *bots*, worms.

16. *stung like a tench*. No
clear explanation has been given
of this phrase ; but probably the
allusion is to some *spotted* fish.
Farmer suggested that the carrier
meant the trout ; Miss Phipson

(*Animal Lore*, p. 364) makes it
probable that the tench in
Shakespeare's time had, or was
supposed to have, a spotted
skin. But the phrase may
mean no more than do 'dank
as a dog' and 'breeds fleas like
a loach.'

19. *king christen*, Christian
king.

23. *chamber-lie*, urine.

ib. *a loach*, a fish.

27. *razes*, roots (perhaps a
name for a bale or bundle).

King Henry the Fourth

pannier are quite starved. What, ostler! A 30
 plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy
 head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good
 deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a
 very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no
 faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

First Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prithee, lend me thy lantern, to see
 my gelding in the stable.

First Car. Nay, by God, soft; I know a trick 40
 worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pray thee, lend me thine.

Sec. Car. Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy
 lantern, quoth he? marry, I'll see thee hanged
 first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean
 to come to London?

Sec. Car. Time enough to go to bed with a
 candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugs,
 we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with 50
 company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. *[Within]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth
 the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from
 picking of purses than giving direction doth from
 labouring; thou layest the plot how.

43. *Ay, when? canst tell?* a
 scoffing retort to an inconvenient
 or impertinent question.

51. *great charge*, valuable
 luggage.

53. *At hand, quoth pick-purse*,

a proverbial phrase for acknow-
 ledging a summons: 'immedi-
 ately.'

57. *layest the plot how*, i.e.
 how the purses are to be
 picked.

The First Part of

ACT II

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight : there's a franklin in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold : I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper ; a kind of auditor ; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter : they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it : I pray thee, keep that for the hangman ; for I know thou worshippest Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman ? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows ; for if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he is no starveling. Tut ! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace ; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad

60. *franklin*, freeholder.

ib. *the wild of Kent*, the weald, originally covered with forest (O.E. 'weald,' wood).

63. *auditor*, officer of the exchequer.

65. *eggs and butter*, a frequent breakfast dish (cf. 1 i. 2. 23).

67. *Saint Nicholas' clerks*, a cant term for 'highwaymen' ; probably from 'Nick's' or 'Old

Nick's' clerks ; St. Nicholas being the patron saint of scholars.

77. *Trojans*, rogues.

81. *foot land-rakers*, vagabonds, tramps (going on foot).

82. *long-staff sixpenny strikers*, cut-purses with long sticks, who 'knocked men down for sixpence.' 'Striker' was a cant term for a petty thief.

King Henry the Fourth

mustachio purple-hued malt-worms ; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers, such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray : and yet, 'zounds, I lie ; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth ; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her ⁹⁰ and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will ; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure ; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand : thou shalt have a ¹⁰⁰ share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to ; 'homo' is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*

83. *mustachio purple-hued malt-worms*, toppers (with liquor-dyed mustachios).

84. *tranquillity*, the well-to-do.

84. *great oneyers* ; probably a wilful mystification for 'great ones,' analogous to 'nobility and tranquillity' above.

85. *hold in*, keep their own counsel.

94. *liquored*, (1) oiled or greased (said of boots) to keep

out water ; (2) made drunk.

95. *we have the receipt of fern-seed*. Fern seed was believed (1) to be invisible except on St. John's Eve ; (2) to render invisible any one who carried it.

101. *purchase*, gain.

104. '*homo*' is a common name to all men. In other words, 'thief' is not an antithesis to 'man,' as 'false' is to 'true.'

The First Part of

ACT II

SCENE II. *The highway, near Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter : I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

Prince. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins ! Poins, and be hanged ! Poins !

Prince. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal ! what a brawling dost thou keep !

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal ?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill : I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's com- 10
pany : the rascal hath removed my horse, and
tied him I know not where. If I travel but four
foot by the squier further afoot, I shall break my
wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death
for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that
rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any
time this two and twenty years, and yet I am
bewitched with the rogue's company. If the
rascal have not given me medicines to make me
love him, I'll be hanged ; it could not be else ; I 20
have drunk medicines. Poins ! Hal ! a plague
upon you both ! Bardolph ! Peto ! I'll starve
ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good
a deed as drink, to turn true man and to leave
these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever
chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven

2. *frets like a gummed velvet ;* thence rapidly frayed and worn.
velvet stiffened with gum, and 13. *squier*, measure.

ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! 30
A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged!

Prince. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? 40

Prince. Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

Prince. Out, ye rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. 50

Enter GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and PETO with him.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice. Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

41. *colted*, cheated.

47. *garters*; with a reference to the Order of the Garter. But 'Hang thyself in thy own garters' was a current objurgatory formula.

The First Part of

ACT II

Fal. You lie, ye rogue ; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There 's enough to make us all.

60

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane ; Ned Poins and I will walk lower : if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them ?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. 'Zounds, will they not rob us ?

Prince. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch ?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your 70 grandfather ; but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge : when thou needest him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

Prince. Ned, where are our disguises ?

Poins. Here, hard by : stand close.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his 80 dole, say I : every man to his business.

Enter the Travellers.

First Trav. Come, neighbour : the boy shall lead our horses down the hill ; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand !

Travellers. Jesus bless us .

Fal. Strike ; down with them ; cut the villains' throats : ah ! whoreson caterpillars ! bacon-fed

80. *happy man be his dole*, be it his lot to be a happy man.

88. *caterpillars*, idle devourers of the state.

knaves! they hate us youth: down with them: fleece them.

90

Travellers. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever!

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grandjurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, 'faith.

[*Here they rob them and bind them. Exeunt.*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

100

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Enter the Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

Prince. Your money!

Poins. Villains!

110

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them; they all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

93. *gorbellied*, big - bellied, well-to-do miserly clowns.
'paunchy.'

94. *chuffs*, rich churls. The word was strictly applied to the 96. *grandjurors*, i.e. men of social pretensions.

The First Part of

ACT II

Prince. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse :

The thieves are all scatter'd and possess'd with fear

So strongly that they dare not meet each other ;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along :
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Warkworth castle.*

Enter HOTSPUR, solus, reading a letter.

Hot. 'But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.' He could be contented : why is he not, then ? In respect of the love he bears our house : he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ;'—why, that's certain : 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink ; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck 10
this flower, safety. 'The purpose you undertake is dangerous ; the friends you have named uncertain ; the time itself unsorted ; and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an

Sc. 3. reading a letter. The writer of the letter is not indicated ; but Yorkshire tradition (reported in 1811 to Scott by his friend Morritt of Rokeby) identified him with Rokeby, High

Sheriff of the county, who pursued Percy after the battle (Lockhart's *Scott*, ii. 386, quot. Wright, Cl. Press ed. of this play).

13. *unsorted*, ill-chosen.

King Henry the Fourth

opposition.' Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, 20 very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York and Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Douglas? have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set for- 30 ward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

20. *expectation*, promise.

22. *my lord of York*, the archbishop, Richard Scroop.

24. *brain him with his lady's fan*. The heavy (often silver) handle of the fan was an occasional female weapon, but only capable of 'braining' a 'lackbrain.'

34. *divide myself and go to buffets*, quarrel with and belabour myself.

35. *moving*, addressing myself to.

39. *Kate*. Lady Percy's real name (cf. note to I i. 1. 38) was Elizabeth.

The First Part of

ACT II

Lady. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone? 40
 For what offence have I this fortnight been
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes from thee
 Thy stomach, pleasure and thy golden sleep?
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;
 And given my treasures and my rights of thee
 To thick-eyed musing and cursed melancholy?
 In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd, 50
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;
 Cry 'Courage! to the field!' And thou hast talk'd
 Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners' ransom and of soldiers slain,
 And all the currents of a heady fight.
 Thy spirit within thee hath been 'so at war
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep, 60
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden hest. O, what portents are
 these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho!

52. *terms of manage*, phrases of horsemanship.

55. *frontiers*, outworks.

56. *basilisks*, the largest kind of ordnance, 'weighing 9000 lbs., and with a calibre of 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.'

56. *culverin*, a smaller gun,

'weighing 4000 lbs., and with a calibre of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches' (Wright, *ad loc.* from Harrison's *Description of England*).

58. *currents*, courses.

65. *hest*, summons, emergency.

King Henry the Fourth

Enter Servant.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O esperance!

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprize: but if you go,—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly unto this question that I ask:

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

74. *esperance*, the motto of the Percies.

81. The weasel was proverbial for ill-temper, which had its seat in the 'spleen'; but the spleen was also the seat of capricious moodiness in general, and it is in this sense that Lady Percy attributes it to her husband.

86. *if you go*; the strict sense of 'go' was 'walk': hence Hotspur's quibbling rejoinder.

88. *paraquito*, paroquet, little parrot.

90. *I'll break thy little finger*. To 'break' or 'pinch' the little finger was 'a token of amorous dalliance.'

The First Part of

ACT II

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler ! Love ! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world
To play with mammals and to tilt with lips :
We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too. God's me, my horse !
What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have
with me ?

Lady. Do you not love me ? do you not, indeed ?
Well, do not then ; for since you love me not, 100
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride ?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts :
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise 110
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,
No lady closer ; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How ! so far ?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :
Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate ?

Lady. It must of force. [*Exeunt.* 120

95. *mammets*, puppets. play on the monetary sense,

made explicit in the next line.

96. *crack'd crowns* ; with a 120. *of force*, perforce.

SCENE IV. *The Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.**Enter the PRINCE, and POINS.*

Prince. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

Prince. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, by the Lord, so they call me, and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry 'hem!' and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert

1. *fat room*, prob. 'vat-room' —the air of the room reeking with the fumes of beer. 'Fat' was an Eliz. spelling of 'vat.'

7. *a leash of drawers*, a 'trio' of waiters. Three greyhounds made a 'leash.'

9. *take it upon their salvation*, swear, as they wish to be saved, (that).

13. *a Corinthian*, a cant term

for a profligate; a 'fast man,' loose liver.

17. *breathe in your watering*, pause to take breath in drinking (metaphor from the 'watering' of horses).

18. 'hem!' a cry of encouragement.

18. *play it off*, toss it off.

20. *tinker*; tinkers were proverbial tipplers, with a trade slang of their own.

The First Part of

ACT II

not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker, one that never spake other English in his life than ‘Eight shillings and sixpence,’ and ‘You are welcome,’ with this shrill addition, ‘Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,’ or so. But, Ned, 30 to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling ‘Francis,’ that his tale to me may be nothing but ‘Anon.’ Step aside, and I’ll show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.* 40

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

Prince. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord?

Prince. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

24. *this pennyworth of sugar*; sugar was carried about by the waiters, as a condiment, for the use of the sack-drinkers.

26. *under-skinker*, under-waiter; ‘skinker,’ one who poured out drink.

29. *Anon*, immediately; the usual answer of the waiter to a guest’s call.

30. *bastard*, an artificially-sweetened Spanish wine.

30. *the Half-moon*, the name of one of the chambers of the inn. Cf. below, line 42, ‘Pomgarnet.’

33. *puny*, the technical epithet of the younger son (puisé) playfully applied to the ‘under-skinker.’

Prince. Five year! by'r lady, a long lease 50
for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest
thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy
indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run
from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the
books in England, I could find in my heart.

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.

Prince. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I 60
shall be—

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir. Pray stay a little, my lord.

Prince. Nay, but hark you, Francis: for the
sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't
not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two!

Prince. I will give thee for it a thousand
pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt
have it. 70

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prince. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-
morrow, Francis; or Francis, o' Thursday; or
indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis!

Fran. My lord?

Prince. Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin,
crystal-button, not-pated, agate-ring, puke-stock-
ing, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-
pouch,— 80

78. *crystal-button*; a crystal-
buttoned jerkin was commonly
worn by vintners.

78. *not-pated*, crop-headed,
closely shaven.

78. *puke-stocking*, with stock-

ings of fine dark cloth.

79. *caddis-garter*, with worsted
garters.

79. *Spanish-pouch*, perhaps
'round belly,' with the suggestion
that it is filled with Spanish sack.

The First Part of

ACT II

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

Prince. Why, then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within*] Francis!

Prince. Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call? [*Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, standest thou still, and hearest such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John with half-a-dozen more are at the door: shall I let them in? 90

Prince. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

Prince. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue? 100

Prince. I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*]

89. *amazed, bewildered.*

King Henry the Fourth

Prince. That ever this fellow should have 110
fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of
a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-
stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning.
I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of
the north; he that kills me some six or seven
dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands,
and says to his wife 'Fie upon this quiet life!
I want work.' 'O my sweet Harry,' says she,
'how many hast thou killed to-day?' 'Give my
roan horse a drench,' says he; and answers 120
'Some fourteen,' an hour after; 'a trifle, a
trifle.' I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play
Percy, and that damned brawn shall play Dame
Mortimer his wife. 'Rivo!' says the drunkard.
Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and
PETO; FRANCIS following with wine.*

Poins. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and
a vengeance too! marry, and amen! Give me
a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long,
I'll sew nether stocks and mend them and foot 130
them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a
cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*He drinks.*

Prince. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a
dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted
at the sweet tale of the sun's! if thou didst, then
behold that compound.

123. *brawn*, mass of flesh.

124. '*Rivo!*' a common ex-
clamation of drinkers.

133. *Titan*, the sun. If the
second '*Titan*' is right, '*pitiful-
hearted Titan*' is parenthetical,

and '*that*' refers to the '*butter*.'

136. *that compound*, the '*com-
position*' of Falstaff's flushed
face immersed in the liquor, and
the frothy draught melting away
at the '*sweet tale*' of his lips.

The First Part of

ACT II

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too : there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man : yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villanous coward ! Go ¹⁴⁰ thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England ; and one of them is fat and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out ¹⁵⁰ of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales !

Prince. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are not you a coward ? answer me to that : and Poins there ?

Poins. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee. ¹⁶⁰

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward : but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back : call you that

137. *lime* was used to adulterate sack.

143. *shotten herring*, a herring that has cast its roe.

146. *I would I were a weaver.* Weavers were proverbial for

their fine voices and their habit of singing at their work ; many of them were Protestant refugees from Flanders.

151. *a dagger of lath*, the weapon of the Vice in the *Moralities*.

backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

Prince. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped 170
since thou drunkenest last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

Prince. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us. 180

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw—ecce signum! I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are 190
villains and the sons of darkness.

Prince. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen—

Fal. Sixteen at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us— 200

182. *at half-sword*, at close quarters.

The First Part of

ACT II

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

210

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

220

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

230

Prince. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

215. *ward*, posture of defence. posture.

ib. *here I lay*, this was my 222. *mainly*, violently.

King Henry the Fourth

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to.
These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed ²⁴⁰
me close, came in foot and hand; and with a
thought seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince. O monstrous! eleven buckram men
grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three mis-
begotten knaves in Kendal green came at my
back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal,
that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince. These lies are like their father that
begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palp- ²⁵⁰
able. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-
pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-
catch,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is
not the truth the truth?

Prince. Why, how couldst thou know these
men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou
couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your
reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason. ²⁶⁰

Fal. What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, an

238, 239. *points*, (1) sword-
points, (2) the tagged laces
which fastened the hose to the
doublet.

240. *followed me*; 'me' is
'ethical,' expressing his keen
concern in the pursuit.

251. *knotty-pated*. So Qq
Ff. But it is probably only a
misspelling for 'not-pated,'

which the prince has previously
used (l. 78 above).

252. *tallow-catch*, either
'tallow-ketch,' a tub filled with
tallow, or 'tallow-keech,' the
lump of fat supplied by the
butcher to the tallow-maker;
'keech' thus supplying a
common Elizabethan nickname
for butchers (cf. 2 *Henry IV.*
ii. 1. 103).

The First Part of

ACT II

I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

Prince. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,—

Fal. 'Sblood, you starveling, you eel's-skin, you ²⁷⁰ dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

Prince. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

Prince. We two saw you four set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. ²⁸⁰ Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a

262. *strappado*, a military punishment, in which the culprit was dropped from a height with ropes attached to his arms, which were broken or dislocated by the shock.

264. *if reasons were as plenty as blackberries*, a play upon 'raisins,' then almost identical in pronunciation with 'reasons.'

270. *eel's-skin*. Ff read *elf-skin*. If this reading is right, the delicately built prince is compared, not merely to the diminutive fairy, but to its cast skin. But Q₁ appears to read 'elf-skin,' i.e. eel's-skin, and this reading, which Hanmer inserted in the text, accords better with

the drastic imagery of the context; it also occurs to Falstaff elsewhere (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2) as a jest upon leanness. I owe this suggestion to Mr. Littledale.

274. *standing tuck*, small rapier, standing on end. This, like the three preceding comparisons, turns upon the prince's tall, slim form, as the first five upon his delicate build.

280. *bound them*, i.e. 'you bound them'; a mixture of two constructions—the infinitive 'bind' depending on 'saw' and the direct indicative 'you bound,' the one being uncolloquial and the other not expressing that what happened was *seen*.

word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it ; yea, and can show it you here in the house : and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, ²⁹⁰ canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir-apparent ? should I turn upon the true prince ? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a ³⁰⁰ great matter ; I was now a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors : watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you ! What, shall we be merry ? shall we have a play extempore ?

Prince. Content ; and the argument shall be ³¹⁰ thy running away.

Fal. Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me !

290. *starting-hole*, shelter, subterfuge.

299. *the lion will not touch the true prince.* This belief,

current in the Middle Ages, was the basis of a recurring *motif* in the early English Romances.

The First Part of

ACT II

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord the prince!

Prince. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

Prince. Give him as much as will make him ³²⁰ a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

Prince. Prithee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

Prince. Now, sirs: by'r lady, you fought fair; so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are ³³⁰ lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

Prince. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear- ³⁴⁰ grass to make them bleed, and then to beslobber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

^{321.} *a royal man.* The (6s. 8d.) into a 'royal' (10s.), hostess is to give the 'nobleman' *i.e.* 3s. 4d. as much as will turn a 'noble'

Prince. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou rannest away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

350

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

Prince. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

Prince. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

Prince. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own 360 knee?

Fal. My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gave Amamon the bastinado 370 and made Lucifer cuckold and swore the devil

346. *with the manner*, in the act.

352. *exhalations*, meteors.

359. *bombast*, cotton-padding, used in giving an artificial rotundity to the Elizabethan doublet.

367. *Sir John Bracy*. Ff

Braby. This person is apparently invented by Shakespeare; there is no trace of him in history.

370. *Amamon*, the name of a principal devil, recorded in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*.

The First Part of

ACT II

his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook—what a plague call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular,—

Prince. He that rides at high speed and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

380

Fal. You have hit it.

Prince. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

Prince. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo; but afoot he will not budge a foot.

Prince. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

390

Prince. Why, then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out

400

372. *the cross of a Welsh hook*, the point where the shaft of a halberd was crossed by the steel head which formed an axe on

one side and a spike on the other.

392. *blue-caps*, the blue-bonneted Scots.

397. *civil buffeting*, civil war.

three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prince. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow ⁴¹⁰ when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

Prince. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

Prince. Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! ⁴²⁰

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyse's vein.

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech. Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu, this is excellent sport, i' faith! ⁴³⁰

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen; for trickling tears are vain.

418. *joined-stool*, a kind of folding-chair.

425. *in King Cambyse's vein*, in the ranting vein of the 'lamentable tragedy' of that name by Thomas Preston, c. 1569.

427. *my leg*, my bow, the leg in bowing being drawn back;

hence the phrase 'to make a leg,' to salute.

431. *Weep not, sweet queen*, etc. In *King Cambyse* a similar situation actually occurred—a stage direction expressly enjoining that the queen should weep.

The First Part of

ACT II

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen;
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou

434. *tristful*, grieving.

437. *harlotry*, rogue, vagabond; the term, on the hostess' lips, can have had little, but in any case not its strict, meaning. Juliet is called a 'harlotry' by her father; so, Lady Mortimer below, I iii. l. 199.

438. *tickle-brain*, the nickname of a strong liquor.

441. *though the camomile*, etc.; a parody (but by no

means a caricature) of the Euphuistic style made current by Lyly. It is adapted from a sentence of Lyly's own (*Euphues*): 'Though the Camomill the more it is troden and pressed downe, the more it spreadeth, yet the Violet the oftner it is handeled and touched, the sooner it withereth and decayeth.'

450. *micher*, truant, vagabond.

keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted ^{46a} in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then ^{47a} the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's ^{48a} hare.

Prince. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand: judge, my masters.

Prince. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

Prince. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

472. *peremptorily*, decidedly.

482. *set*, seated.

480. *rabbit-sucker*, sucking-rabbit.

489. *tickle ye for o young prince*, play the par. with a vengeance.

480. *poulter*, poulterer.

The First Part of

ACT II

Prince. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? hence- 490
forth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently car-
ried away from grace: there is a devil haunts
thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of
man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse
with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of
beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that
huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of
guts, that roasted Mannintree ox with the pud-
ding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey
iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? 500
Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink
it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon
and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein
crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in
all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with
you: whom means your grace?

Prince. That villanous abominable misleader of
youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

510

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say I know more harm in him
than in myself, were to say more than I know.
That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs
do witness it; but that he is, saving your rever-
ence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack
and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! if to

495. *bolting-hutch*, receptacle
into which meal is sifted.

497. *bombard*, a large vessel
for liquor, from which the
smaller were replenished.

498. *roasted Mannintree ox*.
This was probably one of the
accompaniments of the fairs
which the town of Manning-

tree (Essex) was privileged to
hold.

499. *vice, iniquity*; both
names for the clown or harle-
quin of the *Moralities*.

500. *vanity*, a character in the
Moralities.

506. *take me with you*, ex-
plain your meaning.

be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned : if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord ; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pains : but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company : banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

Prince. I do, I will. 520 *[A knocking heard.]*

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.]

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord ! the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. 530

Fal. Out, ye rogue ! Play out the play : I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter the Hostess.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord !

Prince. Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick : what's the matter ?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit : thou art essentially 540 mad, without seeming so.

534. *Heigh, heigh !* etc. This speech is given to Falstaff by Ff. 'The devil rides upon a fiddle-stick' ; like 'heighty tighty,' a phrase of ridicule for a needless ado.

539. *never call a true piece of gold,* etc. ; i.e. don't slander the

pure gold of my character as spurious ; it proves you mad (though you don't seem so) that you do. Falstaff makes believe to carry on his self-defence, though he no longer personates the prince.

The First Part of

ACT II

Prince. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true 550 face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

Prince. Call in the sheriff.

[*Exeunt all except the Prince and Peto.*]

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

Prince. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

560

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee

544. *your major*, i.e. the proposition that he is a coward (with a quibble).

546. *a cart*, i.e. the cart which carried criminals to execution.

556. *hue and cry*, the pursuit of a felon by horn and voice, a process then recognised in common law Hue and cry

might be raised 'either by a precept of a Justice of the Peace, or by a private person who knows of the felony. Such private person was bound to give notice to the Constable; but in the Constable's absence all persons were bound to join in the pursuit' (Stephen's *Crim. Law*, quoted *Jahrbuch*, xxxii. 145).

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal :
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

Prince. It may be so : if he have robb'd these men, 570
He shall be answerable ; and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

Prince. I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

Prince. This oily rascal is known as well as
Paul's. Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras,
and snorting like a horse.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath.
Search his pockets. [*He searcheth his pockets, 580*
and findeth certain papers.] What hast thou
found ?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.

Prince. Let's see what they be : read them.

Peto. [*Reads*] Item, A capon, . . . 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, . . . 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack

after supper, . . . 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, . . . ob. 590

569. *three hundred marks,*
£200.

577. *Peto.* Johnson proposed
to transfer this and the subse-
quent speeches to Poins, on the
ground that he and not Peto
is elsewhere the confidant of
the prince, and that it is more
natural that Peto should run
from the sheriff than Poins, who

has not robbed. This is
plausible, but hardly warrants
the wholesale alteration of the
old texts. Even if we suppose
that 'P' was written before the
speeches, there remains the oc-
currence of 'Peto' in the text
at l. 601.

590. *ob.* 'obolus,' a half-
penny.

The First Part of

ACT III

Prince. O monstrous! but one half-penny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and I know his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ⁶⁰⁰so, good morrow, Peto. [*Exeunt.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my lord.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Bangor. The Archdeacon's house.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcester: a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,
For by that name as oft as Lancaster,
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale and with
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven. 10

594. *advantage*, leisure.

599. *advantage*, interest.

598. *twelve-score*, i.e. yards.

2. *our induction*, the first steps of our enterprise.

King Henry the Fourth

Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him : at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

20

Glend. I say the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,



And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions ; oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

30

Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldam earth and topples down

Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

To tell you once again that at my birth

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

15. *cressets* ; literally, brilliant lamps, made of pitched rope coiled in open iron cages, and used for illuminations as well as in the playhouses.

34. *distemperature*, disorder.

The First Part of

ACT III

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. 40

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;

And all the courses of my life do show

I am not in the roll of common men.

Where is he living, clipp'd in with the sea

That chides the banks of England, Scotland,

Wales,

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?

And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art

And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there's no man speaks better 50
Welsh. I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy ; you will make
him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man ;

But will they come when you do call for them ?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to
command

The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil

By telling truth : tell truth and shame the devil.

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither, 60

And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him
hence.

O, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil !

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofit-
able chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke
made head

Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye

48. *trace*, track, follow.

53. *vasty*, vast.

64. *made head against*, at-
tacked in force.

And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
too !

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

Glend. Come, here's the map : shall we divide
our right

70

According to our threefold order ta'en ?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally :

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assign'd :
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower : and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;

80

Which being sealed interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth
'To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.

Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends and neighbouring gentlemen. 90

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords :

67. *Bootless*, frustrated of his
purpose.

71. *threefold order ta'en*,
threefold arrangement pro-
posed.

74. *hitherto*; Mortimer
points to the opposite extremity
of his share on the map, *i.e.*
presumably to the S.E. corner

of England.

80. *our indentures tripartite
are drawn*, the agreement,
there being three parties to it,
is drawn up in three corre-
sponding copies.

81. *sealed interchangeably*,
each copy was to be signed and
sealed by all three.

The First Part of

ACT III

And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;
From whom you now must steal and take no leave,
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out. 100
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly ;
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it
doth.

Mort. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side ;
Gelding the opposed continent as much 110
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here

And on this north side win this cape of land ;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so : a little charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

96. *moiety*, share.

98. *comes me cranking in*,
makes a bold indentation into
my land.

100. *cantle*, corner.

102. *smug*, smooth, glassy.

105. *bottom*, the rich land
of the valley level.

110. *Gelding*, lopping, cutting
away from.

112. *trench him*, make a new
channel for it.

King Henry the Fourth

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you, then ; speak it in Welsh.

120

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;

For I was train'd up in the English court ;
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,
A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry,

And I am glad of it with all my heart :
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
'Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers ; 130
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry :
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care : I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend ;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair. 140
Are the indentures drawn ? shall we be gone ?

Glend. The moon shines fair ; you may away by night :

I'll haste the writer and withal

123. *framed*, composed (original songs in English).

125. *the tongue*, i.e. the English language.

131. *canstick*, candlestick.

ib. *turn'd*, i.e. on the brass-worker's lathe.

135. *like the forced gait of a shuffling nag*, i.e. with a regularity obtained by a painful effort. Touchstone's 'false gallop' of verses applies the imagery of horsemanship to a different metrical vice — fluent insipidity.

The First Part of

ACT III

Break with your wives of your departure hence :

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose : sometime he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, 150

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,

A couching lion and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what ;

He held me last night at least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names

That were his lackeys : I cried 'hum,' and 'well,
go to,'

But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife ; 160

Worse than a smoky house : I had rather live

With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,

Than feed on cates and have him talk to me

In any summer-house in Christendom.

149. *moldwarp*, mole.

150. *Merlin and his prophecies*. Holinshed reports 'a vain prophecy' to the effect that Henry was 'the moldwarp cursed of God's own mouth,' and that his kingdom should be divided in three by the dragon, the lion, and the wolf. Glendower and his allies were said (adds Hol.) to have undertaken the division 'through a foolish credit given' to this prophecy. Merlin is not mentioned by Holinshed, but was credited with the prophecy in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1559.

152. *clip-wing'd*, with clipped or obtuse wings.

153. *couching, ramping* (from the heraldic terms couchant, rampant), lying down, rearing.

154. *skimble-skamble stuff*, confused rubbish.

159. *as tedious as a railing wife, . . . a smoky house*, etc.; these, together with 'a leaking roof,' formed a proverbial triad of annoyances, current both in Welsh and English (*Cant. Tales*, 5860-2).

163. *cates*, delicacies.

164. *summer-house*, villa, country house.

King Henry the Fourth

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
 Exceedingly well read, and profited
 In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
 And wondrous affable and as bountiful
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?
 He holds your temper in a high respect 170
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope
 When you come 'cross his humour; faith, he does:
 I warrant you, that man is not alive
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,
 Without the taste of danger and reproof:
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-
 blame;
 And since your coming hither have done enough
 To put him quite beside his patience.
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault: 180
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage,
 blood,—
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
 Defect of manners, want of government,
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain:
 The least of which haunting a nobleman
 Loseth men's hearts and leaves behind a stain
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
 Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd: good manners be
 your speed! 190
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

166. *profited*, adept.

167. *concealments*, mysteries, secret arts.

177. *wilful-blame*, deliberately faulty; a variation on the simple 'too blame,' which during the sixteenth and seven-

teenth centuries replaced the older phrase 'to blame,' causing 'blame' to be taken for an adjective (Murray, *s.v.*)

181. *blood*, spirit.

184. *government*, self-control.

185. *opinion*, self-conceit.

Re-enter GLENDOWER with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me ;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps : she will not part
with you ;
She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her that she and my
aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[*Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.*]

Glend. She is desperate here ; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon. 200

[*The lady speaks in Welsh.*]

Mort. I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens

I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower, 210
With ravishing division, to her lute.

197. *aunt*; she was Mortimer's sister (cf. note to i. i. 38).

198. *conduct*, escort.

199. *harlotry*, 'baggage,' here used as a mild term of abuse.

198-200. This is printed as prose in Qq, which read 'one that'; but should probably be

in verse like Glendower's other speeches. The present arrangement is Steevens'.

206. *a feeling disputation*, a conversation carried on 'with feeling.'

211. *division*, brilliant variations on a simple melody.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad. [*The lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this !

Glend. She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

220

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing :
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;

And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here : sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down : come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap. 230

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh ;

And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he is a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish. 240

214. *wanton*, luxuriant.

in state sleep as sovereign, give it full sway.

217. *crown the god of sleep*,

240. *brach*, female hound.

The First Part of

ACT III

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too. 250

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife. 'Not you, in good sooth,' and 'as true as I live,' and 'as God shall mend me,' and 'as sure as day,'

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good mouth-filling oath, and leave 'in sooth,'

And such protést of pepper-gingerbread, 260

To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. An the indentures be drawn,

256. *sarcenet surety*, such as becomes the wife of a City mercer. 'Sarcenet' was a soft, gauzy silk.

257. *further than Finsbury*, i.e. just outside the City walls. 'Never' and 'further' were probably both monosyllables here.

261. *velvet-guards*, i.e. citizens' wives in their festive costume, of which black velvet

facings and trimmings were an important part.

264. '*Tis the next way*, etc.; (one who sings) is on the direct road to be a tailor, or to teach song to redbreasts. [By this name Shakespeare may have meant the bullfinch. The robin he calls *ruddock*. L.] Tailors were proverbial, like weavers, for singing at their work, but not, like weavers, for singing *psalms*.

King Henry the Fourth

I'll away within these two hours ; and so, come
in when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are
as slow

As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn ; we'll but seal, 270

And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, and others.

King. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of Wales
and I

Must have some private conference : but be near
at hand,

For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether God will have it so,

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;

But thou dost in thy passages of life

Make me believe that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven 10

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate and low desires,

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,

270. *book*, document.

15. *As thou art match'd
withal*, as thou takest part in
as an equal.

10. *For*, as.

The First Part of

ACT III

Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

Prince. So please your majesty, I would I
could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge 20
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

King. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder,
Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing 30
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men, 40
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,

20. *doubtless*, confident.

23. *reproof*, disproof. The construction is: let me beg this amount of extenuation, viz. that I may find in the disproof of many false imputations the means of obtaining pardon for some true ones.

25. *pick-thanks*, officious tale-

bearers.

30. *affections*, inclinations.

31. *from*, aloof from.

32. *rudely*, by riotous conduct.

38. *do*; so Qq Ff. 'The soul of every man' is equivalent to 'the souls of all men.'

42. *Opinion*, reputation.

King Henry the Fourth

Had still kept loyal to possession
 And left me in reputeless banishment,
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir
 But like a comet I was wonder'd at ;
 That men would tell their children 'This is he ;'
 Others would say 'Where, which is Bolingbroke ?'
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven, 50
 And dress'd myself in such humility
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,
 Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast
 And won by rareness such solemnity.
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down 60
 With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,
 Soon kindled and soon burnt ; carded his state,
 Mingled his royalty with capering fools,
 Had his great name profaned with their scorns
 And gave his countenance, against his name,
 'To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
 Of every beardless vain comparative,
 Grew a companion to the common streets,
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity ;
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes, 70
 They surfeited with honey and began
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

61. *bavin wits*, wits of brush-wood, 'soon kindled and soon burnt.'

62. *carded*, mixed, blended (technically used of liquors).

65. *against*, contrary to the dignity of.

67. *comparative*, comparison-monger, one given to vent satirical witticisms.

69. *Enfeoff'd himself*, made himself entirely over.

69. *popularity*, plebeian intercourse.

The First Part of

ACT III

More than a little is by much too much.
 So when he had occasion to be seen,
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes
 As, sick and blunted with community,,
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;
 But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
 Slept in his face and render'd such aspect
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
 Being with his presence glutted, gorged and full.
 And in that very line, Harry, standest thou ;
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
 With vile participation : not an eye
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,
 Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more ;
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

80

90

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
 lord,
 Be more myself.

King. For all the world
 As thou art to this hour was Richard then
 When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh,
 And even as I was then is Percy now.
 Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
 He hath more worthy interest to the state
 Than thou the shadow of succession ;
 For of no right, nor colour like to right,
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
 Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on

100

83. *cloudy*, sullen.

98. *interest*, title.

101. *harness*, armour.

To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
 What never-dying honour hath he got
 Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,
 Whose hot incursions and great name in arms
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority

And military title capital

110

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
 Christ :

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
 clothes,

This infant warrior, in his enterprizes
 Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
 Enlarged him and made a friend of him,
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-
 land,

The Archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
 timer,

Capitulate against us and are up.

120

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?

Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?

Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,

Base inclination and the start of spleen,

To fight against me under Percy's pay,

To dog his heels and curtsy at his frowns,

To show how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Do not think so; you shall not find
 it so :

And God forgive them that so much have sway'd

130

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me !

109. *chief majority*, supremacy.

form a league against us based
 on mutually arranged terms (viz.
 the tripartite division of the
 country).

110. *capital*, chief.

120. *Capitulate against us*,

125. *start*, impulse.

The First Part of

ACT III

I will redeem all this on Percy's head
 And in the closing of some glorious day
 Be bold to tell you that I am your son ;
 When I will wear a garment all of blood
 And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
 Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it :
 And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
 That this same child of honour and renown,
 This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, 140
 And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
 For every honour sitting on his helm,
 Would they were multitudes, and on my head
 My shames redoubled ! for the time will come,
 That I shall make this northern youth exchange
 His glorious deeds for my indignities.
 Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
 To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf ;
 And I will call him to so strict account,
 That he shall render every glory up, 150
 Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
 Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
 This, in the name of God, I promise here :
 The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
 I do beseech your majesty may salve
 The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :
 If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;
 And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
 Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this : 160
 Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

136. *favours*, features. The plural is rare in this sense, but the association with a 'mask' shows that the face is intended, not the scarf, gloves, or other 'favours' worn by knights.

148. *engross up*, buy up, amass.

151. *the slightest worship of his time*, the most trifling honour done him by his contemporaries.

157. *bands*, bonds.

King Henry the Fourth

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word

That Douglas and the English rebels met

The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

King. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;

170

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;

For this advertisement is five days old :

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;

On Thursday we ourselves will march : our meeting

Is Bridgenorth : and, Harry, you shall march

Through Gloucestershire ; by which account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

180 -

[*Exeunt.*

164. *Lord Mortimer of Scotland.* Holinshed calls him simply 'the Scot, the Earl of March'; Shakespeare hence gave him the family name of the English earls of March. His real name was George Dunbar.

167. *head, force.*

172. *advertisement, information.*

177. *Our business valued,* reckoning the time requisite for our affairs.

The First Part of

ACT III

SCENE III. *Eastcheap. The Boar's-Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Com-
pany, villanous company, hath been the spoil of
me. 10

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I bor-
rowed, three or four times; lived well and in
good compass: and now I live out of all order,
out of all compass. 20

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that

5. *apple-john*, an apple which ripened at Midsummer, kept well, but shrivelled when 'old.'

5. *suddenly*, promptly.

6. *in some liking*, in tolerable

condition.

9. *I am a peppercorn*, etc. 'Falstaff compares himself to what he is most unlike, a peppercorn for size, and a brewer's horse for wit' (Wright).

you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop, but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp. 30

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's-head or a memento mori: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be 'By this fire, that's God's angel:' but thou art altogether given 40 over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk 50 me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

28. *admiral*, admiral's ship ships of the fleet).
(which as such bore a light in
the poop to guide the other 51. *as good cheap*, as cheap.

The First Part of

ACT III

Fal. God-a-mercy ! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen ! have you 60
inquired yet who picked my pocket ?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John ? do you think I keep thieves in my house ? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant : the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. Ye lie, hostess : Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair ; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman, go. 70

Host. Who, I ? no ; I defy thee : God's light, I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John ; you do not know me, Sir John. I know you, Sir John : you owe me money, Sir John ; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it : I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas : I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made 80
bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it ; let him pay.

60. *Dame Partlet*, the name of the Hen in 'Reynard the Fox' ; equivalent to the Pertelote of Chaucer's 'Nuns' Priest's Tale.'

79. *Dowlas*, coarse linen.

81. *bolters*, cloths for sifting meal.

84. *by-drinkings*, drinkings off and on, as distinct from regular meals.

King Henry the Fourth

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark. 90

Host. O Jesu, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper!

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. 100

Enter the PRINCE and PETO, marching, and FALSTAFF meets them playing on his truncheon like a fife.

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

Prince. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How doth thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me. 110

Prince. What sayest thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets.

Prince. What didst thou lose, Jack?

92. *younker*, a raw, inexperienced youth, with plenty of means. Ff Qq 'younger.'

92. *shall I not take mine ease in mine inn*; a proverbial say-

ing, found already in Heywood's *Epigrammes upon Proverbs*, 1562.

99. *sneak-cup*, one who avoids drinking his share.

The First Part of

ACT III

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

Prince. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said ¹²⁰ I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

Prince. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. ¹³⁰ Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. 140

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

Fal. What beast! why, an otter.

Prince. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

^{129.} *a drawn fox*, a fox drawn from his cover, and so forced to exert all his cunning to escape.

^{129.} *Maid Marian*, the 'companion of Robin Hood' in the popular Morris-dance, a char-

acter often personated by a man.

^{130.} *deputy's wife of the ward to thee*, i.e. compared to thee. The 'deputy of the ward' exercised police authority within it; and was hence a citizen of standing and respectability.

King Henry the Fourth

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so : thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou !

Prince. Thou sayest true, hostess ; and he slanders thee most grossly.

150

Host. So he doth you, my lord ; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound ?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal ! a million : thy love is worth a million : thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph ?

160

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper : darest thou be as good as thy word now ?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare : but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion ?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion : dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father ? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.

170

Prince. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees ! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine ; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket !

152. *ought*, owed ; the form was archaic in literature, though still current in uneducated English.

171. *my girdle break* ; an allusion to the phrase 'ungirt,

unblest' ; which had a serious reference to the purse then commonly attached to the girdle, but became comic when applied to a girdle of the vast compass of Falstaff's.

why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make 180 thee long-winded, if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain : and yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : art thou not ashamed ?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal ? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell ; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket ?

190

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee : go, make ready breakfast ; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests : thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason : thou seest I am pacified still. Nay, prithee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court : for the robbery, lad, how is that answered ?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee : the money is paid back again.

200

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back ; 'tis a double labour.

Prince. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

177. *embossed*, swollen.

181, 182. *if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries*, if there were any other 'injuries' which you have 'pocketed up.'

196. *still*, always.

206. *with unwashed hands*,

at once, without a moment's delay even to wash. But there is probably a sly suggestion also of the sense : 'don't "wash your hands of it" afterwards and leave us to pay the penalty !'

ACT IV King Henry the Fourth

Bard. Do, my lord.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where ²¹⁰ shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

Prince. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord?

Prince. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, to my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Go, Peto, ²²⁰ to horse, to horse; for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. [*Exit Peto.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon.

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either we or they must lower lie. [*Exit.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world! Hostess, my breakfast, come!

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.* ²³⁰

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth

^{226.} *furniture*, equipment.

^{230.} *my drum*, probably 'headquarters, rallying-place.'

In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,
As not a soldier of this season's stamp
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter ; I do defy
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself :
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour :
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well.

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there ?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord ; he is grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds ! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time ? Who leads his power ?
Under whose government come they along ?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord. 20

Wor. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed ?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth ;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been
whole

Ere he by sickness had been visited :
His health was never better worth than now.

3. *attribution*, praise. me to be as good as my word ;
7. *soothers*, smooth assenters, put me to the proof.
flatterers.

9. *task me*, etc. ; challenge 24. *fear'd*, feared for.

King Henry the Fourth

Hot. Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth
infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise ;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp. 30
He writes me here, that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn, nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us ;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd 40
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :
And yet, in faith, it is not ; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it : were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast ? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?
It were not good ; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope, 50

31. The sense, and probably also the metre, is designedly incomplete, Hotspur reading merely a rapid epitome of the letter.

32. *by deputation*, by appeals made through others.

33. *drawn*, drawn together, assembled.

36. *advertisement*, advice.

40. *possess'd*, informed.

44. *his present want*, our present want of him.

47. *set so rich a main*, lay

so heavy a stake.

49. *read*, etc., discern, written in unmistakable characters (the end of our fortunes).

50. *the soul of hope*, the very substance of our hope, all that we have to hope for. The line combines the notions of reaching the limit of hope, and exhausting its substance ;—an ambiguity favoured by the double meaning of 'bottom,' base and substance, staple, and probably carried on by a deliberate pun in 'soul (sole).'

The First Part of

ACT IV

The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should ;
Where now remains a sweet reversion :
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in :

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here. 60
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division : it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty and mere dislike
Of our proceedings kept the earl from hence :
And think how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction
And breed a kind of question in our cause ;
For well you know we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement, 70
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us :
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use :
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here ; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head 80
To push against a kingdom, with his help

51. *list*, verge, boundary.

56. *A comfort of retirement*, a support to fall back upon.

61. *hair*, complexion, character.

78. *dare*, daring.

King Henry the Fourth

We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a
word

Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd, 90

The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his
son,

The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms;

All plumed like estridges, that with the wind

Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;

Glittering in golden coats, like images;

100

As full of spirit as the month of May,

And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;

85. *this term of fear*, this word 'fear.'

96. *daff'd . . . aside*, tossed aside, put by.

98. *like estridges, that with the wind bated*, like ostriches with their plumes fluttering in the wind, like eagles after bathing. (L.) Their plumes are first

illustrated by the comparison with the ostrich, then the specific trait of 'fluttering in the wind' is illustrated by the further comparison to eagles after bathing.

99. *Bated*, flapped the wings as birds do after dipping.

100. *images, saints' images*.

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
 I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship. 110

Hot. No more, no more : worse than the sun
 in March,
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come ;
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,
 And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
 All hot and bleeding will we offer them :
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh
 And yet not ours. Come, let me taste my horse,
 Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt 120
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales :
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
 Meet and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
 O that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news :
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of
 yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
 unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

105. *cuisses*, thigh-pieces (of
 armour).

107. *And vaulted* ; for the
 construction cf. note on ii. 4.
 279.

113. *in their trim*, adorned,
 like beasts led to the altar.

114. *maid of smoky war*, the
 goddess Bellona.

119. *taste*, test, try.

Hot.

Forty let it be :

130

My father and Glendower being both away,
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.
 Come, let us take a muster speedily :
 Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying : I am out of fear
 Of death or death's hand for this one-half year.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *A public road near Coventry.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry ;
 fill me a bottle of sack : our soldiers shall march
 through ; we'll to Sutton Co'fil' to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain ?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and
 if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the
 coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at
 town's end.

10

Bard. I will, captain : farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am
 a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press
 damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
 and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
 I press me none but good householders, yeomen's
 sons ; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such
 as had been asked twice on the banns ; such a

3. *Sutton Co'fil'* ; the colloquial pronunciation of Sutton Coldfield, restored by the Camb. edd. from Qq Ff 'Sutton cop-hill' or 'Cop-hill.'

6. *makes*, makes up. Falstaff quibbles on the word. The value of the 'angel' varied from 6s. 8d. to 10s.

13. *soused*, pickled.

The First Part of

ACT IV

commodity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear
the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a 20
caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-
duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-
butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than
pins' heads, and they have bought out their ser-
vices; and now my whole charge consists of
ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of
companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the
painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his
sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers,
but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons 30
to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers
trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a
long peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged
than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to
fill up the rooms of them that have bought out
their services, that you would think that I had a
hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come
from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks.
A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I
had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the 40
dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows.
I'll not march through Coventry with them,
that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide
betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for
indeed I had the most of them out of prison.
There's but a shirt and a half in all my company;

19. *warm*, well-to-do.

21. *caliver*, musket.

22. *toasts-and-butter*, effemi-
nately pampered fellows, 'cock-
neys'; like this last, a common
term of contempt for Londoners.

26. *ancients*, ensigns.

27. *in the painted cloth*, i.e.
the painted hangings of rooms,
of which biblical stories were a

common subject.

30. *younger sons to younger
brothers*, i.e. men of desperate
fortune, and ready for adventure.

32. *trade-fallen*, out of service.

33. *more dishonourable ragged
than an old faced ancient*, more
ragged, though less honourably
ragged, than an old patched
standard (Johnson).

and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge. 50

Enter the PRINCE and WESTMORELAND.

Prince. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time 60 that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

Prince. I think, to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

Prince. I did never see such pitiful rascals. 70

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

48. *herald's coat without sleeves*, the tabard, or official sleeveless coat of the herald.

50, 51. St. Alban's and Daventry both lie on the highroad from London through Coventry

to Shrewsbury.

63. *away all night*, march all night; so Q. Ff have 'away all tonight.'

71. *to toss*, i.e. on pikes.

The First Part of

ACT IV

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

Prince. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. 80

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast

Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The rebel camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and
VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:

10

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver.

Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition : certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up :
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day ;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

20

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated and brought low :
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours :
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king, 30
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt ; and would
to God

You were of our determination !
Some of us love you well ; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should
stand so,

26. *journey-bated*, exhausted
with the journey.

36. *of our quality*, of our sort,
on our side.

The First Part of

ACT IV

So long as out of limit and true rule
 You stand against anointed majesty.
 But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
 The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
 You conjure from the breast of civil peace
 Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
 Audacious cruelty. If that the king
 Have any way your good deserts forgot,
 Which he confesseth to be manifold,
 He bids you name your griefs; and with all speed
 You shall have your desires with interest
 And pardon absolute for yourself and these 50
 Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and well we know the
 king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
 My father and my uncle and myself
 Did give him that same royalty he wears;
 And when he was not six and twenty strong,
 Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
 My father gave him welcome to the shore;
 And when he heard him swear and vow to God 60
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
 My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
 Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.
 Now when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,

42. *griefs*, grievances.

ib. *whereupon*, on what pre-
 text.

51. *suggestion*, instigation.

62. *sue his livery*; lay legal
 claim to his estates; cf. *Rich. II.*
 ii. i. 203, 204.

68. *more and less*, high and low.

Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes, 70
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh ;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth, 80
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for ;
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot.

Then to the point.

In short time after, he deposed the king ; 90
 Soon after that, deprived him of his life ;
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole state ;
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March,
 Who is, if every owner were well placed,
 Indeed his king, to be engaged in Wales,
 There without ransom to lie forfeited ;
 Disgraced me in my happy victories,
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence ;
 Rated mine uncle from the council-board ;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ; 100

87. *In deputation*, as deputies.

92. *task'd*, taxed.

88. *personal*, present in person.

95. *engaged*, kept as a hostage.

92. *in the neck of that*, following hard upon that.

98. *by intelligence*, by means of spies (cf. i i. 3. 23 f.)

Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in conclusion drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle
Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.

110

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and
love.

Hot. And may be so we shall.

Blunt. Pray God you do.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *York. The ARCHBISHOP'S palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK and SIR
MICHAEL.*

Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
brief
With winged haste to the lord marshal;
This to my cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make
haste.

Sir M. My good lord,
I guess their tenour.

103. *This head of safety*, this
armed force, raised by us in self-
defence.

his priestly title.

1. *brief*, document.

2. *marshal* (trisyllabic).

108. *impawn'd*, pledged.

4. *To whom*, i.e. to those to

Sc. 4. Sir Michael. 'Sir' is whom.

Arch.

Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must bide the touch ; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 10
 As I am truly given to understand,
 The king with mighty and quick-raised power
 Meets with Lord Harry : and, I fear, Sir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 Whose power was in the first proportion,
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 Who with them was a rated sinew too
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king. 20

Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not
 fear ;

There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
 Harry Percy,

And there is my Lord of Worcester and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is : but yet the king hath
 drawn

The special head of all the land together :
 The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,
 'The noble Westmoreland and warlike Blunt ; 30
 And many moe corrivals and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well
 opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear ;
 And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed :

17. *a rated sinew*, an expected
 source of strength.

31. *corrivals*, associates.

31. *dear men of estimation*,
 men of dear estimation.

The First Part of

ACT V

For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him :
Therefore make haste. I must go write again 40
To other friends ; and so farewell, Sir Michael.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The KING's camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN
OF LANCASTER, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and
FALSTAFF.*

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

[*The trumpet sounds.*]

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms 10

Sc. 1. Qq and Ff include the the rebel camp as a hostage till
Earl of Westmoreland among the return of Worcester.
the persons ; but it appears 2. *busky*, wooded, bosky.
from v. 2. 29-31 that he was in 4. *his*, the sun's.

As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
 And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
 To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :
 This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
 What say you to it? will you again unknit
 This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
 And move in that obedient orb again
 Where you did give a fair and natural light,
 And be no more an exhaled meteor,
 A prodigy of fear and a portent
 Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

20

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
 For mine own part, I could be well content
 To entertain the lag-end of my life
 With quiet hours ; for I do protest,
 I have not sought the day of this dislike.

King. You have not sought it? how comes it,
 then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

Prince. Peace, chewet, peace !

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your
 looks

30

Of favour from myself and all our house ;
 And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time ; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother and his son,
 That brought you home and boldly did outdare

40

17. *orb*, orbit.

24. *entertain*, occupy.

19. *exhaled*, drawn up (as a vapour by the sun ; the sixteenth-century theory of the origin of meteors).

29. *chewet*, jackdaw, chatterer ('chouette').

32. *remember*, remind.

The First Part of

ACT V

The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :
 To this we swore our aid. But in short space
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
 What with our help, what with the absent king,
 What with the injuries of a wanton time, 50
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
 And the contrarious winds that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars
 That all in England did repute him dead :
 And from this swarm of fair advantages
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand ;
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;
 And being fed by us you used us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird, 60
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 That even our love durst not come near your
 sight
 For fear of swallowing ; but with nimble wing
 We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight and raise this present head ;
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means
 As you yourself have forged against yourself
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth 70
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

King. These things indeed you have articulate,

51. *sufferances*, sufferings.

young cuckoo.

60. *gull*, unfledged bird.

72. *articulate*, drawn out in

ib. *the cuckoo's bird*, the articles.

King Henry the Fourth

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
 Of hurlyburly innovation :
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

80

Prince. In both your armies there is many a
 soul
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the
 world

In praise of Henry Percy : by my hopes,
 This present enterprise set off his head,
 I do not think a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
 More daring or more bold, is now alive
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
 For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry ;
 And so I hear he doth account me too ;
 Yet this before my father's majesty—
 I am content that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation,
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

90

100

King. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we ven-
 ture thee,

76. *discontents*, malcontents.
 77. *rub the elbow*, a mark of
 satisfaction.

of specious effect but no en-
 durance.

80. *water-colours*, i.e. colours
 88. *set off his head*, taken
 from his account.

The First Part of

ACT V

Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well ; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part ;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again and I'll be his :
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do : but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us
And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;
We will not now be troubled with reply :
We offer fair ; take it advisedly.

110

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.*]

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life :
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

King. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them :
And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

120

[*Exeunt all but the Prince of Wales and
Falstaff.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle
and bestride me, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would 'twere bed-time, Hal, and all
well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to
pay him before his day. What need I be so
forward with him that calls not on me ? Well, ¹³⁰
'tis no matter ; honour pricks me on. Yea, but

122. *bestride*, i.e. defend me by standing over me.

how if honour prick me off when I come on?
 how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an
 arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound?
 no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no.
 What is honour? a word. What is in that word
 honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reck-
 oning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednes-
 day. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no.
 'Tis insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But ¹⁴⁰
 will it not live with the living? no. Why? de-
 traction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of
 it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends
 my catechism. *[Exit.*

SCENE II. *The rebel camp.**Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
 Richard,

The liberal and kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,

The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still and find a time

To punish this offence in other faults:

Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;

For treason is but trusted like the fox,

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd and lock'd up, ¹⁰

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

Look how we can, or sad or merrily,

8. *Suspicion*; Rowe's correc-
 tion for Qq Ff 'supposition.'

11. *a wild trick*, a dash of
 the wildness.

The First Part of

ACT V

Interpretation will misquote our looks,
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot ;
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen :
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's ; we did train him on,
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

20

Ver. Deliver what you will ; I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is return'd :
Deliver up my Lord of Westmoreland.
Uncle, what news?

30

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid !

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :
He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

40

13. *misquote*, misread.

21. *train*, allure.

31. *bid*, offer.

King Henry the Fourth

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have
thrown

A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before
the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell
me,

50

How show'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man:
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praise
By still disparising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he master'd there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,

60

44. *engaged*, detained as a merits.
hostage.

56. *gave you all the duties*,
attributed to you all the due

60. *valued with you*, com-
pared with your merits.

62. *cital*, mention.

The First Part of

ACT V

So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured 70
On his follies : never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.
Arm, arm with speed : and, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you. 80

Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare ; the king comes on
apace. 90

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my
tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.

72. *libertine*, Capell's emendation ; Qq₁₋₄ 'libertie.'

King Henry the Fourth

Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.
 Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
 And by that music let us all embrace ;
 For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
 A second time do such a courtesy.

100

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and
 exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Plain between the camps.*

*The KING enters with his power. Alarum to the
 battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and SIR WALTER
 BLUNT.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle
 thus

Thou crossest me ? what honour dost thou seek
 Upon my head ?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas ;
 And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
 Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
 bought
 Thy likeness, for instead of thee, King Harry,
 This sword hath ended him : so shall it thee,
 Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

10

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot ;
 And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
 Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight. Douglas
 kills Blunt.*]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holme-
 don thus,

97. *Esperance* (four syllables).

ACT V

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless
lies the king.

Doug. Here.

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt ; 20
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear :
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king ?

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats ;

Hot. Up, and away !

Alarum. Enter FALSTAFF, *solus.*

21. *Semblably*, similarly.

39. *the town's end*, at the gates, a common station for beggars.

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unrevenged: I prithee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

Prince. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

50

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

Prince. Give it me: what, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws it out, and finds it to be a bottle of sack.*]

Prince. What, is it a time to jest and dally now? [*He throws the bottle at him. Exit.*]

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I 60 come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

46. *Turk Gregory*; Falstaff jocosely combines two characters associated in popular fame with military exploits,—the Sultan,

and Pope Gregory VII.

59. *pierce*; pron. 'perce.'

61. *carbonado*, a slice of meat slashed for broiling.

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter the KING, the PRINCE, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, and EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

King. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much.
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

Prince. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do so.
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

Prince. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help: 10
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long: come, cousin West-
moreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.*]

Prince. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lan-
caster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do respect thee as my soul. 20

King. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

5. *make up*, advance to the front.

6. *amaze*, bewilder, confuse.

21. *hold . . . at the point*, i.e. parry his attacks.

King Henry the Fourth

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

Prince. O, this boy
Lends mettle to us all ! *[Exit.*

Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king ! they grow like Hydra's
heads :

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them : what art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

King. The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves
at heart

So many of his shadows thou hast met 30
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field :
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee : so, defend thyself.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit ;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee. *[They fight ; the King*
being in danger, re-enter Prince of Wales.

Prince. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
art like

Never to hold it up again ! the spirits 40
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my
arms :

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee ;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.

[They fight : Douglas flies.

Cheerly, my lord : how fares your grace ?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton : I'll to Clifton straight.

King. Stay, and breathe awhile :

The First Part of

ACT V

* [Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,
And show'd thou makest some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

50

Prince. O God ! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you,
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

King. Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas
Gawsey. [Exit.

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

Prince. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my
name.

60

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Prince. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.
I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry ; for the hour is come
To end the one of us ; and would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

70

Prince. I'll make it greater ere I part from
thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*

48. *opinion*, repute.

hast some regard for.

49. *makest some tender of*,

65. *sphere*, orbit.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth!

I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh: 10

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.

Prince. For worms, brave Percy: fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound; 20
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal;
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

81, 82. 'Thought is dependent upon life, and life is subject to the caprice of time, and time,

96. *my favours.* He covers Hotspur's face with his scarf.

The First Part of

ACT V

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !

Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,

100

But not remember'd in thy epitaph !

[*He spieth Falstaff on the ground.*

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !

I could have better spared a better man :

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity !

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by :

Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

[*Exit.* 110

Fal. [*Rising up*] Embowelled ! if thou em-

bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder

me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas

time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot

had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ? I lie,

I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counter-

feit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who

hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit

dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no

counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of 120

life indeed. The better part of valour is discre-

tion ; in the which better part I have saved my

life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder

Percy, though he be dead : how, if he should

counterfeit too and rise ? by my faith, I am

afraid he would prove the better counterfeit.

Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear

I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I ?

100. *ignomy* ; so F₁, F₂,
Qq₄₋₇ ; the rest, 'ignominy.'

109. *Embowell'd* ; i.e. for em-
balming.

112. *powder*, pickle.

115. *scot and lot*, taxes, con-
tributions.

Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a 130
new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.
[*Takes up Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter the PRINCE OF WALES and LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Prince. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground. Art thou
alive?

Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak; we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st. 140

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a
Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]:
if your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be
either earl or duke, I can assure you.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world
is given to lying! I grant you I was down and
out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both 150
at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrews-
bury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let
them that should reward valour bear the sin upon
their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I
gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man

133. *flesh'd*, initiated in bloodshed.

The First Part of

ACT V

were alive and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that ever I heard.

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back : 160

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A retreat is sounded.]

The trumpet sounds retreat ; the day is ours.

Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince of Wales and Lancaster.]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him ! If I do grow great, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do.

[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the KING, PRINCE OF WALES, LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER, EARL OF WESTMORELAND, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.

King. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester ! did not we send grace,
Pardon and terms of love to all of you ?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary ?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust ?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Christian thou hadst truly borne

King Henry the Fourth

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

10

Wor. What I have done my safety urged me to ;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

King. Bear Worcester to the death and Vernon
too :

Other offenders we will pause upon.

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field ?

Prince. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when
he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest ;
And falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is ; and I beseech your grace
I may dispose of him.

20

King. With all my heart.

Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honourable bounty shall belong :
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free :
His valour shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

30

Lan. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.

King. Then this remains, that we divide our
power.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest
speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :

14. *to the death* ; ' the ' is used of death inflicted by authority.

King Henry the Fourth

ACT V

Myself and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March. 40
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day :
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

KING HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards King

Henry V.,

THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE,

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER

EARL OF WARWICK.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

EARL OF SURREY.

GOWER.

HARCOURT.

BLUNT.

Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.

A Servant of the Chief-Justice.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

SCROOP, Archbishop of York

LORD MOWBRAY.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD BARDOLPH.

SIR JOHN COLEVILE.

TRAVERS and MORTON, retainers of Northumberland.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

His Page.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

POINS.

PETO.

SHALLOW, } country justices.

SILENCE, }

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF,
recruits.

FANG and SNARE, sheriff's officers.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

MISTRESS QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

King Henry the Fourth

Lords and Attendants ; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, etc.
A Dancer, speaker of the epilogue.

SCENE : *England.*

DURATION OF TIME

Historic Time.—July 21, 1403, to April 9, 1413.

Dramatic Time.—Nine historic days with three extra Falstaffian days and intervals.

Historic Days.		Falstaffian Days.	
Day 1.	I. 1.		
	Interval.		
	I. 3.	I. 2.	Day 1a.
" 2.	{	II. 1.	" 2a.
		II. 2.	
	II. 3.	II. 4.	
	Interval.		
" 3.	III. 1.		
	Interval.		
" 4.	III. 2.		
	Interval.		
" 5.	IV. 1.-3.		
	Interval.		
" 6.	IV. 4., 5.		
" 7.	V. 2.	V. 1.	" 3a.
	Interval.	V. 3.	
" 8.	V. 4.		
" 9.	V. 5.		

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will
stop

The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world. 10
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepared defence,

Ind. Rumour, painted full of was ultimately derived from
tongues. 'Rumour,' thus symboli- Vergil's picture of Fama, *Aen.*
cally arrayed, frequently figured iv. 173 f.
in Court pageants throughout 2. *vent*, aperture.
the sixteenth century. The idea

The Second Part of

INDUC.

Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before King Harry's victory;
 Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? my office is
 To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's
 tongues
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
 wrongs. [Exit. 40]

21. *anatomize*, lay open, interpret.

28. *To speak*, in speaking.

33. *peasant*, country, provincial.

35. *hold*, stronghold.

35. *ragged*, rugged.

37. *crafty-sick*. Holinshed says nothing of a real or feigned sickness of Northumberland.

37. *tiring on*, probably riding hard, without a pause.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same.**Enter* LORD BARDOLPH.*L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?*The Porter opens the gate.*

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the
orchard :Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.*[Exit Porter.]**North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every
minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem :

The times are wild ; contention, like a horse

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose

And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.*North.* Good, an God will !*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish :
The king is almost wounded to the death ;8. *stratagem*, dreadful or amazing deed.

The Second Part of

ACT I

And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas ; young Prince
John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field ;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

20

North. How is this derived ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter TRAVERS.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the
way ;

30

And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes
with you ?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me
back

With joyful tidings ; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury :

40

37. *forspent*, utterly exhausted.

King Henry the Fourth

He told me that rebellion had bad luck
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward struck his armed heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Staying no longer question.

North.

Ha! Again:

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
 Of Hotspur Coldspur? that rebellion
 Had met ill luck?

50

L. Bard.

My lord, I'll tell you what;
 If my young lord your son have not the day,
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point
 I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode
 by Travers

Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard.

Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-
 leaf,

60

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
 So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;

53. *point*, the tagged lace that supported the hose.

56. *instances*, evidences.

57. *hilding*, base groom.

62. *whereon*, so Q; Ff 'when.'

63. *a witness'd usurpation*, witnesses of its usurpation.

The Second Part of

ACT I

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt ;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and
thus ;

Your brother thus : so fought the noble Douglas :'
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;
But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton ;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
Thou shakest thy head and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;

King Henry the Fourth

The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100
 Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is
 dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe
 That which I would to God I had not seen ;
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
 breathed,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
 down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops ;
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead :
 And as the thing that 's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor-
 cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,

101. *a losing office*, an office that brings him but loss.

108. *quittance*, requital.

The Second Part of

ACT I

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his
flight,

130

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is that the king hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
nice crutch !

140

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly
quoif !

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enraged Northumberland !
Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand

150

129. *'Gan vail his stomach,*
humbled his spirit.

138. *Having been well;* refer-
ring to *me*, i.e. 'had I been well.'

145. *nice*, effeminate.

147. *thou sickly quoif*, the
invalid's head-bandage or 'ker-
chief.'

149. *flesh'd*, made fierce.

151. *ragged'st*, roughest.

King Henry the Fourth

Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !

And let this world no longer be a stage

To feed contention in a lingering act ;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,

And darkness be the burier of the dead !

160

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong,
my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom
from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said

'Let us make head.' It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop :
You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger
ranged :

170

Yet did you say 'Go forth ;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action : what hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be ?

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss

180

156. *To feed contention in a
lingering act*, where civil war
drags out its course through
successive scenes ;—a reference
perhaps to the 'long jars' of
York and Lancaster.

166-179. Omitted in Q.

169. *dole*, dealing.

174. *where most trade of
danger ranged*, where danger
chiefly walked or haunted.

The Second Part of

ACT I

Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time : and, my most noble
lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers : he is a man 190
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop 200
Turns insurrection to religion :
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones ;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause ;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
And more and less do flock to follow him.

184. *respect*, consideration.

189-209. Omitted in Q.

192. *corpse* ; plur. for corpses
(F₁ 'corpes'). L.

196. *queasiness*, qualms.

204. *doth enlarge his rising*,
increases the number of his
supporters by posing as the
avenger of Richard.

209. *more and less*, high and
low.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,

210

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man

The aptest way for safety and revenge:

Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:

Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. A street.*

Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap

8. *foolish - compounded clay,*
man; clay compounded of folly.
Q Ff 'foolish compounded clay-
man.'

dragore plant, the root of which
was thought to resemble a
human figure; hence a term of
ridicule for a diminutive man,
a 'mannikin.'

17. *mandrake,* the man-

The Second Part of

ACT I

than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, 20 and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever 30 since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his band and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton! pray God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson 40 Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking up, then they must

18. *manned with an agate*, i.e. with an image cut in agate, —referring both to the page's diminutive stature and to his smooth face.

26. *face - royal*, the face stamped on the 'royal' or ten-shilling piece.

37. *band*, bond.

41. *a . . . yea-forsooth knave*, referring (like Hotspur in the First Part) to the mild oaths of city tradesmen.

42. *bear . . . in hand*, fawningly delude with false hopes.

43. *smooth-pates*, sleek-headed fellows.

46. *taking up*, buying on credit.

stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked a' should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

58. *I bought him in Paul's,* hired, and politics discussed' (Nares).
i.e. hired him in the nave of St. Paul's, then the promenade and informal Exchange of London, where 'advertisements were fixed up, bargains made, servants

61. *Enter the Lord Chief-Justice.* This was Sir William Gascoigne.

The Second Part of

ACT I

Serv. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of 80
any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow; I
must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John!

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging!
Is there not wars? is there not employment?
doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels
need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on
any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than
to be on the worst side, were it worse than the
name of rebellion can tell how to make it. 90

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest
man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership
aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knight-
hood and your soldiership aside; and give me
leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you
say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay
aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest 100
any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave,
thou wert better be hanged. You hunt counter:
hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship
good time of day. I am glad to see your lord-
ship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick:
I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.

102. *hunt counter*, are on a habitually used in driving away
wrong scent; 'avaunt' was a dog.

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, ¹¹⁰
hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish
of the saltness of time; and I most humbly be-
seech your lordship to have a reverent care of
your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before
your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his
majesty is returned with some discomfort from
Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty: you ¹²⁰
would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is
fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him! I pray you,
let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of
lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of
sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as
it is. 130

Fal. It hath it original from much grief,
from study and perturbation of the brain: I have
read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a
kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the
disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather,
an't please you, it is the disease of not listening,
the malady of not marking, that I am troubled
withal. 140

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would

110. *clean*, altogether.

131. *it*, its; so Q, F₁ F₂.

137 f. The Q denotes the

speaker here by *Old*, i.e., as
Theobald suggested, 'Oldcastle.'

141. *punish by the heels*, im-

prison.

The Second Part of

ACT I

amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were ¹⁵⁰ matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. 160

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound : your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for ¹⁷⁰ your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

171. *o'er-posting*, escaping, getting clear of.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve ¹⁸⁴ the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Virtue is of ¹⁹⁰ so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 200

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part

179. *wassail candle*, a large candle used at banquets.

190. *I cannot go: I cannot tell*; quibbling allusion to light coinage is continued in the words 'go,' 'pass current,' 'tell,' 'count

as good money.'

192. *bear-herd*, keeper of a tame bear.

192. *pregnancy*, mental agility.

198. *our livers* (as the seat of the passions).

The Second Part of

ACT I

about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the ²¹⁰ clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with halloing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, ²²⁰ and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland. ²³⁰

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again.

213. *halloing.* Does Falstaff mean 'hallelu-ing'? L.

214. *approve,* prove.

237. *would I might never spit white;* this was regarded as a sign of health: 'The whitte spittle not knotty signifieth health,' says

Batman upon Bartholome, quoted by Furnivall. It was also regarded as a sign of thirst; and may hence, in Falstaff's mouth, have referred to the immediate concomitant of thirst, —drink.

There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion. 240

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth? 250

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a' can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy! 260

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland;

240-247. *but it was . . .* with a cross.
motion; omitted in Ff.

253. *crosses*, (quibbling) (1) rammer wielded by three men.

afflictions; (2) coins stamped 265. *lingers*, prolongs.

The Second Part of

ACT I

and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first ²⁷⁰ white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *York. The ARCHBISHOP'S palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP, the LORDS HASTINGS,
MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings,
standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand

^{278.} *commodity*, merchandise; a means of profit.

^{3.} *hopes*, prospects.

May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far 20
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for indeed
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lined himself
with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts : 30
And so, with great imagination
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

L. Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war,

27. *lined*, stuffed, supported.

29. *in project*, in the idea.

ib. *a power much smaller* ;
i.e. the actual forces at his
disposal were far outnumbered
by the smallest he imagined 'in
project.'

30. 'Smaller in reality than
his least exaggerated estimate
of it.'

33. *winking*, with closed eyes,
blindly.

35. *forms of hope*, probable
issues.

36, 37. This is the text of Ff.
No convincing emendation of
it has been proposed. The
error probably lies in the word

'indeed' ; the simplest sub-
stitute for which is 'induced'
(Monck Mason). This gives
an excellent sense. Lord Bar-
dolph replies : 'Yes (*i.e.* it did
hurt to lay down likelihoods, etc.),
if the momentary aspect of the
war, so arrived at, induced
immediate action ; since a cause
once set on foot has always
more chances against it than
for it.' More radical changes
were proposed by Malone, John-
son, Capell. The Camb. edd.
prefer to leave the text un-
touched.

36-55. *Yes . . . else* ; omitted
in Q.

The Second Part of

ACT I

Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot
 Lives so in hope as in an early spring
 We see the appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,
 Hope gives not so much warrant as despair 40
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
 And when we see the figure of the house,
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
 Which if we find outweighs ability,
 What do we then but draw anew the model
 In fewer offices, or at last desist
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
 Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
 And set another up, should we survey 50
 The plot of situation and the model,
 Consent upon a sure foundation,
 Question surveyors, know our own estate,
 How able such a work to undergo,
 To weigh against his opposite ; or else
 We fortify in paper and in figures,
 Using the names of men instead of men :
 Like one that draws the model of a house
 Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,
 Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
 A naked subject to the weeping clouds
 And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair
 birth,
 Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
 The utmost man of expectation,
 I think we are a body strong enough,
 Even as we are, to equal with the king.

38. *in hope*, with respect to hope ; its hopes are as uncertain.

42. *model*, plan.

60. *cost*, i.e. the product of

cost, the building.

61. *Anaked subject to*, nakedly exposed to. 'To' strictly belongs to 'naked.'

King Henry the Fourth

L. Bard. What, is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. 80
If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure

69. *To us*, in regard to us, as far as we are concerned.

71. *against the French*; this probably alludes to the French force which landed at Milford in 1405, advanced to Worcester, and then turned and retreated westward.

80. *Baying him*, driving him

to bay.

82. *The Duke of Lancaster*, i.e. Prince John of Lancaster. In reality, he never possessed this title, remaining Prince John until his brother's accession, when he was made Duke of Bedford.

85-108. *Let us . . . worst*; omitted in Q.

The Second Part of

ACT II

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90
 O thou fond many, with what loud applause
 Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
 Before he was what thou wouldst have him be !
 And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,
 Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
 That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.
 So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;
 And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
 And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ? 100
 They that, when Richard lived, would have him
 die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :
 Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
 When through proud London he came sighing on
 After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
 Criest now 'O earth, yield us that king again,
 And take thou this !' O thoughts of men accursed !
 Past and to come seems best ; things present worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids
 be gone. [Exeunt. 110

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter HOSTESS, FANG *and his Boy with her,*
and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the
 action ?

94. *trimm'd in thine own desires, furnished with all you wanted.*

King Henry the Fourth

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered 10
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for 20
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good Master Fang, hold him sure: good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continuantly to Pie-corner—saving your manhoods—to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head 30
in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silk-man: I pray ye, since my exion is entered and my case so openly known to the world, let him

4. *your yecman*, the sheriff's officer's servant; a sort of under-bailiff

17. *foin*, thrust.

24. *vice*, clutches.

26. *infinitive*, infinite.

30. *the Lubber's-head*, the libbard's (leopard's) head.

31. *Lumbert*, Lombard.

The Second Part of

ACT II

be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne, and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass 40 and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Master Fang and Master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph: cut 50 me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph. 60

34. *A hundred mark is a long one*, i.e. a long mark, a large score. Theobald proposed 'a long loan,' thus obtaining a new quibble with 'lone'; but this is not necessary.

37. *fubbed off*, put off with idle excuses.

46. *whose mare's dead*; a

proverbial phrase for 'What has happened?'

55. *bastardly*; Mrs. Quickly blunders between 'bastard' and 'dastardly.'

56. *honey-suckle*, i.e. homicidal. So 'honey-seed' below for 'homicide.'

58. *man-queller*, man-killer.

King Henry the Fourth

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't ta ? do, do, thou rogue ! do, thou hemp-seed !

Fal. Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter ? keep the peace here, ho !

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech you, stand to me.

70

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John ! what are you brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time and business ?

You should have been well on your way to York. Stand from him, fellow : wherefore hang'st upon him ?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum ?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house 80 and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his : but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie !

65. *rampallian*, a term of low staff, as if from 'fusty' or abuse, commonly applied to 'fustian.' women.

66. *catastrophe*, i.e. *pars postrema*.

66. *fustilarian* ; an abusive word, apparently coined by Fal- 85. *vantage of ground*, favourable opportunity.

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what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

90

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst. 100

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the 120

88. *exclamation*, outcry.

97. *liking*, likening.

101. *Keech*; cf. note to I Henry IV. ii. 4. 252.

King Henry the Fourth

true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 130

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtesy and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs. 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

133. *undergo this sneap*, submit to this rebuke. to your position.

143. *satisfy*, pay.

142. *answer in the effect of your reputation*, respond to her suit in the manner conformable

145. *Gower.* Probably intended for the poet, a zealous adherent of Henry IV.

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Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more 150
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground¹, I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not 160
for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i' faith, I am loath to pawn my plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still. 170

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

^{152.} *By this heavenly ground;* a confusion of 'by heaven' and 'by this ground.'

^{155.} *glasses is the only drinking.* Harrison (*Descr. of England*, ed. 1587, ii. 6; quoted by Adams) attests that the costly glass of Venice and Murano was then more in request with 'our gentilitie' than gold or silver.

^{156.} *drollery*; probably, here, a representation of some farcical incident.

^{157.} *the German hunting*, probably a boar-hunt.

^{157.} *in water-work*, water-colours; probably some kind of rough distemper.

^{158.} *these bed-hangings*, a derisive term for wall tapestries.

^{159.} *Let it be ten pound.* Falstaff 'satisfies' his creditor by requiring a new loan.

^{162.} *draw*, withdraw.

^{166.} *but twenty nobles*, i.e. £6:13:4.

King Henry the Fourth

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph*] Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord?

180

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

190

Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

200

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the

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right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. Another street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that ? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition. 10

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and 20 another for use ! But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there ; as

206. *tap for tap, tit for tat.* 5. *discolours the complexion of my greatness, puts me to an*

3. *attached, arrested, taken possession of.* unprincely blush.

10. *studied, inclined.*

King Henry the Fourth

thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened. 30

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell. 40

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow. 50

Poins. The reason?

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 26-30. <i>and God . . . strengthened</i> ; omitted in Ff. | made out of his old shirts. |
| 27. <i>out</i> , out of; the allusion is to Poins' illegitimate children, who 'bawl' in swaddling-clothes | 49. <i>book</i> , register, record. |
| | 50. <i>persistency</i> , stubbornness. |
| | 54. <i>ostentation</i> , manifestation. |

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Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a' had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Bard. God save your grace!

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

64. *accites*, induces.

hands, a shapely and agile

67. *engrafted to*, attached

man.

to.

83. *pottle-pot*, tankard holding

72. *a proper fellow of my* two quarts.

King Henry the Fourth

Page. A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat and so peeped through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited? 90

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

Prince. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation: there 'tis, boy. 100

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master? 110

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phy-

85. *through a red lattice*, i.e. out of a low tavern; these houses being distinguished by their red lattices. A quibble on Bardolph's red face.

96. The page confuses Althæa, who snatched the fire-brand from the hearth, with Hecuba, who dreamed—before the birth of Paris—that she

would be delivered of a fire-brand. [The story is correctly referred to in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 234, *Tr. and Cres.* ii. 2. 110. L.]

110. *martlemas*, Martinmas; hence of a person in the November of life, like 'All-hallow'n summer,' 1 *Henry IV.* i. 2. 178.

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sician ; but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place ; for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads*] ‘John Falstaff, knight,’—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself : even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger but they say, ‘There’s some of the king’s blood spilt.’ ‘How comes that?’ says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower’s cap, ‘I am the king’s poor cousin, sir.’ 120

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter :

Poins. [*Reads*] ‘Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.’ Why, this is a certificate. 130

Prince. Peace !

Poins. [*Reads*] ‘I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity :’ he sure means brevity in breath, short-winded. ‘I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest ; and so, farewell. 140

‘Thine, by yea and no, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him, JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.’

125. *borrower’s cap* ; Theobald’s excellent emendation for Q Ff ‘borrowed cap.’

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I ¹⁵⁰ marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? ¹⁶⁰

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. ¹⁷⁰

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it. ¹⁸⁰

160. *frank*, enclosure, sty.

164. *Ephesians*, boon-companions.

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Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as 190 drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

186. *bestow himself*, deport himself, behave.

193. *descension*, decline.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word, 10
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.
For yours, the God of heaven brighten it !

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move 20
To do brave acts : he was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :
He had no legs that practised not his gait ;
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood, 30
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous
him !

O miracle of men ! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage ; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

11. *endear'd*, deeply bound. have 'heart-dear.'

12. *heart's dear*, so Q ; Ff abruptness. 24. *thick*, with indistinct

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Did seem defensible : so you left him.
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
 To hold your honour more precise and nice 40
 With others than with him ! let them alone :
 The marshal and the archbishop are strong :
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
 Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.
 But I must go and meet with danger there,
 Or it will seek me in another place
 And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland, 50
 Till that the nobles and the armed commons
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
 king,
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
 First let them try themselves. So did your son ;
 He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;
 And never shall have length of life enough
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis
 with my mind
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way :
 Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me back.

38. *defensible*, capable of love us all.
 offering resistance. 61. *For recordation to*, in
 55. *for all our loves*, as you memory of.

I will resolve for Scotland : there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. The Bear's-head Tavern
in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns, and, putting off his hat, said 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

10

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch: the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pains anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

20

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

13. *noise*, band of musicians. Utas, O. Fr. 'huitaves,' originally
the time between a festival and
21. *old Utis*, rare fun (from the eighth day after it).

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Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?' How do you now? 30

Dol. Better than I was: hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*Singing.*] 'When Arthur first in court'—Empty the jordan. [*Exit First Drawer.*]—[*Singing.*] 'And was a worthy king.' How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith. 40

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that. 50

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

36. 'When Arthur first,' etc.
A fragment of the ballad of Sir
Lancelot du Lake, reprinted in

Percy's *Reliques*.

40. *calm*, for 'qualm.'

41. *sect*, sex.

Fal. 'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:'
for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you
know: to come off the breach with his pike bent
bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon
the charged chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; 60
you two never meet but you fall to some discord:
you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as two
dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's
confirmities. What the good-year! one must
bear, and that must be you: you are the weaker
vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a
huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's
venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not
seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold. Come, 70
I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going
to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee
again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and
would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him
not come hither: it is the foul-mouthed'st rogue in
England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here:
no, by my faith; I must live among my neigh- 80
bours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name
and fame with the very best: shut the door;
there comes no swaggerers here: I have not

53. *ouches*, ornaments. The hot, choleric.
line is a scrap of an old ballad.

64. *good-year*, probably a cor-
62. *rheumatic*, a blunder for ruption of Fr. 'goujère,' a disease.

The Second Part of

ACT II

lived all this while, to have swaggering now: shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me: ⁹⁰ your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the debuty, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he; Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then; 'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' said he, 'you are in an ill name:' now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take ¹⁰⁰ heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.' There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[Exit First Drawer.]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no ¹¹⁰ honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering, by my troth; I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

^{105.} *tame cheater*, (a cant term) sharper (at dice or cards).

^{111.} *cheater*; the hostess understands 'escheator,' exchequer-officer.

King Henry the Fourth

Host. Do I? yea, in very troth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, ¹²⁰
I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will ¹³⁰
charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you ¹⁴⁰
basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

138. *bung*, sharper.

139. *cuttle*, cut-purse.

141. *basket-hilt stale juggler*,

a worn-out practiser of sword-tricks.

142. *points*, laces, probably the marks of his commission.

The Second Part of

ACT II

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

150

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what! for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as 160 the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, 170 with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis

146-148. Omitted in Ff.

158. *stewed prunes*, a customary article of food in houses of ill-fame.

162. *was ill sorted*, fell into bad company. It had acquired an obscene suggestion.

173. *faitors*, evil-doers.

173. *Have we not Hiren here?*

Probably a scrap from G. Peele's lost tragedy, *The Turkish Mahomet and the Fair Greck Hiren* (i.e. Irene). [Pistol probably connects Hiren and 'iron,' and touches his sword when asking the question. L.]

very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, 180
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them
with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such 190
here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.
Come, give's some sack.

'Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.'
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack: and, sweetheart, lie thou
there. [Laying down his sword.

178, 179. A slightly perverted quotation from Marlowe's *Tam-burlaine*:—

Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia;
What, can ye draw but twenty miles
a day?

180. *Cannibals*, i.e. Hannibals.

183. *toys*, idle whims.

193. *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis*; a parody of two bits of Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*:

Muley Mahomet presents to his wife a piece of lion's flesh on the point of a sword, with the words: '*Feed then and faint not, fair Calipolis*'; subsequently, '*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe.'

195. '*Si fortune*,' etc. This was current both in a French and an Italian form; it is not clear how much Pistol's version owes to his own corruptions.

The Second Part of

ACT II

Come we to full points here; and are etceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we ²⁰⁰ have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? [*Snatching up his sword.* ²¹⁰
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and ²²⁰

198. *Come to full points*, come to a full stop.

200. *neif*, fist.

201. *seen the seven stars*, spent many a night together.

205. *Galloway nags*, common hackneys.

206. *shove-groat shilling*; a shilling (originally a groat) used in the game of 'shove-groat,' the coin being dexterously pushed along a board with the

object of causing it to rest within certain marked spaces.

210. *imbrue*, draw blood.

211. *Then death rock me asleep*; the opening of a song attributed to Anne Boleyn.

213. *the Sisters Three*, the three Fates; one of whom, Atropos 'the implacable,' wielded the 'abhorred shears' that slit the thread of human fate.

King Henry the Fourth

frights. So ; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you !

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin ? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out o' doors ?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk : you ²³⁰ have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal ! to brave me !

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest ! come, let me wipe thy face ; come on, you whoreson chops : ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee : thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies : ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in ²⁴⁰ a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart : an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew ²⁵⁰

^{250.} *tidy*, here a pet-word, well as 'neat,' and could thus with no very definite sense ; be applied to the pig in *prime* normally it meant 'timely' as *condition* for the Fair.

The Second Part of

ACT II

boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days
and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine
old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a
death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: a' would
have made a good pantler, a' would ha' chipped
bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit.

260

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his
wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's
no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness,
and a' plays at quoits well, and eats conger and
fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-
dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys,
and jumps upon joined-stools, and swears with a
good grace, and wears his boots very smooth, 270
like unto the sign of the leg, and breeds no bate
with telling of discreet stories; and such other
gambol faculties a' has, that show a weak mind
and an able body, for the which the prince admits
him: for the prince himself is such another; the
weight of a hair will turn the scales between
their avoirdupois.

258. *pantler*, servant who
had charge of the pantry.

266. *conger and fennel* were
regarded as provocatives.

267. *flap-dragons*, pieces of
burning material swallowed with
wine; the process was a fashion-
able amusement of the time.

268. *rides the wild-mare*,
plays see-saw.

271. *the sign of the leg*, sus-
pended over shoemakers' shops.

271. *bate*, quarrelling, dis-
cord. Poins, it is insinuated,
tells *indiscreet* (*i.e.* indecent)
stories.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore. 280

Prince. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 290

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone. 300

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [Coming forward.
Poins. }

288. *the fiery Trigon.* The twelve signs of the zodiac were divided into four 'trigons' or 'triplicities'; one consisting of the three 'fiery' signs (Aries, Leo, Sagittarius), the others of the three airy, the three watery, and the three earthly signs. When

the three chief planets were in the three fiery signs they were said to form a 'fiery Trigon' (*Trigonum igneum*).

289. *lipping to his master's old tables,* courting his master's old mistress; 'tables' were note-books.

The Second Part of

ACT II

Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? And art not thou Poins his brother ?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead !

310

Fal. A better than thou : I am a gentleman ; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine ! O Jesu, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

320

Dol. How, you fat fool ! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

Host. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

330

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

308. *Poins his, Poins's.*

oath, 'by this light.'

320. *by this light flesh, etc. ;*
Falstaff amplifies the common

326. *candle-mine, 'tallow-pit.'*

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour ; no abuse. 340

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread-chipper and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him ; in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal : none, 350 Ned, none : no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us ? is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable ; and his face is Lucifer's privy- 360 kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him ; but the devil outbids him too.

Prince. For the women ?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her money ; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think thou 370 art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in

^{358.} *thou dead elm* ; Falstaff had given to Doll Tearsheet ' (his is apparently so called 'on 'vine' or 'female ivy') (Schmidt). account of the weak support he

^{361.} *malt-worms*, toppers.

The Second Part of

ACT II

thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking within. 380]

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

Prince. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak. Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto,
and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence and leave it unpicked. [Knocking within.] More knocking at the door!

<p>373. <i>contrary to the law.</i> Repeated enactments were made during the reigns of Elizabeth and James to repress the sale of</p>	<p>meat during Lent, with imperfect success as the dramatists attest.</p>
	<p>393. <i>Borne with, laden with.</i></p>

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now ! what 's the matter ?

400

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently ;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page*] Pay the musicians, sirrah.
Farewell, hostess ; farewell, Doll. You see, my
good wenches, how men of merit are sought after :
the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action
is called on. Farewell, good wenches : if I be not
sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak ; if my heart be not ready
to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself. 410

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Falstaff
and Bardolph.*]

Host. Well, fare thee well : I have known thee
these twenty nine years, come peascod-time ; but
an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare
thee well.

Bard. [*Within*] Mistress Tearsheet !

Host. What 's the matter ?

Bard. [*Within*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come
to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll : come. 420
[*She comes blubbered.*] Yea, will you come, Doll ?

[*Exeunt.*]

420, 421. In Ff this speech blubbered' is printed as if
ends at 'run, good Doll.' In spoken.

Q the direction 'she comes 421. blubbered, sobbing.

The Second Part of

ACT III

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter the KING in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them : make good speed.

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep ! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee 10
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

I. This scene was omitted in section of two extra leaves.
some copies of the Q, and 17. *A watch-case, sentry-*
supplied afterwards by the in-box.

Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down! 30
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
 Which to his former strength may be restored
 With good advice and little medicine:

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book
 of fate,

And see the revolution of the times
 Make mountains level, and the continent,
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself

25. *That*, so that.

obvious sense by reading 'then
 (happy) low lie down,' improved

30. *Then happy low, lie down!*

Ye happy low-born ones, take
 your rest. The Q confused this

by Warburton to 'then happy
 lowly clown,' which many editors
 adopt.

The Second Part of

ACT III

Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
 The beachy girdle of the ocean 50
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,
 And changes fill the cup of alteration
 With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
 'Tis not ten years gone
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
 Did feast together, and in two years after
 Were they at wars : it is but eight years since 60
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
 And laid his love and life under my foot,
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by—
 You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—

[To Warwick.]

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
 Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy ?
 'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70
 My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;'
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
 But that necessity so bow'd the state
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :
 'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
 'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
 Shall break into corruption : ' so went on,

50. *ocean* (three syllables).

according to Holinshed in 1403-1409 (actually in 1415).

60. *but eight years since*.
 This would bring the supposed historic date of this scene to 1407. The death of Glendower, reported at v. 103, happened

66. *cousin Nevil* ; the name is transferred from the Warwicks of Henry VI.'s reign. The title at this time belonged to the family of Beauchamp.

King Henry the Fourth

Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, 80
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time ;

And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ; 90
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities ?
Then let us meet them like necessities :
And that same word even now cries out on us :
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord ;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth 100
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel :

87. *the necessary form of this*,
the form which this historic ob-
servation necessarily assumed.

103. *instance*, proof.
105. *unseason'd*, unseason-
able, untimely.

The Second Part of

ACT III

And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Gloucestershire. Before JUSTICE SHALLOW'S house.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY,
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, a Serv-
ant or two with them.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give
me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an
early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my
good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-
fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my
god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my ¹⁰
cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at
Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. A' must, then, to the inns o' court shortly.
I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called 'lusty Shallow' then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing;
and I would have done any thing indeed too, and ²⁰
roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit

Scene 2. Shallow. This according to a credible tradition
character probably embodies an early enemy of Shakespeare.
some of the foibles of Sir ^{21.} *roundly*, offhand, with-
Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, out ceremony.

of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cots'ol' man; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns o' court again: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither 30
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very 40
sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

23. *a Cots'ol' man*, one renowned in the races and wrestlings periodically held on Cotswold. Q has 'Cotsole,' Ff 'Cot-sal-,' phonetic forms, like 'Sutton Co'fil' (1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 3).

24. *swinge-bucklers*, swash-bucklers, roysterers.

26. *bona-robas*, handsome wenches.

28. *page to Thomas Mowbray*. One of the few details in which the actual history of Sir John Oldcastle is preserved. See Introduction.

33. *Skogan*. Two famous

persons of this name lived in the fifteenth century: (1) Henry Scogan, the Court poet of Henry IV. and friend of Chaucer; (2) John Scogan, the Court jester of Edward IV. and subject of a well-known Elizabethan chap-book, *Scogin's Jestes*, 1565. Shakespeare probably meant the jester, but assigned him to the period of the poet.

34. *crack*, imp, pert little boy.

36. *behind Gray's Inn*; then a sequestered spot in the open fields.

42. *How*, i.e. what is the price of (*quanti*?).

The Second Part of

ACT III

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead! a' drew a good bow; and dead! a' shot a fine shoot: John a Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a' would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

60

Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a

51. *clapped i' the clout at twelve score*, hit the pin in the centre of the target at twelve score yards.

52. *carried you a forehand shaft*, shot fourteen (score yards) . . . with a 'forehand shaft.' The exact character of this arrow is doubtful; but Ascham (*Toxoph.* p. 126) implies that it was one with which the archer shot 'right

afore him'; it was preferably made, according to Ascham, with a 'big breast,' in order 'to bear the great weight of the bow.' The utmost range of the sixteenth-century archers is supposed to have not exceeded 300 yards, or half a score more than 'old Double.'

67. *tall*, stout, valiant.

good backsword man. How doth the good knight? 70
may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of 'accommodo:' very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. 80
Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your 90
good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow: Master Surecard, as I think?

72-79. *accommodated*, supplied. The word appears to have suddenly become current, in several shades of meaning, in the last years of the century; Jonson used it in this colloquial sense about the same time in *Every Man in his Humour*.

Probably it was still, in this sense, a cockneyism.

92. *like well*, are in good 'liking,' physical condition. Ff 'look well.'

95. *Surecard*, an old name for a boon-companion.

The Second Part of

ACT III

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

100

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir: Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where 110 is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a goodlimbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! in faith, well said, Sir John, very well 120 said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know 130

King Henry the Fourth

you where you are? For the other, Sir John: let me see: Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much of the father's substance!

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

150

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

160

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

142. *much of the father's substance*, so Qq. This ironical 'much' is preferable to the 'not' of Ff.

the muster-book, i.e. bogus names which the recruiting officer entered in his list and for which he drew pay; a common source of military revenue.

145, 146. *shadows to fill up*

The Second Part of

ACT III

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he 'ld ha' pricked you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the 170
wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor: well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir. 180

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the Green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked? 190

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a

171. *magnanimous*, heroic. *thousands*, viz. in his ragged

177. *the leader of so many* dress.

King Henry the Fourth

gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your ²⁰⁰ number; you must have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane ²¹⁰ Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot ²²⁰ choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

198. *take such order*, take measures to secure. men in all; only five have appeared. Probably one of Shakespeare's occasional oversights in numbers.

200, 201. Shallow reckons six

The Second Part of

ACT III

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we ²³⁰
have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-
word was 'Hem boys!' Come, let's to dinner;
come, let's to dinner: Jesus, the days that we
have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and the Justices.*]

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand
my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings
in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I
had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for
mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather,
because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, ²⁴⁰
have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir,
I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for
my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has
nobody to do any thing about her when I am
gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself:
you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die ²⁵⁰
but once: we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a
base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not,
so: no man is too good to serve's prince; and
let it go which way it will, he that dies this year
is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

^{236.} *Harry ten shillings*; the pieces were first coined.
'Harry' is Henry VII. or Henry
VIII., by whom ten-shilling

^{248.} *forty*, i.e. shillings.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I have three ²⁶⁰ pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf: for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service: and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it: ²⁷⁰ I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you and discharge you with the ²⁸⁰ motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow; give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and

260. *three pound* (the fourth remaining in his own pocket).

277. *big assemblance*, big look, semblance. This is the only attested usage of the word; and note 'a ragged appearance' in line 279. But probably there is a suggestion of 'assem-

blage,' 'big aggregate,' 'large make.'

282. *gibbets on the brewer's bucket*, slings the barrel on to the nooses hanging from the pole (*bucket*) on which it was carried. L.

The Second Part of

ACT III

spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

290

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well: go to: very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,—there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus; and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come: I shall ne'er see such a fellow. 300

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats. 310

289. *caliver*, a light musket.

291. *traverse*, march.

294. *chopt*, worn, wrinkled. This Elizabethan form of the word now written 'chapped' (though often pronounced 'chopt') is given by both Q and Ff.

298. *Mile-end Green*, the chief manœuvring ground of the city train-bands.

299. *Sir Dagonet*, the Fool of King Arthur in the legend of Tristram de Lyonesse.

300. *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archery by a society of citizens, fifty-eight in

number, known as 'the Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table,' or 'the fellowship of Arthur.' They held their meetings on Mile-end Green. It is significant of the slight repute of Arthurian story—even after Spenser—among Elizabethan men of letters, that most of Shakespeare's allusions to it occur in connexion with Falstaff (cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 36; *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 10).

301. *quiver*, nimble.

King Henry the Fourth

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! At your return visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. God keep you.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt Justices.*] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, etc.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: a' was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: a' was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake: a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-

320

330

340

319. *at a word*, in one word.

324. *fetch off*, fleece.

329. *Turnbull Street* (more commonly Turnmill Street), near Smithfield, notorious as a haunt of disreputable characters.

337. *invincible*, not to be mastered or made out; beyond

discovery.

337-339. *yet . . . mandrake*; omitted in Ff.

339-343. *a' came . . . good-nights*; omitted in Ff.

340. *over-scutched*, perhaps 'over-scotched,' whipped. 'Huswives' could be used ironi-

scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John a Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John a Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. 350

[Exit.

cally, and Ray's statement, that 'over-switch'd huswife' meant 'strumpet,' makes the reading 'overswitched' (adopted by Grant White) plausible.

342. *Fancies . . . Good-nights*, common titles of little poems.

343. *this Vice's dagger*, this 'lath' of a man. The Vice in the *Moralities* wore a 'dagger of lath.' Falstaff has similarly called the prince a 'standing tuck'; cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 274.

345. *sworn brother*, in the language of chivalry a term for knights who swore to share all dangers (*fratres jurati*).

349. *his own name*, i.e. Gaunt's.

355. *a philosopher's two stones*; explained by Warburton of the two stones sought by the alchemists: one a panacea for all diseases; the other a transmuter of all metals into gold.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY,
HASTINGS, and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please
your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers 10
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him
touch ground

And dash themselves to pieces.

1. *Gaultree Forest.* A large forest still existing in Shakespeare's time, to the north of the city of York.

11. *hold sortance with,* 'sort with,' be in keeping with.

16. *opposite,* opponent.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number 20

Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave
them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,

The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in
peace:

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord, 30

Unto your grace do I in chief address

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanced by boys and beggary,

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native and most proper shape,

24. *sway on.* 'Sway on' expresses the steady, powerful movement onwards of a compact mass.

30. 'What does your coming import?'

33. *routs* bands, gangs.

34. *bloody*, violent, head-strong.

34. *guarded*, adorned, trimmed. For 'rags' Q Ff have 'rage.' The correction is due to Walker.

You, reverend father, and these noble lords
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
 Of base and bloody insurrection 40
 With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath
 tutor'd,
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;
 Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood, 50
 Your pens to lances and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ? so the question
 stands.

Briefly to this end : we are all diseased,
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it ; of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician, 60
 Nor do I as an enemy to peace
 Troop in the throngs of military men ;
 But rather show awhile like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness

42. *civil*, orderly, law-abiding ; that which is characteristic of a well-governed state.

50. *Turning your books to graves*. 'Graves' has been doubted and altered without ground. As books result from the exercise of the graceful 'speech of peace,' so 'graves'

from the exercise of the boisterous tongue of war ; *turning*, 'translating yourselves from.'

52. *point of war*, war-signal, trumpet-blast.

55-79. *And . . . wrong* ; omitted in Q.

60. *I take not on me as*, I do not assume the part of.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run, 70
And are enforced from our most quiet there
By the rough torrent of occasion ;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience :
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,
Not to break peace or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?
Wherein have you been galled by the king ?
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you, 90
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine

69. *griefs*, grievances.

71. *our most quiet there*, our perfect acquiescence in its course. The idea is that of smoothly running waters suddenly diverted by the inrush of a turbulent torrent. 'There' is somewhat

weak, but Warburton's change to 'sphere,' which has been largely adopted, introduces into the midst of this image of a watercourse a totally alien image from the courses of the stars.

King Henry the Fourth

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

100

West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet for your part, it not appears to me
Either from the king or in the present time
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

110

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

93, 95. Both verses are omitted in Ff.

94-96. These lines cannot have been left thus by Shakespeare. The use of the word 'redress' in Westmoreland's reply makes probable that it occurred in the Archbishop's speech, and hence that part of this is lost. The purport of the speech clearly is: 'I am led to make this quarrel my

own both by the grievances of the state, my "general brother," and by the domestic wrong done me in the person of my brother born.' York's brother Lord Scroop had been executed by Henry's orders (cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 270 f.).

103-139. *O, my good . . . king;* omitted in Q.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down, 120
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw ;
 Then threw he down himself and all their lives
 That by indictment and by dint of sword
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you
 know not what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
 In England the most valiant gentleman :
 Who knows on whom fortune would then have
 smiled ?

But if your father had been victor there,
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
 For all the country in a general voice
 Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and
 love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on
 And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the king.
 But this is mere digression from my purpose. 140

Here come I from our princely general
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace
 That he will give you audience ; and wherein
 It shall appear that your demands are just,
 You shall enjoy them, every thing set off
 That might so much as think you enemies.

120. *beavers*, the movable mand.
 front-pieces of the helmets.

125. *warder*, staff of com-

139. *indeed* ; Ff 'and did.'

145. *set off*, removed, ignored.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer ;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so ;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear : 150

For, lo ! within a ken our army lies,

Upon mine honour, all too confident

To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,

Our men more perfect in the use of arms,

Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;

Then reason will our hearts should be as good :

Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence : 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended in the general's name :

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances :

Each several article herein redress'd, 170

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinew'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form,

154. *of names*, of notable men.

general which he bears.

161. *handling* (three syllables).

172. *insinew'd*, allied.

166. *intended in the general's name*, implied in the title of

173. *a true substantial form*,

a due and legally valid form of pardon.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,
We come within our awful banks again
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I show the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
And either end in peace, which God so frame ! 180
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our
peace

Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reason
Shall to the king taste of this action ;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

174, 175. 'Immediate execution of our wishes being confirmed to us and our demands.' Q Ff read 'purposes confined.' Unless we suppose a harsh break in construction, this makes the Archbishop lay down as one of the conditions that the execution of their wishes should be restricted. Johnson proposed 'consigned,' which is made highly probable by the parallel of 2 v. 2. 143. But even so, the sentence is feebly expressed, and can only be saved from tautology by distinguishing between 'our

wills' = our wishes in general, and 'our purposes' = our explicit demands. The whole scene is, for Shakespeare, languidly written.

176. *awful banks*, the bounds of loyal obedience.

180. *frame*, bring about.

187. *consist upon*, insist upon, claim.

189. *our valuation*, our estimation.

191. *nice*, trivial.

193. *our royal faiths*, our fidelity to the king.

193. *love*, loyal devotion.

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this ; the king
is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances :
For he hath found to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
And keep no tell-tale to his memory
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance ; for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend :
So that this land, like an offensive wife 210
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true :
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal, 220
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

198. *dainty and such picking grievances*, such minute and capricious grounds of quarrel.

201. *tables*, records.

203. *history*, tell, chronicle.

213. *hangs*, suspends.

219. *offer, but not hold*, menace, but not execute.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand : pleaseth
your lordship

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name,
then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we
come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, attended ; afterwards the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, and others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, and WESTMORELAND ; Officers, and others with them.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray :
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;
And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad

10

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
How deep you were within the books of God?

To us the speaker in his parliament;

To us the imagined voice of God himself;

The very opener and intelligencer

20

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven

And our dull workings. O, who shall believe

But you misuse the reverence of your place,

Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,

Under the counterfeited zeal of God,

The subjects of his substitute, my father,

And both against the peace of heaven and him

Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch.

Good my Lord of Lancaster, 30

I am not here against your father's peace;

But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,

The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,

Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,

To hold our safety up. I sent your grace

The parcels and particulars of our grief,

The which hath been with scorn shoved from the

court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;

22. *workings*, activities.

26. *ta'en up*, raised (as levies).

27. *zeal*; perhaps with a play on 'seal.'

30. *up-swarm'd*, caused them to swarm (properly said of bees).

33. *in common sense*, i.e. through the agency of mere ordinary perception and understanding. York urges that his

extraordinary action (in leading a revolt) springs from the normal instinct of self-defence.

34. *monstrous*, unusual, extraordinary.

36. *parcels*, detailed items.

38. *this Hydra son of war*; the revolt has started up at the scornful rejection of the complaints, as a new Hydra-head from the lopping off of the old.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
 With grant of our most just and right desires, 40
 And true obedience, of this madness cured,
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt :
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
 And so success of mischief shall be born
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
 Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
 shallow, 50
 To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them
 directly
 How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
 And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook,
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
 Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours : and here between the armies
 Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
 Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these re-
 dresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word :

45. *supplies*, succours.

47. *success of mischief*, a con-
 tinuous succession of calamities.

60 f. In Holinshed this
 treacherous proposal is made
 by Westmoreland.

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part: 70
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmore-
land.

West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow

Serves to say thus, 'some good thing comes to-
morrow.'

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true. [*Shouts within.*]

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

The Second Part of

ACT IV

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already :
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for
the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :
And you, lord archbishop, and you, lord Mowbray,
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable? 110

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :

I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care.

109. *attach*, arrest.

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due
 Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
 Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
 Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.
 Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray : 120
 God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.
 Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
 Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF
 and COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale. 10

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

120. *stray*, stragglers.

who were taken and executed.

Sc. 3. Colevile. Sir John Colevile of the dale is mentioned by Holinshed as one of the rebels

His name was pronounced 'Colëvile.'

16. *observance*, reverence.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes our general. 20

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and others.

Lan. The heat is past; follow no further now: Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back. 30

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say, 40

25. *womb*, belly.

38. *the very extremest inch of possibility*, the utmost possible speed.

39. *foundered*, disabled by over-riding.

40. *posts*, i.e. relay-horses.

with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, 'I came, saw, and overcame.'

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top on't, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are That led me hither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

45. Q adds 'there cosin' after 'Rome.'

57. *the cinders of the element,* the 'embers of the air,' i.e. stars.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to present execution :
Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him
sure.

80

[*Exeunt Blunt and others with Colevile.*
And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords :
I hear the king my father is sore sick :
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,
Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him,
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave
to go
Through Gloucestershire : and, when you come
to court,
Stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my con-
dition,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

90

[*Exeunt all but Falstaff.*
Fal. I would you had but the wit : 'twere
better than your dukedom. Good faith, this
same young sober-blooded boy doth not love
me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh ; but
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's
never none of these demure boys come to any
proof ; for thin drink doth so over-cool their
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they
fall into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, 100
when they marry, they get wenches : they are

87-89. Falstaff's rare use of
verse is explained here by the
seriousness of the request. Delius
prints it as prose. For other
instances cf. 2 ii. 1. 189 ; 2 v. 5.
43-50.

your good report, do me the
favour of speaking well of
me.

90. *condition*, quality as com-
manded.

98. *proof*, tested quality, ster-
ling excellence.

89. *Stand my good lord in*

generally fools and cowards; which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes; which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second ¹¹⁰ property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, ¹²⁰ great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled with excellent endeavour ¹³⁰ of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris,

104. *sherris - sack*, sack of Xeres, sherry.

106. *crudy*, raw.

107. *forgetive*, inventive.

125. *commences it and sets it in act and use*; probably, as Tyrwhitt suggested, an allusion

to the Cambridge 'Commencement' and the Oxford 'Act,' *i.e.* the conferring of the degree by which the student acquires a complete title to 'use' his 'hoards of learning.'

131. *fertile*, fertilising.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering ¹⁴⁰ between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter the KING, the PRINCES THOMAS OF CLARENCE and HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, and others.

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty

133. *humane principle*, rule of manliness.

5. *address'd*, equipped.

Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,
with him?

Glou. No, my good lord ; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of
Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy
brother?

20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren :

Therefore omit him not ; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will ;

For he is gracious, if he be observed :

30

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity :

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,

As humorous as winter and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed :

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

27. *omit*, neglect.

30. *observed*, courted.

34. *humorous*, wayward.

35. *flaws*, probably the thin

blades of ice which form along
the edges of water on winter
nights, and rapidly disappear
after sunrise.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth ;
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
 That the united vessel of their blood,
 Mingled with venom of suggestion—
 As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
 Thomas? 50

Clar. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? canst thou tell
 that ?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual fol-
 lowers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;
 And he, the noble image of my youth,
 Is overspread with them : therefore my grief
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :
 The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
 In forms imaginary the unguided days
 And rotten times that you shall look upon 60
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
 When means and lavish manners meet together,

40. *like a whale on ground.*
 The image was perhaps suggested
 by a vivid account in Holinshed
 of the stranding of 'a monstrous
 fish or whale' in Kent, in
 1573-74 (ed. Stone, p. 156).

45. *suggestion*, provocation
 (to discord).

48. *aconitum*, aconite.

ib. *rash*, hasty, sudden.

64. *lavish*, licentious.

O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him
quite :

The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the lan-
guage,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers ; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

70

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her
comb

In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland? 80

West. Health to my sovereign, and new hap-
piness

Added to that that I am to deliver !
Prince John your son doth kiss your grace's hand :
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law ;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.

90

79, 80. 'Tis seldom when, etc. commonly stays there.
i.e. when the bee has once placed 90. 'With every movement
her comb in the carrion, she in detail.'

The Second Part of

ACT IV

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of !
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

100

King. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach and no food ;
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach ; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :
O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill.

110

Glou. Comfort, your majesty !

Clar. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,
look up.

War. Be patient, princes ; you do know, these
fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be
well.

92. *the haunch, the latter end.*

King Henry the Fourth

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs :

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through and will break out. 120

Glou. The people fear me ; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature :
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep and leap'd them
over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb
between ;

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king re-
covers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 130

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me
hence

Into some other chamber : softly, pray. [*Exeunt.*

119. *Hath wrought the mure*
. . . *so thin*, has worn its en-
closure of flesh to a mere film—
(Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'erinform'd the tenement of
clay).

121. *fear me*, alarm me.

122. *Unfather'd heirs*, chil-
dren begotten, like Merlin, by
spirits or demons, thence known
as 'fatherless children.'

125. *The river hath thrice*
flow'd. Holinshed says that
on October 12, 1411, three floods
occurred without an ebb between,
in the Thames, 'which thing no

man living could remember the
like to be seen.' But no portents
are recorded to have preceded
Edward III.'s death.

The old editions mark no
break here. Some modern
editions suppose that the King
is merely placed on a bed in
the inner part of the stage, and
add a stage direction to that
effect. It is clear, however, from
2 iv. 5. 240 that what follows
does not take place in the
Jerusalem chamber, and, in con-
sequence, that there is a change
of scene.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

SCENE V. *Another chamber.*

The KING lying on a bed: CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,
WARWICK, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle
friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none
abroad!

How doth the king?

10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover
without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords: sweet
prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along
with us?

Prince. No; I will sit and watch here by the
king. *[Exeunt all but the Prince.]* 20

2. *dull, drowsy, sleep-inducing.*

King Henry the Fourth

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
 O polish'd perturbation! golden care! *Red wings*
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
 To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
 Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
 As he whose brow with homely biggen bound
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30
 That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my father!
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
 That from this golden rigol hath divorced
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: 40
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
 Which God shall guard: and put the world's
 whole strength
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force
 This lineal honour from me: this from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*
King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, CLARENCE,
and the rest.

Clar. Doth the king call?

27. *biggen*, night-cap, or coif. while it protects.
 31. *scalds with safety*, burns 36. *rigol*, circle.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engross'd and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

64. *part*, 'characteristic action.'

71. *engross'd*, amassed.

72. *canker'd*, polluted, foul.

ib. *strange-achieved*, won for others to enjoy.

For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises :
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower
 The virtuous sweets,
 Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
 honey,
 We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
 Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

80

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next
 room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the
 crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry. 90
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Warwick and the rest.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that
 thought :

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

73. *thoughtful*, anxious.

dying father). Q Ff *yields*.

77. *thighs* (two syllables). So
 'hour,' in v. 109.

82. *determined*, ended.

80. *Yield his engrossments*,

84. *kindly*, spontaneous.

his acquisitions yield (to the

94. *by thee*, in thy opinion.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:

Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour? 110

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:

Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity! 120

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence!

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum:

104. *seal'd up*, confirmed.

the solemn anointment of the
new king which formed a part

115. *balm*, the oil used in
of the coronation ceremony.

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
 Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;
 England shall double gild his treble guilt,
 England shall give him office, honour, might ; 130
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
 The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
 Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my
 tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke
 Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown ;

And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more
 Than as your honour and as your renown,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
 Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.

God witness with me, when I here came in, 150
 And found no course of breath within your ma-
 jesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die
 And never live to show the incredulous world
 The noble change that I have purposed !
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead.

132. *the wild dog*, i.e. license,
 now unmuzzled.

141. *dear and deep*, sharp and
 piercing.

The Second Part of

ACT IV

And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee de
pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father ; 160

Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold :

Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,

Preserving life in medicine potable ;

But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
nown'd,

Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal
liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head,

To try with it, as with an enemy

That had before my face murder'd my father,

The quarrel of a true inheritor.

But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170

Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did with the least affection of a welcome

Give entertainment to the might of it,

Let God for ever keep it from my head

And make me as the poorest vassal is

That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

King. O my son,

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,

That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love, 180

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it !

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;

And hear, I think, the very latest counsel

That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,

By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways

I met this crown ; and I myself know well

162. *Other, less fine in carat,* potable,' regarded as an elixir
etc., *i.e.* gold tincture, 'aurum' of life.

King Henry the Fourth

How troublesome it sat upon my head.
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;
 For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument : and now my death
 Changes the mode ; for what in me was pur-
 chased, 200
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
 do,
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;
 And all my friends, which thou must make thy
 friends,
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;
 By whose fell working I was first advanced
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
 To be again displaced : which to avoid,
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now 210
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,

- | | |
|----------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| 190. <i>soil</i> , stain. | 202. <i>successively</i> , by order of |
| 196. <i>supposed</i> , unreal, hollow. | succession. |
| 197. <i>answered</i> , met. | 205. <i>all my friends</i> . Tyr- |
| 200. <i>purchased</i> , acquired by | whitt's emendation for Q Ff |
| my own act. | 'all thy friends.' |

The Second Part of

ACT IV

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

220

Prince. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be :
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter LORD JOHN OF LANCASTER.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of
Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal
father !

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace,
son John ;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.

230

Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick !

Enter WARWICK, and others.

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God ! even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :
But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

240

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. Gloucestershire. SHALLOW's house.

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,
and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, 10
Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see: yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

1. *By cock and pie*, a trivial oath, originally containing a corruption of the names God and 'pica' (the Catholic service-book); but in Shakespeare's time supposed to refer to the two birds.

14. *precepts*, summonses.

16. *headland*, the strip of

unploughed land left at the end of the furrows, where the plough was turned. As this became available for sowing later than the field, it was often sowed with a later species of wheat. Red wheat is a spring wheat, white, a winter wheat (Vaughan).

The Second Part of

ACT V

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. A' shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. 30

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy: about thy business, Davy. 40

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against

21. *cast*, reckoned out.

26. *Hinckley*, a market-town north-east of Coventry.

33. *a friend i' the court*, etc. A proverb, found already in the *Romaunt of the Rose*.

42. *Woncot*, a village in Gloucestershire, Woodmancote (still pron. Woncot); a family

of Visor or Vizard has been associated with it since the sixteenth century, and a house on the adjoining Stinchcombe Hill (now as then locally known as 'the Hill') was then occupied by the family of Perkes. (Cf. Madden, *The Diary of William Silence*, p. 86.)

that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, 50 when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with 60 your boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four 70 dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent,

70. *quantities*, small pieces, scantlings.

78. *consent*, agreement.

The Second Part of

ACT V

like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with 80
the imputation of being near their master : if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another : therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is 90
four terms, or two actions, and a' shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders ! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up !

Shal. [*Within*] Sir John !

Fal. I come, Master Shallow ; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Westminster. The palace.*

Enter WARWICK and the LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE, meeting.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice ! whither away ?

Ch. Just. How doth the king ?

War. Exceeding well ; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature ;
And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me
with him :

The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young king loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm
myself

10

To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOUCESTER,
WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry :

O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be over-
turn'd !

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good
morrow.

20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be
heavier !

14. *heavy*, mourning.

16. *Of him, the worst*, i.e. of the worst (whichever it be).

The Second Part of

ACT V

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed ;

And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace
to find,

30

You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John
Falstaff fair ;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul :

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

40

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY the Fifth, attended.

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and God save your
majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, ma-
jesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;

38. *A ragged and forestall'd remission*, a pardon asked for before it could have been spontaneously granted, and thus granted with contempt as to a beggar. It is preferable to

understand 'forestall'd' thus of an anticipating appeal, rather than of prejudice in the king's mind which would ensure the request being 'refused before it was made.'

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
 But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
 For, by my faith, it very well becomes you : 50
 Sorrow so royally in you appears
 That I will deeply put the fashion on
 And wear it in my heart : why then, be sad ;
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
 For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :
 Yet weep that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60
 By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me : and you
 most ;

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured
 rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70
 The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
 father ;

The image of his power lay then in me :
 And, in the administration of his law,

48. *Not Amurath*, etc. The Sultan Amurath III., who died in 1595, had strangled his brothers on his accession (1574) ; and his successor Mahomet III. followed the same Turkish

custom. The latter event was, of course, quite recent when the play was written.

61. *By number*, i.e. tear for tear.

71. *easy*, a slight matter.

The Second Part of

ACT V

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I presented,
 And struck me in my very seat of judgement ; 80
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought,
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person ;
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
 And mock your workings in a second body. 90
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case
 yours ;

Be now the father and propose a son,
 Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;
 And then imagine me taking your part
 And in your power soft silencing your son :
 After this cold consideration, sentence me ;
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state
 What I have done that misbecame my place, 100
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh
 this well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you and obey you, as I did.

84. *the garland*, i.e. the imagination, suppose.
 crown.

92. *propose*, put forward in 99. *in your state*, in your
 kingly capacity.

So shall I live to speak my father's words :
 'Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;
 And not less happy, having such a son, 110
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hands of justice.' You did commit me :
 For which, I do commit into your hand
 The unstained sword that you have used to bear ;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With the like bold, just and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
 You shall be as a father to my youth :
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
 To your well-practised wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;
 My father is gone wild into his grave,
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now : 130
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament :
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

109. *proper*, own.115. *remembrance*, injunction.
 123. *My father is gone wild*
into his grave ; i.e. my wildness
 is buried with him (cf. *Hen.*
V. i. i. 25-27).

 124. *my affections*, my wild
 inclinations.

 125. *with his spirit sadly I*
survive, his serious spirit alone
 survives in me.

 128. *Rotten opinion*, false
 reputation.

 132. *the state of floods*, the
 majesty of the ocean.
133. *formal*, grave, dignified.

The Second Part of

ACT V

That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. 140
 Our coronation done, we will accite,
 As I before remember'd, all our state :
 And, God consigning to my good intents,
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Gloucestershire.* SHALLOW'S
orchard.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, DAVY,
 BARDOLPH, *and the Page.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where,
 in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin
 of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,
 and so forth : come, cousin Silence : and then
 to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwell-
 ing and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all,
 beggars all, Sir John : marry, good air. Spread,
 Davy ; spread, Davy : well said, Davy. 10

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he
 is your serving-man and your husband.

141. *accite*, summon.

143. *consigning to*, consent-
 ing to, confirming.

3. *caraways*, a kind of sweet-
 meat in which caraway seeds

formed one ingredient, then
 commonly eaten with apples at
 dessert.

12. *husband*, husbandman.

The two later Ff substitute this
 form.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down: come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a, we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

[*Singing.*

And praise God for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear,

20

And lusty lads roam here and there

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page, sit. Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.

[*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;

[*Singing.*

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,

And welcome merry Shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

23. *ever among*, from time to time, ever and anon (a genuine but old-fashioned phrase).

30. *Proface*; a common formula in drinking, like 'prosit' in German, from O. Fr.

'prouface.' 'Much good may it do' (without any ironical suggestion).

31. *you must bear; the heart's all*; excuse the poor entertainment; goodwill is all.

The Second Part of

ACT V

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.
[*To Bardolph.*]

Shal. Davy!

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight [*to Bardolph*]. A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
[*Singing.*]

And drink unto the leman mine;

And a merry heart lives long-a.

50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the* 60
Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee: the

57. *pledge you a mile to the bottom*, to the bottom if it were a mile. 68. *pottle-pot*, one holding two quarts.

knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 70
A' will not out ; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing : be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho ! who knocks ?

[*Exit Davy.*

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right, [*Singing.*

And dub me knight :

Samingo.

Is 't not so ?

80

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is 't so ? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court ! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol !

Pist. Sir John, God save you !

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man 90

76. *done me right*, pledged me in a health.

77. *Do me right*, etc. ; a fragment of a drinking-song. As more fully quoted in Nashe's 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' it ran :—

Monsieur Mingo
For quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass ;
God Bacchus, do me right,

And dub me knight,
Domingo.

'Do me right' was a challenge to drink. 'Samingo' is Silence's version of San Domingo, regarded as the patron-saint of toppers.

78. *dub me knight* ; one who drank a health, kneeling, to his mistress, was said to be so dubbed.

The Second Part of

ACT V

to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,

And tidings do I bring and lucky joys

And golden times and happy news of price. 100

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutre for the world and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

[*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

103. *foutre*, a coarse expression of contempt.

106. *King Cophetua*; referring to the ballad of King

Cophetua and the beggar-maid.

111. *I know not your breeding*, know not whence you are, of what kind you come.

King Henry the Fourth

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth? 120

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutre for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.
Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou
wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double- 130
charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master
Shallow, my Lord Shallow,—be what thou wilt;
I am fortune's steward—get on thy boots: we'll
ride all night. O sweet Pistol! Away, Bardolph!
[*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me;
and withal devise something to do thyself good. 140
Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young
king is sick for me. Let us take any man's
horses; the laws of England are at my command-
ment. Blessed are they that have been my
friends; and woe to my lord chief-justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

119. *Besonian*, base fellow.

127. *As nail in door*; the

124. *fig me*. To 'fig' was
to insult by putting the thumb
out between the fore and middle
fingers; a Spanish gesture.

proverbial 'door-nail,' i.e. the
nail struck by the knocker.

141. *Boot*, 'boots on!'

The Second Part of

ACT V

'Where is the life that late I led?' say they :
Why, here it is ; welcome these pleasant days !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. A street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* HOSTESS QUICKLY
and DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God
that I might die, that I might have thee hanged :
thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered
her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-
cheer enough, I warrant her : there hath been a
man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on ;
I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged
rascal, an the child I now go with do miscarry, 10
thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother,
thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come !
he would make this a bloody day to somebody.
But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry !

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen
of cushions again ; you have but eleven now.
Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the
man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

147. '*Where is the life,*' etc. ;
the title of a song printed in *A*
Handful of Pleasant Delights.
L.

Sc. 4. Enter Beadles. Q has
'Enter Sincklo, and three or four
officers.' Sincklo played the

First Beadle ; his name has
crept into the text by a similar
oversight in the Induction to
Taming of Shrew.

5. *whipping-cheer*, 'whipping-
fare.'

8. *Nut-hook*, 'catch-pole.'

King Henry the Fourth

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, I will have you as soundly swung for this,—you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles. 20

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice. 30

Host. Ay, come, you starved blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A public place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

20. *you thin man in a censer*; the 'embossed or repoussé figure in the middle of the pierced cover of the censer,' or fire-pan of thin metal for burning perfumes.

22. *blue-bottle*; alluding to

the blue uniforms of the beadles.

24. *half-kirtles*, probably short-gowns.

28. *sufferance*, suffering.

33. *atomy*, i.e. 'anatomy, skeleton.

The Second Part of

ACT V

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BAR-
DOLPH, *and* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, 10
if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is best, certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis 'semper idem,' for 'obsque hoc 30
nihil est:' 'tis all in every part.

II. *to have made new liveries,*
i.e. to have them made.

16, 18, 20. *It doth so.* Q assigns these three speeches to Pistol, Ff the first to Shallow, the others to Pistol. Hanmer was undoubtedly right in giving them all to Shallow.

30. *obsque hoc nihil est,* so Q

and Ff. The later Ff corrected 'obsque' to 'absque,' but the blunder was probably intended. Pistol apparently intends to render the Latin: 'Ever the same, for without this there is nothing,' by the English proverb which in full ran: 'All in all, and all in every part.'

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison ;
Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :
Rouse up Revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake,

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth. 40

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor
sounds.

*Enter the KING and his train, the LORD CHIEF-
JUSTICE among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal ! my royal
Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most
royal imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain
man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits ? know you what
'tis you speak ?

Fal. My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my
heart !

King. I know thee not, old man : fall to thy
prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

39. *Rouse up Revenge*, etc. *Revenge* ' (or Alecto) is four
Probably an allusion to the times reiterated.
Spanish Tragedy, Act iv. end,
where the Ghost's cry, 'Awake

46. *imp*, scion.

The Second Part of

ACT V

So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane ;
 But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace ;
 Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :
 Presume not that I am the thing I was ;
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turn'd away my former self ;
 So will I those that kept me company.

60

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil :

70

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
 Give you advancement. Be it your charge, my lord,
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on. *[Exeunt King, etc.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

80

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world : fear not your advancements ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

King Henry the Fourth

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this 90
that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour that I fear you will die in, Sir
John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:
come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph: I shall
be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, *the* LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE;
Officers *with them.*

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the
Fleet:

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you
soon. 100

Take them away.

Pist. Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.

[*Exeunt all but Prince John and the
Chief-Justice.*]

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

91. *colour*, specious make-believe.

96. *soon at night*, this very night.

102. *Si fortuna*, etc., so in Q. Pistol had quoted his motto before (2 ii. 4. 196) in an equally incorrect but different form according to the old texts; he is not intended to be either correct or consistent. His use of it in his present situation may

be suggested by the tale of Hannibal Gonzaga (as pointed out by Farmer), 'who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales called *Wits Fits and Fancies*:—

Si Fortuna me tormenta,
Il Speranza me contenta.'

106. *conversations*, habits of life.

The Second Part of

EPIL.

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

110

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my courtesy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my courtesy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it known to you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it 10 and to promise you a better. I meant indeed to pay you with this; which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some and I will pay you some and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

13. *break*, become bankrupt.

17. *promise you infinitely*.
At this point in Q occurs the last sentence of the Epilogue: '*and so kneel . . . queen.*' It has

been plausibly inferred that the intervening passage ('*If my tongue . . . good night*') was introduced somewhat later; it cannot have been much later, since Q

King Henry the Fourth

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 20

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen. 30

was published in 1600. There is little doubt that the shorter version belonged to the original text of the play, and that the addition was made when the

name 'Falstaff' was finally substituted for that of 'Oldcastle.'

29. *with Sir John in it.* Cf. the Introduction.

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